

THE MONTH

A Catholic Magazine and Review.

NOVEMBER, 1882.

CONTENTS.

1. UNDER FIRE. Adventures of a French Jesuit in Alexandria	305
2. THE PROGRESS OF THE IRISH UNIVERSITY QUESTION. Part the Third	329
3. A MEDIEVAL LEGEND. <i>By M. Nethercott</i>	344
4. KING HENRY THE EIGHTH. <i>By the Rev. Joseph Stevenson</i>	350
Chap. V.—The Progress of the Divorce.	
5. FLOWERS AND INSECTS. <i>By the Rev. W. D. Strappini</i>	369
6. SOME MORE AGNOSTIC FALLACIES. <i>By the Editor</i>	375
7. ST. EDMUND, KING AND MARTYR. A Local Memory. <i>By A. R. Cohen</i>	391
8. THE NECESSITY AND PLACE OF SACRIFICE IN RELIGION. Part the Second. <i>By the Rev. William Humphrey</i>	400
9. NOTES ON THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH CONGRESS	416
REVIEWS	431
1. An English Treatise on Ecclesiastical Law. 2. Memoirs of a Saintly Soul.	
3. Father Curtis's Eight Days' Retreat. 4. Life and Times of "John of Tuam."	
5. La Vie vaut-elle la peine de vivre? 6. Killed at Sedan. 7. Jerusalem.	
LITERARY RECORD	449
I.—Books and Pamphlets.	
II.—Magazines.	

With a Photograph of St. Charles Borromeo.

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of God (Chap. IX., X.).

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*Under Fire.*¹

ADVENTURES OF A FRENCH JESUIT IN ALEXANDRIA.

Alexandria, August 29, 1882.

IT was only on the morning of the 10th of July that we heard for certain that the bombardment was to take place. Until then it had appeared to us only a scare, and we had never imagined it would really come about. When there no longer remained any doubt of the fact, when we saw those of our friends who had been most determined to stay obliged to depart like the rest, and when we found them urging us to follow their example, Father de Dianous and I asked ourselves what we had better do? Our consultation did not last very long; the question resolved itself into this: either there is or is not danger in remaining; if there is danger, we are in our right place, since we are priests and Jesuits, and there are still Europeans left here; if there is no danger, what reason is there for leaving? Thus it was decided we should remain.

We next busied ourselves with putting everything in order in the house, and taking measures for its safety. The gardeners were employed in constructing a casemate, and we got masons to examine the state of all our outer walls, for we thought it very possible we might be attacked by Bedouins at the time the English forces were attempting to land. Though our reasoning was plausible it yet turned out to be false; but who could have foreseen that the English would bombard the town without landing?

During the course of the day a great number of persons came to ask us for shelter; woman, children, and defenceless old men, or poor people who had not the means necessary for enabling them to escape. It went against us to let them believe in a safety which we were really not in a position to offer them, but it went still more against us to send them away. And

¹ We print this interesting narrative just as it was written, feeling sure that our English readers will make allowance for certain expressions due to the nationality of the writer.—ED.

if God had inspired them with the idea of seeking shelter under our roof, was it not His will that we should receive them? We took them in, therefore, telling them at the same time how slender was the prospect of safety we could hold out. Yet their confidence remained unshaken.

By evening we had about forty refugees, and provisions enough to last several days. At nightfall we collected everyone in the large room, which served later on as a chapel; there we had placed, enthroned amidst magnificent flowers, the beautiful statue of Our Lady of Lourdes which had been so kindly sent us. Then, after having said night prayers, and recited the Rosary together, Father de Dianous delivered an address, declaring Our Lady of Lourdes protectress of all the refugees in the house. "Never," he said in conclusion, "has Our Lady of Lourdes allowed those confided to her care to perish." Lamps were lighted, in order that they might burn all night long before the image, and every one retired full of confidence.

To judge from what we had heard, the bombardment was to begin about the middle of the night and end in the morning; but it proved otherwise, for midnight struck, then one and two o'clock, and not a single cannonshot was heard.

It was 7 a.m. when the bombardment commenced. Father de Dianous had just finished his Mass, and I was in the act of ascending the steps of the altar. I need not say that I am not going to describe the noise of the bombs and shells; you yourself, for the matter of that, have heard that grandiose but not too harmonious music. I said the Mass of the Holy Angels, and I confess that I could not repress some feelings of emotion as I heard the deep roar of the cannon mingling with the sobs of the people who were present at the Holy Sacrifice.

When I had finished, my companion and I tried to instil a little courage into our woe-begone refugees. We told the women and children to go and pray before the statue of Our Lady of Lourdes, while we endeavoured to find work of some sort or other for the men. Nothing of great interest happened during the course of the morning, all recovered their self-possession, which was only disturbed by the occasional fall of a shell in our immediate neighbourhood.

At 3 p.m., the bombardment which had commenced at 7 a.m., was still going on. We had gone out into the garden, when all of a sudden we heard several shots, and loud cries coming from the house. On hastening thither with all speed, we found a squadron of soldiers with their muskets lowered and a crowd

of Arabs armed with pickaxes and clubs. On our going up to them to inquire the cause of this disturbance, the officer in command replied that we had made signals to the English, that our house was full of arms, and that we had been firing on the Arabs. As we had neither signals nor arms in our possession, we invited the soldiers to make a visit of inspection to the house; we entered first ourselves surrounded by bayonets, and followed by the soldiers and the rabble. There is no need to say that nothing was found. We were inclined to think all would end there, but presently the soldiers laid hold of Father de Dianous and led him away; and when I came down from the upper story, which I had made the soldiers who were with me search, I saw he had already reached the garden gate, and was just going out. When I got to the bottom of the stairs, I was in my turn roughly seized by two soldiers and escorted out of the house; and with me were taken two servants, and two of the Europeans who had sought shelter with us.

On arriving at the garden door, I found myself confronted by a group of Arabs armed with bludgeons; their appearance was menacing, and they began to abuse me, but as I had nothing to be ashamed of, I carried my head high as I advanced towards them. One of them came to meet me, I saw him raise his bludgeon and almost at the same moment felt it fall on my temples. The blow was a heavy one, I was bathed in blood; at first I thought my skull was beaten in, but on putting my hand to my forehead, I found I had only received a flesh-wound. Who will now say again that it is not an advantage to have a thick skull? I had scarcely gone a few steps further when I saw another club, studded with iron, raised above my head, I received another violent blow which made two severe wounds, one near the temples, the other on the cheek-bone. I cannot yet make out how it was this blow did not kill me; one thing is certain, all my life long I shall bear the marks of that terrible day. I staggered a moment under the blow, but the thought that my fall might involve the death of my companions, gave me courage and I went on my way.

I will pass over in silence the other injuries inflicted on me; I seriously thought that my last hour had come. When we arrived in front of the Boys' Orphanage, the worthy soldiers who were escorting me set about robbing me. One took my watch, and another rifled my pockets of their contents, the plunder being shared with the Arabs who stood around armed with clubs.

I must mention one little episode which then occurred. On the day before the bombardment, a friend had sent me a little image of our Lady carved in wood, which had belonged to his family for several centuries, and had always been regarded as miraculous. "Put it in your pocket," he had said to me, "the statuette is miraculous, and may possibly be the means of preserving your life." When I saw the soldiers take the statuette, I made an effort to regain possession of it, but it was snatched from me violently and passed from hand to hand, everyone wanting to spit on the face and trample it under foot; the animosity displayed was worthy of demons. To my great regret, I was compelled to leave it in the hands of these madmen, but I must own that I am indebted to it for many favours. Indeed, it is to her whose image it was that I owe the fact that I am still alive, and from the bottom of my heart I thank the friend who gave me so able a defender.

But we must resume our march towards the *caracol*, whither we were being conducted. The sun was scorching, my head was bare, and my wounds still bled freely; I ventured to ask if I might not walk in the shade of the houses, but my guards refused to let me do so, and made me walk on in the sun as far as the *caracol*. There at least, I thought, we shall have justice done us! I soon found this was a mere delusion; when we arrived we found officers and soldiers most ill-disposed towards us, and we were in greater danger when surrounded by those whose office it was to maintain order than when in the midst of a angry mob.

We were subjected to a cross-examination, but oh! what a cross-examination it was! The official who conducted it could not contain his fury: we declared ourselves to be Jesuits and Frenchmen, and protested that we had not any connection with the English, but it was all no use, we were condemned unheard. The result of the cross-examination was that we were to be cast into prison, with all the thieves and murderers with whom Alexandria swarms. However, amongst all these degraded creatures, we happily met with one good man, the dragoman of the *caracol*, who rose up in our defence. "These are not the sort of men to be sent to prison," he said, "I protest against such injustice." Nevertheless we were ordered off to the Zaptieh Barracks, where the prison was, and we were compelled to set out afresh on our march under the burning sun, amid falling bombs, escorted by the same military guard, and accompanied

by the same rabble who had conducted us thither. We had about half an hour's walk; the crowd which pressed around us swelling its numbers and becoming more threatening at every step. If we had had further to go, they would infallibly have beaten us to death.

We arrived at last; the soldiers at this post were about as humane in their treatment of us as those we had just left; in fact some had to be held back who were rushing on us with bayonets lowered. We were conducted to the bureau of the Prefect of Police, where we were again cross-questioned; we made the same answers as before.

The passage leading to the Prefect's room was blocked up by Europeans, mostly wounded like ourselves. The same accusation of having made signals to the English had been trumped up against them, and they were arrested in consequence. All rose as we approached, and several were unable to control their indignation against those who had brought us there.

After our second examination, we were told we might remain in the room where we were, and the unlucky victims who had gone there before us, and who had been denied this alleviation, soon rejoined us there. But no sooner had they come in, than a ferocious-looking soldier came and turned them all out; he was even going to do the same to us, when some one told him he really ought to have a little more consideration for us, so we were left in the room, and gradually our companions in misfortune found their way back to us. Besides, the corridor in which they were crammed was quite insufficient to hold them all.

I profited by the comparative kindness now shown us to ask our gaolers for some paper and ink, that I might write to the Governor of the town, Zulficar Pacha, who a few days previously had been extremely kind to me. In my letter I told him of our arrest, and entreated him to have us set at liberty, if we were indeed not guilty; and if we were to be kept in confinement, I asked him at least to send guards for the protection of the families who had sought shelter in our house, and to have the humanity to send a doctor to dress the wounds of the prisoners.

When I had finished my letter, the next thing was to send it off, but this proved no easy matter, for no one was willing to take charge of it, even although we accompanied our request

with the magic word *backsheesh*. It was not until night-fall that I succeeded in meeting with an individual willing to take it, but as it was then too late to think of leaving, we were obliged to make up our minds to spend the night in prison. A small loaf of Arab bread was brought us for our supper, but we did not touch it, and it was well that we did not, as this little coarse loaf was destined to be our sole food on the morrow.

About five o'clock the bombardment ceased, and from that time till the middle of the night we incessantly heard the triumphant shouts of the Arabs. According to them the English had met with great reverses, and the Admiral's ship had been sunk, together with many others. The thieves and murderers who were confined above us, were foremost in expressions of delight; it is possible that they already knew that they were to be set at liberty the next day.

When it grew quite dark the soldiers came to count us, and this delightful operation was performed afresh every half-hour. What a night we spent! It seems like a hideous nightmare whenever I think of it. Imagine a room about five or six yards long, and as many wide, and in this room upwards of thirty persons crowded together. To lie down was impossible; to sit down could only be the lot of a favoured few; to remain standing was not exactly the way to rest after all the fatigues of the day; and it was no use trying to walk about. The only thing was to remain huddled up, and in this uncomfortable posture the greater number passed that terrible night. I do not know whether any were fortunate enough to get a little sleep, but certainly I never closed my eyes; indeed I did not take them off the two sentinels who stood at the door with fixed bayonets. Having been a witness of Mussulman loyalty on the 11th of June, I could not banish from my mind the idea that the soldiers might murder us all under cover of the night. The piercing shrieks I heard at intervals in the prison, and the scrupulous care with which we were counted were not calculated to diminish my apprehensions.

At midnight an officer came to tell me that my letter to Zulficar Pacha had been delivered, and that he had come himself with an escort at eleven o'clock that evening to give orders for our release on the morrow, as soon as the town should be sufficiently quiet. On hearing this our companions in captivity congratulated us, and began to entrust us with commissions for the time when we should be set at liberty.

We learnt later on that Zulficar had granted all my requests. Upon the receipt of my letter he at once despatched guards to our house, and a doctor came to see us next day. I firmly believe that we owe it to these guards that our house was not burnt down, and that it was only partially pillaged by our servants.

Daylight came at last, and we awaited impatiently the hour of our release. As soon as I could get an opportunity of speaking to the officer on guard, I reminded him of the order which the governor of the town had given during the night, but for one reason or another he contrived to detain us, and we ended by remaining where we were. I will not weary you with our reflections during this interminable morning; the only thing we dreaded was to hear the bombardment begin again.

About 9 a.m. more prisoners were brought in, which made our number up to about forty. It was nearly ten when the doctor made his appearance; the worthy man was most kind to us. He told us that Zulficar Pacha had spoken to him about us, and that we were to go home or to the hospital, just as we liked, adding that he supposed we should prefer to go home. On hearing our reply he had our names written down on a long sheet of paper, and a ray of hope once more visited us.

The doctor had scarcely left us, when we were alarmed to hear several cannon shots. It is all up with us, we thought, the English have renewed the bombardment, and we are lost! What had really occurred was this: A fire had broken out in the apartments of the Vice-Queen, in the palace of Raz-el-Tin, and Arabs having been summoned to extinguish the flames, had rushed thither in crowds. The English, seeing a multitude of people flocking to the spot, thought they were going to rebuild the walls which the cannon had destroyed, and fired upon the unarmed crowd, causing horrible slaughter.

A few moments after we had heard the cannon, an officer rushed into our room in a fury. I happened to be standing near the door. "So this is the way you make war in Europe," he said to me. "Yesterday we were bombarded for six hours without previous warning, and to-day a crowd is fired into while on its way to extinguish a conflagration." I reminded the officer that the other European nations were in no wise responsible for the action of England, and that it ought not to be laid at our door. Scarcely had he left us when we noticed that cartridges were being served out to the soldiers, and we then understood

the real nature of our situation. We were hostages, and this explained the difficulties which our keepers had continually put in the way of our departure. The Governor of Alexandria was no longer master ; Arabi ruled supreme.

It was about 6 p.m. when a soldier entered with the order for our release. He told us the doors were all to be opened, and we were to be set free. This magnanimous act appeared to us a little suspicious, and as soon as the soldier who brought the news had gone away, one of us exclaimed : "We must not go from here, gentlemen, or we shall be lost. If we do so, we shall be massacred by the convicts who have been set at liberty ; that is, if we succeed in escaping from the soldiers. Let those who have the courage to do so come forward and barricade the door." No sooner were these words uttered, than we seized two trunks which stood there, the property of some officers, and placed them before the door ; the cushions or divans were then piled between the door and the trunks, and the table belonging to the Prefect of Police was tilted against the door. Thus in less than five minutes we had made a tolerably strong barricade, and one door, firmly closed, was in a condition to hold out for some minutes against an assault from the soldiers. Our great object was to gain time. Soon hasty steps were heard ; our guards were coming to see why we did not go down. They knocked repeatedly at the door, and attempted to thrust their bayonets through it, but the barricade stood firm, and we kept possession of our temporary abode. Finding themselves unable to force the barrier which separated us from them, the soldiers had recourse to persuasion : "Open the doors," they said, "we will not hurt you." A Mussulman's promise is not binding, it is said, and so we found in this instance. As the majority were in favour of opening the door, we set to work to remove the barricade ; but no sooner was the door half-opened than the muzzle of a gun appeared, a shot was fired, and one of the captives fell. The terror of the prisoners was indescribable ; one in his fright tried to escape by the window, but in falling he fractured his skull, and when we left the prison we saw him lying dead upon the ground. The door was opened. Our only hope seemed to consist in making our exit, and all were anxious to quit the room where we had suffered so much and witnessed so many horrors. We advanced, therefore, towards the staircase leading to the convicts' prison, but on reaching it we found it occupied below by about fifteen soldiers with their bayonets pointed

towards us, whilst five or six soldiers, sword in hand, drove us onward.

We thought our last hour had come. Father de Dianous asked me to give him a last absolution, and when he had performed the same good office for me, we endeavoured to prepare our unhappy companions in misfortune for death. We are about to die, we said to them, let us die like Christians, ask pardon of God, and we will give you absolution. All knelt down, and in the name of the infinitely merciful God we pronounced the words of peace.

However, the growing excitement out of doors appeared to communicate itself to the soldiers about us; they seemed to grudge the time spent in keeping watch over us, the truth being that Arabi had already given the signal of pillage, and our our guards were divided between thirst for blood and love of booty.

There was a momentary hesitation apparent when we reached the bottom of the stairs, but it was over directly, and one of them who was behind us, brandishing a sword, exclaimed: "Put them into the inner courtyard, two men will be enough to shoot them down from an upper window." This was reassuring language to hear as we passed into the small courtyard indicated. On entering, we instinctively looked to see if the door would afford us shelter, it was a good thick one, and we closed it after us when we perceived no one was coming in with us. "Be quiet," said one of the prisoners, "let us try and make them forget we are here." The prisons that the convicts had just left stood open, and in them a considerable number sought refuge; the others remained in the courtyard to watch the soldiers' movements, and to try to form some idea as to what would happen next. Through the crack of the door we saw several of the soldiers hurrying away. Soon very few were left, and presently these went off in their turn one by one.

Nothing now separated us from the street except the door which we had closed behind us. We were free to go out, it appeared, but we did not know what we might encounter outside, or what reception might be awaiting us there. We thought the miscreants had left the prison, but could not feel quite sure of the fact, indeed from time to time we saw some stragglers coming down from the upper stories. We lost ourselves in conjectures as to what was taking place. Were the English entering the town? We were inclined to think so, as

we wished it so much ; we did not, however, hear either rifle or cannon. The suspense was terrible, and it lasted two hours, which seemed to us two centuries.

When we perceived that the soldiers who had been guarding us had departed, three of our number who had preserved their presence of mind, held a council as to what was to be done next. But we judged it prudent to wait a little longer before coming to any definite decision, and I employed the interval in dressing the wound of the unfortunate man who had been shot in the prison.

The wound was a frightful one, the ball had struck the shoulder-blade, lacerated the whole of the back, and come out near the left ear, which it had torn to pieces. The wound, though both wide and deep, did not appear to me to be a mortal one, and I believe that with timely aid the sufferer's life might have been saved. I had no choice of medicaments to dress it with ; had I been at home I might have applied a temporary dressing, for the day before the bombardment I had laid in a store of everything indispensable for the purpose. Here I had nothing at hand except water, for, more fortunate than we had been hitherto, we had discovered a fountain in front of the convicts' prison. I carefully washed the wound, which was more than twelve inches in length, and extracted the shreds of linen embedded in the flesh. A lady, one of our fellow-prisoners (there were two ladies with us in the prison), was charitable enough to tear a piece off her petticoat to make bandages, and I applied to the gaping wound the only relief within my reach, that is to say, cold water bandages which I constantly renewed.

As the wounded man now felt a little easier, I proposed that he should make his confession, which he did most readily, and in the best dispositions. He afterwards requested me to arrange his worldly affairs, giving me his money, keys, and papers ; then he prepared for death, generously offering to God the sacrifice of his life.

When this was finished, I went into the courtyard for a few moments ; several prisoners came up and asked me to hear their confession. "You have already given us absolution," they said, "but as we still have time to make our confession, we should like to do so." It is needless to add that I joyfully consented to hear them.

When we had been in the courtyard about an hour and a half without a single soldier having made his appearance, we

held a council, as we deemed it time to come to some decision. We thought the English had entered the town, but of this we could not be certain. Some were of opinion that it would therefore be better to shut ourselves up in the prison, and hoist the white flag on the roof. But this proposal was not favourably received; we were afraid the Egyptian soldiers might return before the English arrived, and we had no weapons wherewith to repulse them. Others thought that it would be better for us to leave in a body and repair to the beach to meet the English, but we did not know whom we might encounter on the way, and in the event of coming on one of the Egyptian outposts, we should undoubtedly be massacred. Several considered we had better wait in the prison; others—and they were the majority—judged it wiser to sally forth one by one.

There were numerous objections to all these proposals, but the last met with most favour, and was adopted accordingly. One of the prisoners volunteered to try his luck first; he donned an old *galabi* which some convict had left behind, an old shirt found in the prison was made into a kind of turban, and disguised in this fashion he dashed out into the street. It was agreed that he should come back and bring us tidings of what was going on, but I need hardly say we saw no more of him. We next made an effort to get our wounded comrade out with one of his friends who was to take him to the hospital. Alas! we heard later on that they were met by some Arabs who murdered them both. Indeed not nearly all had our good fortune, several did not even succeed in making good their escape, and out of the forty prisoners five were killed, and seven seriously wounded. Every moment our numbers were diminishing, at last only a dozen were left. "Now," said I to Father de Dianous, "I think it is time for us to be off; the greater part of our fellow-captives have found some place of safety, we are not wanted here, and may just as well look out for ourselves." Father de Dianous had not been robbed as I was, and so, having managed to keep his money, he now gave me an English pound, in case we should be forced to separate. But I was at a loss what to do with the unlucky pound; if I were to put it in my pocket it would have been the very way to have it stolen, for I was sure to be searched before long. Some one suggested that I should put it in one of my shoes, and it will give you an idea of the pitiable condition we were in when I tell you that it was impossible I should act on this suggestion, my shoes being

so full of holes that the sovereign would have been gone ere I had taken many steps.

The good soldiers who robbed me had left me—I suppose out of compassion—a handkerchief to dry my bleeding wounds, and it now occurred to me to knot the sovereign in a corner of the handkerchief, which I could carry in my hand. Having taken this precaution, and having implored the Divine assistance, we both hastened out into the street.

We thought we should have got off alone, or at least that only our two servants would accompany us; but when the other prisoners saw us depart they followed close behind us. I turned and entreated them to leave us, for if we kept together it was impossible that we could escape, and most probably we should all be murdered. But though I exhausted my eloquence, all I said was of no avail; they followed us just the same, declaring that by doing so they should escape as well as we.

Finding I could not get rid of them, I tried turning down side streets and bye-ways, but we always came upon them again just when we made most sure they had lost sight of us. At last one of our fellow-prisoners, who had escaped some time before, spied us out in the street and called us into his house; we accepted the invitation quite as much in order to get rid of our inseparable companions as for the sake of the shelter it afforded; and indeed we had scarcely crossed the threshold when I noticed some ill-looking Arabs in the courtyard, and turning to Father de Dianous I said: "Let us go out again, it is better to die in the street than in here, for if we die in the street at least our bodies will be found, whilst otherwise no one will know what has become of us."

So out we went, and again began hurrying along the street.

We intended to keep away from the square of the Consulate, but our running to and fro brought us back there against our will. The pillaging was going on; it was a horrible sight. At the end of the square a fire had just broken out in the street called Scherif Pacha. The square was strewn with a number of corpses. The shops and bazaars all around had been attacked by Arabs intent on pillage. To go back was an impossibility; to go forward seemed running on certain death. Nevertheless we went on, but were obliged to separate, and for a short period each had his independent adventures.

As for myself, scarcely had I taken a few steps in the square when I was confronted by an Arab boy about fourteen or fifteen.

This lad, who carried a revolver, stopped in front of me, and pointed his weapon at my face. My stock of patience is not inexhaustible, and I confess that I felt not a little irritated; indeed the first thought that occurred to me was to rush upon him, seize him, and wrest his pistol from him, and I forthwith set about putting it into execution. But the young Arab had good legs, and I think I should have run after him a long time before I could have succeeded in catching him. As I was pursuing him, I looked round to see if I was being pursued myself, and perceived with a shudder three Arabs running after me, one armed with a club set with long sharp iron points, another with a fowling piece, a third with a butcher's knife, the blade of which he was feeling with his fingers at the very moment I turned my head.

I hurried on and succeeded in distancing two of the Arabs, but the one who was armed with the club soon came up with me, and was already brandishing his terrible weapon over me, when I chanced to see close beside me a wealthy Arab, who was standing in the square, and no doubt directing the pillage which was going on. "So this is your way of behaving," I said to him, "you cry peace, peace, and then you murder those who take you at your word." (We had heard shouts to this effect when he reached the square.) I do not know whether he understood my appeal, which was uttered in French, or whether he had some sparks of humanity lingering in his breast; at any rate, he made a sign to the Arab who was about to strike me, and the latter took himself off at once.

I need not say that as soon as I was delivered from this danger I lost no time, but again set off running; hardly had I gone thirty steps, ere I was stopped once more by a horrid little negro soldier who collared me, crying "Money, money!" I showed him my pockets, and told him I had nothing to give him, as his comrades had robbed me of everything. I had my handkerchief in my hand with the English sovereign; and after he had assured himself of the truth of my assertion, his eyes fell upon it, and he seized it at once. At first I thought of resisting; but seeing that in saving my sovereign I might lose my life, I deemed the latter the more valuable of the two, and gave up my handkerchief with the contents.

You no doubt think I have come to the end of my adventures, far from it. I had not yet got half across the square, though I had resumed my run. I was soon met by another soldier, who

pointed his musket at me, crying, *backsheesh, backsheesh!* I showed him my empty pockets as I had done to the former, and told him I had nothing. He was doubtless about to convince himself of the truth of this, and took a step in advance, still levelling his gun at me; but a piece of cloth he had on the top of his knapsack happened to slip off, and in order to replace it he laid down his gun. Profiting by the lucky chance, I got away. As I turned I saw Father de Dianous a little way off. "Follow me," I called to him, "let us leave the square, and return to our old house."

When we arrived there, I knocked repeatedly, but the *boabs* refused to open the door. The place we were in was less frequented, but we could not remain in the street. Not far off, close to the shore, we descried an unfinished house. "Let us take shelter here," we said, "it is uninhabited and therefore secure from plunderers. Come, struggle on a little farther, and then we can rest." So, accompanied by our servants and a Greek who had joined our party, we made one more effort, and reached shelter at last. But, O Heavens! in what a plight we were! The violent exertion had caused the wounds on my head to reopen and bleed afresh; my clothes were literally soaked with perspiration, and all I had to eat since the preceding day was half the wretched little loaf of Arab bread which we had divided between us.

But at all events we had got out of the Arab's sight, and were able at last to enjoy a little rest after all we had gone through. When we felt somewhat recovered, about 5 p.m. perhaps, we thought we would go over to the house where we proposed to pass the night, for we did not know whether it would be safer to sleep in the cellar or on the roof.

Our visit of inspection began with the cellars. They were roomy, and separated into compartments, but seemed rather damp. When we got to the last compartment we found it blocked with other goods, the robbers having chosen it for their dépôt. Later on we heard that the thieves were none other than the *boabs* of the adjoining house, and that, taken *in flagrante delicto*, they had been punished.

Although the roof was no safe resting place, the dampness of the cellar and the fear of encountering the thieves decided us to go upstairs; but before doing so we looked about to see if we could find anything to quench our raging thirst. By dint of searching we finally discovered one of those water-butts into

which bricklayers dip the bricks they are going to use. This water looked anything but inviting; an oily scum floating on the surface, its reddish colour and nauseous smell was enough to revolt any one, but we were too thirsty to resist it. You need not think I am going to tell you that to us it tasted delicious, that would be saying rather too much, in fact it would border very closely on a *fib*.

Well, after having—not *quenched* our thirst, but somewhat alleviated it—we ascended to the terrace. At the top we found a small apartment floored with wood; there we determined to pass the night. We made our two servants, and the Greek who followed us like our shadow, lie down, and after having taken to ourselves two stout iron bars and some rope in case of an unexpected attack, Father de Dianous and I prepared to mount guard. From behind the shutters of our room we could see far away into the town. One of the windows overlooked the Ramleh boulevard. It was thence that we saw Arabi's troops, armed and in uniform, leading away the horses they had stolen laden with booty.

Numbers of Bedouins, with their wives and children, came and went in the streets. They, too, had their share of plunder, and as from time to time they turned to look at the conflagration, one could see an expression of satisfaction and delight on their savage countenances. In fact this was a gala day for them. Soldiers and Bedouins all were on the road to Ramleh.

At the time we got to the Square of the Consulate, the fire was just breaking out in the street Scherif Pacha; now we watched it spreading from house to house, and by nightfall a portion of the Square and the whole of the aforesaid street were in flames. What a sorrowful but magnificent sight the unhappy city of Alexandria presented on that night! Before us we had the burning houses, and we were, so to speak, in the centre of this grand but terrible scene. It was a dark night, but the flames made it as light as day in the town, and the sky was of a purple hue behind the dense volumes of smoke which rolled up. Here and there a sheaf of flames and sparks would leap up to a great height, upon which an explosion followed, and then the rapid spread of the conflagration showed that nothing now opposed its progress. Picture all this to yourself in the midst of profound silence, broken only by the crackling of the flames, the ominous sound of falling walls, and the piteous howling of the dogs who were doubtless shut up in the burning houses.

The streets were almost deserted, but now and then a few Bedouins might be seen wrapped in their long white burnous; they looked like spectres, as they stopped to gloat over their own shameful handiwork, and then hastened onwards to carry on the work of destruction. If the English take so much delight in the terrible scenes of Hamlet, any of them who remained in the town must have thoroughly enjoyed this night.

Concealed in the shadow of a chimney, I gazed on the mournful sight, and although it made me feel very sad, I could not take my eyes off it. What devastation in a single night! If the authors of these disasters had only been there they would surely have blushed with shame, and might perhaps have been sorry for the hateful deed which their thirst for gold led them to commit.

As far as I could judge, all the houses were not set on fire in the same way, the work of arson having been done, in some of the first instances, in a more scientific manner. Unless I am greatly mistaken, it was effected in these cases by means of fuses, for the sheaves of sparks we noticed rising in the air could not well proceed from any other cause, since the effect was so uniform and the destruction of the houses went on so rapidly. The buildings which were set on fire the last burnt much less readily and quickly, and this fact suggested the idea that the materials employed in the first instance, had been all exhausted.

It was about 10 p.m. when I saw the next house to the one we were in set on fire, and it was therefore no longer prudent to remain in our place of shelter. We awoke our servants, to their great annoyance, and told them we must be moving. But we next encountered a somewhat curious difficulty, for the house being unfinished, the staircase had no railing, and as we could not use a light for fear of being seen, we ran great risk of falling from the third storey down the well of the staircase.

It had occurred to me to go over the whole house on my first arrival, and I was consequently acquainted with the arrangements of it. I advised my companions to fasten themselves together, I placed myself at their head, and we set off. Scarcely had we gone down five or six stairs, when a loud cry was uttered by someone close beside me, and at the same moment I felt myself forcibly pulled. It was one of the servants who, being half asleep, had put his foot over the edge of the

stairs. As I had hold of him, I at once saw what had happened, and without letting go, threw myself violently backwards, and thanks to the precaution we had taken of fastening ourselves together, we were fortunately able to prevent him from falling down the well. Poor Gaëtan got off with a few scratches and we with a fresh fright. After a short pause, we continued our troublesome progress, and with some difficulty reached the ground floor. We scaled the hoarding placed round the house, and found ourselves in the street.

As we were close to the sea, we thought the shore would be the safest place for us, and we went to lie down on the sand. There at least the Arabs could find nothing to attract them, and we should be out of reach of the fire. A slight rise in the ground close to the bathing establishment, just above high water mark, would serve to keep the light of the flames off us, and we halted there. Here I tried to get a little rest for the first time for three nights, the fatigues of the previous days and the monotonous sound of the waves seeming to invite sleep. However, I had only dozed off for a few minutes, when I was aroused by a dazzling glare which fell on us. It was the English projecting an electric light upon the town. Perhaps they had noticed us grouped together upon the beach, and were trying to make out who we were. For about five minutes, much to our annoyance, I assure you, we remained in the midst of this brilliant light; not only were we afraid the Arabs might perceive us, but we also dreaded lest some English officer should take it into his head to throw a bomb at us. Who can tell how far the freaks of an Englishman will go?

To our great satisfaction, the electric light vanished at length. We had scarcely recovered from our first alarm, when we heard a muffled sound proceeding from the bathing establishment a little way off, and almost at the same moment we saw two men pass down the little gangway which leads to the ground. We got close up to one another, and watched in silence the movements of these shadows. Were they spies or Arabs? We could not make out who they were. Soon the mysterious personages came back, followed by about a score of men, women, and children, who went along in silence. "Let us follow them," we said, "they are fugitives who are going to take shelter in the bathing house, we can hide with them." We went off at once, and as they were going to close the

door of the bathing establishment, we requested permission to enter, and were kindly received.

It would be no easy task to say what sort of persons they were amongst whom we found ourselves, for it was almost pitch dark. However, the German, French, and Italian we heard spoken told us we were with Europeans. We made ourselves known to our companions, and exchanged a few words with them; after which we deemed it more prudent to withdraw to one side.

At 2 a.m. I awoke Father de Dianous, who had been lucky enough to go to sleep. "Come," I said, "it is time to start for our house, if our other servants have been spared by the soldiery, they will be very anxious about us. It will not be light until 3.30, the Arabs must be tired out after such a day and night as they have had, and it is not likely we shall have so good an opportunity for escape later on." In fact to have awaited the return of the daylight would have been to incur the danger of fresh adventures.

Fr. de Dianous was a long time coming to a decision; true, it was imprudent to go, but it was not more prudent to remain. At last he yielded to my persuasions, and I went once more to rouse our servants, who were snoring vigorously. They grumbled sadly at having to go with us, for, not having a clear idea of the state of affairs, they were inclined to think this constant shifting of quarters was only a whim of our own.

Soon we were again under way. In the first street we entered a fire stopped us; in the second, we saw Bedouins and soldiers on in front. We were obliged to make endless *détours*, and instead of getting nearer to our house, we only got farther away from it. At length we found ourselves at the back of the Zizinia Theatre, and were just going to attempt crossing the avenue of Rosetta, when we heard the sound made by the long sabres of the Arabs trailing on the ground, and were compelled to turn back. Unable to cross the avenue, we were about to go back to the seashore, but a troop of dogs on our road began to bark in so alarming a manner that, being close to the Greek Hospital, which is in course of construction, we sought refuge there. A few good pushes made the door which the builders had put up give way, and thus we were enabled to enter.

However even there we were not in perfect safety. We had, it is true, walls all round us, but in the vast courtyard

where we were, we could be distinctly seen from a distance. A cellar alone seemed to offer us the shelter we desired, and we looked about to see if we could discover one anywhere. At last we found a door, beneath which there was a tolerably wide opening ; into this I managed to crawl on my hands and knees, Fr. de Dianous did the same, and we came upon a quantity of bales of cloth, sugar-loaves, sacks of coffee, &c. ; further on we descried two Bedouins fast asleep. One of them, hearing a noise, seemed to wake up, but he only turned on his side, making a peculiar kind of grunt. We had to go out again, and we lost no time about it.

Thus we found ourselves once more in the courtyard, and we set ourselves to explore the hospital gardens and outhouses, in the hope of finding some place of shelter. There was not one anywhere. Nevertheless we met with one piece of good fortune, that of discovering some water, a reservoir of brackish water which was very refreshing. On seeing this, our old servant Gaëtan was beside himself with joy, and in order to drink more comfortably, he thought he would get into the water. But alas ! no sooner had he stepped in, than he nearly vanished altogether. The reservoir was constructed in the form of a basin, and Gaëtan's feet had slipped on the edge so that he was now taking a hip-bath, to the great benefit of the bruises which his recent fall on the stairs had given him.

Despite our many vexations, we could not refrain from laughing as we pulled poor Gaëtan out of his bath, and the deplorable groans he uttered served only to increase our hilarity. At last he was on his feet again ; and now more than ever he fancied all our peregrinations were a mere freak, and was highly displeased in consequence.

However, it was absolutely necessary to find shelter ; we tried knocking at the door of the inhabited part of the hospital, but knock as we would, we could not succeed in rousing the warders. My companions thought it was a pity we had left the seashore, I therefore proposed returning to it, and for the second time we retraced our steps thither. But a second time the Arabs and the dogs compelled us to return to the courtyard we had just quitted.

During all this coming and going day had begun to dawn. All at once we noticed a cross beyond the garden walls, and at the side a large house, through the shutters of which a faint light was discernable. "Let us knock at the door," we

said, "the cross is always a good omen, we shall perhaps be taken in and hospitably received."

A wall and a street separated us from the house. I scrambled on to the wall, and was already in the street when I descried several Bedouins walking quickly in the direction of Ramleh. With my companions' help, I speedily remounted the wall, and as soon as the Bedouins had passed, I once more jumped down into the street, and ran up to the door of the house over the portal of which we had seen the cross. A porter made his appearance at once, and asked in Greek who was there? Fr. de Dianous had joined me, and he contrived to make himself understood in Italian. On his hearing that we were Jesuit priests, we were at once admitted into the house, which was the residence of the Greek Patriarch. Every one crowded round us, and wanted to hear our story, which we related as briefly as possible. The refugees were numerous, and from all we received the liveliest expression of sympathy.

We next learnt that the Patriarch and his priests were absent, only the servants having been left behind, and it was the latter, therefore, who had so charitably received both ourselves and the other refugees. We conversed for a short time, and then water was brought, and we set about washing ourselves, a very necessary proceeding, be it remarked in passing, for we were so besmeared with blood and perspiration as to be unrecognizable; we next had some food given us, and linen to bind up our wounds. A mattress was spread on the ground in a corridor, which was already by no means deserted, and we were told we might rest there whenever we liked. I need not say that I had no sooner laid down on my mattress than I fell asleep, being perfectly worn out.

Another kind of pen is wanted to describe the day and night we spent at the Greek Patriarchate. What sketches of manners might have been made, what various characters depicted! I must own that I still feel a grudge against the Arabs for robbing me of everything. The wretches really might have left me my pencil and portfolio!

Fancy to yourself an inner courtyard, surrounded with a wide gallery, spread with mattresses for the use of the refugees. At mealtimes each family sat together in a sort of circle, in the middle of which was placed the sole dish forming the repast, and those who were the quickest and nimblest came off the best. We were treated with more consideration, our meals

being served in the kitchen ; we had also the use of a table and some chairs and two glasses to drink out of. Everyone else was put on rations, but we had as much biscuit and water as we liked. The good people who had taken us in did their best to entertain us and make us forget the sad plight in which we were.

I really cannot forgive the Arabs who stole my portfolio and pencil, and thus deprived me of the means of depicting scenes I would fain put before your eyes. I should like to have represented the arrival of a fresh refugee. From the gallery I have already mentioned, and in which we slept, the door could be seen. As soon as a knock was heard, one man seized a gun, which he levelled at a man's height in the direction of the door ; two others concealed themselves behind the door, one armed with a knife, the other with an axe, whilst a fourth acted as porter. He was apparently unarmed, but at the least sign of danger one might see his hand slowly travel to his sash, and draw thence a large pistol. Ill-luck to any Arab who had dared to appear, he would not have been allowed to take two steps into the house.

I still remember a Greek who came disguised as an Arab. He wore a large turban and long *galabi*, and everyone was at his post according to the accustomed ceremonies. After some preliminary parleying, it was decided to admit him, though it was evident he was regarded with suspicion. No sooner had he crossed the threshold than he threw off his turban and *galabi*, and appeared as a true Greek. "I have just got out of prison," he triumphantly exclaimed, showing as evidence of the truth of his words two enormous iron rings on his legs. "I have not been quit of these companions for the last six years," he added. On hearing this, all present uttered an exclamation of astonishment, everyone wished to see and examine this convict-hero, and, if possible, shake hands with him. You may fancy how much was made of this Greek, after he had thus shown his credentials.

On the 13th we passed the whole day at the Patriarchate. Towards evening several Greeks, desirous to know what was going on in the town, resolved to go and reconnoitre. They soon contrived an Arab costume, and off they went. Of course our illustrious convict was of the party. When they had been gone about an hour, we saw them returning all laden with spoil. The veteran convict alone had full twenty bottles of liqueur ;

these he had, he told us, found upon the road, and had only carried them away because he thought it a pity they should be wasted. The undoubting and one might almost say truthful manner in which he said this was so comical that one could not help laughing.

All the evening was spent in arranging these kinds of expeditions, the Greeks who did not go helped to dress up those who did, and the latter, in their turn, failed not to requite the good offices shown them by discovering on the road some bottles of choice liqueurs, rare wines, and excellent cigars.

Not until the evening of the 14th did the English land, and then they stopped short at Raz-el-Tin, not really landing until the morning of Saturday, the 15th, two days too late, for had they disembarked immediately after the bombardment, they would have prevented the sack and pillage of Alexandria, but this they were doubtless not too anxious to do.

During the morning of the 15th we saw that the Arabs who passed by carried sticks with strips of white rag at the end. We inquired what this meant, and learnt that the English were already in the town. If the truth be told, this was no very grand exploit, and did not require a great amount of genius on the part of the English Admiral, for Arabi had already quitted the town on Wednesday evening, just at the time we escaped from prison.

I was most anxious to be gone, for although we were well treated at the Greek Hospital, nothing is like home. I felt no regret at leaving the picturesque scenes of which we were witnesses, my one idea being to get home again, but as my companions judged it inadvisable at this juncture to try and get away, I was compelled to resign myself to remaining there for the greater part of the day, and it was not until evening that we decided to depart.

When we went out, the aspect of the streets was not very encouraging, all the Arabs one met carried the white flag, it is true, but the staff of the flag was often a bludgeon, and a bludgeon which was not unlikely at the first opportunity to be once more applied to its original use. All this was anything but reassuring, and as we went on, we felt more and more depressed, for we saw all around nothing but ruin and disaster. The streets were so blocked up with the débris of the houses that I had the greatest difficulty in finding the way, although I am perfectly at home in every quarter of the town. There

were a great many corpses lying about, some already in a state of decomposition ; the stench arising from them, combined with the smell of burning, was insupportable. We passed in front of the *caracol*, where we had first of all been examined, six corpses lay there. Here we met a patrol of Egyptian soldiers, on their left arm they wore a blue ribbon, a badge, I suppose, of loyalty to the Viceroy. The officer spoke to us as he passed, assuring us that we had no cause for alarm ; he it was who informed us that order was kept in the town by the English and the three hundred Alexandrian troops who had maintained their allegiance to the Viceroy.

Our way led us past the European Hospital, and we went in there ; I was desirous of having my wounds dressed, for they began to be very painful. The Lazarists and Sisters of Charity received us with the most cordial kindness, they had heard of our arrest, and had felt very anxious about us ever since. When my wounds had been dressed, we again set off for our house, escorted by an officer and soldiers belonging to the guard of the hospital.

We found our garden door shut, so one of the servants climbed over the wall and opened it for us from within. One of the doors of the house was standing open, we entered but could find no one. While the servants were running about the garden to see what had become of the refugees, we went to visit the chapel. It had been pillaged, the tabernacle was battered in, and the place for the monstrance broken. The candlesticks were lying on the ground, broken and twisted. In the sacristy all the vestments we had left behind were scattered about in confusion on the floor ; the altar linen, as well as the albs and girdles, had all been taken. However, we were so fortunate as to find what we required in order to say Mass on the morrow, for the robbers had left one plated chalice, which had failed to excite their cupidity. This one poor chalice has been, and still is, of the greatest service to us.

When we had finished inspecting the sacristy, we went to examine Father de Dianous' room. It has two doors ; one the thieves had in vain tried to force, but the other having offered less resistance, they had succeeded in effecting an entrance by it. They had been clever enough to find a key to fit the cash-box, and had therefore not broken it open ; the division containing the money for daily use was empty, but a roll of gold pieces close beside it was intact, and I do not think Father de Dianous

lost out of his room more than four hundred or five hundred francs. The robbers had left traces enabling us to identify them, or rather *him*, for the thief was no other than an old negro named Abdallah, who used to work in the garden. He fell ill a few days prior to the 11th of July, and we took him into the house out of compassion. We doctored him, I nursed him, and this is the method he chose of testifying his gratitude.

My room had been much more roughly handled; all my papers were strewn over the floor, my boxes had been opened, and a great many of their contents were missing. My crucifix and reliquaries had been abstracted; an excellent case of surgical instruments and a valuable compass were entirely destroyed. I still have in my room a theodolite which had been lent me, but other instruments which likewise were not my property had been carried off. Since then I have been fortunate enough to discover one of the thieves and one of the instruments.

After having examined my room, we went down to the one in which was the image of Our Lady of Lourdes, where we said our prayers on the eve of the bombardment. The statue was intact, with the exception of the rosary, which was gone from the hands. A man who had taken refuge behind the image when the soldiers arrived, told us that one of the *boabs* had carried off the rosary.

At this moment the poor people who had taken refuge in our house came up from the end of the garden, and it would be impossible to tell you how great was their delight at seeing us again; they were more than delighted, they were almost mad with joy. They told us that when they saw the soldiers coming they fled to the casemate, which we had caused to be constructed in preparation for the bombardment, and had remained concealed there all the time the soldiers were in the house. We had the satisfaction of learning that none of the refugees had perished. Our Lady of Lourdes had marvellously preserved those who had been confided to her.

I have now finished the narrative of my adventures, which I could have made more interesting, if I had had more time at my disposal, but I have been continually interrupted, and my tale is, I am afraid, rather disconnected.

EDOUARD MECHIN, S.J.

The Progress of the Irish University Question.

PART THE THIRD.

WHEN the scheme of organization adopted by the Senate was laid before Parliament, it was discovered that a most extensive distribution of money prizes was contemplated. A new Government was now in office. The Conservatives had retired, and Mr. Gladstone was Prime Minister for the second time. Probably it was unfortunate for Irish Catholic interests that Tories should have been in power when the Senate was nominated, and that the Whigs should have succeeded them before the University funds were allocated. The Whigs would not have made the Duke of Abercorn Chancellor, and might possibly have appointed a more Catholic Senate. The Tories were less likely to be stingy than Whigs in fixing the income of the Royal University.

It was now with Whigs that the Senate had to deal, and the Whig Government was aghast at the proposed expenditure. It signified to the Senate that it was prepared to ask Parliament to settle exactly twenty thousand a year on the new University out of the Disestablished Church fund, and it recommended the Senate to modify the scheme of organization to suit such limited means. The Senate did all that was possible for them under the circumstances; they modified their scheme and sent a letter of explanation. That letter, signed by the Protestant and Catholic secretaries, contained, whether intended or not, a witty saying against the Whigs which would have delighted the great Dean of St. Patrick's himself, could he only have understood our modern names for parties. Writing to the Whig Ministers who were so earnest for retrenchment, Dr. James Creed Meredith and Dr. David Basil Dunne informed them in the name of the Senate, and with solemn Swiftlike irony, that that body, having been empowered to draw up a scheme, had done so on a *Liberal* scale.

Reduced as the Liberal scale is, it permits still a large number of prizes—some of them really substantial—to be offered to the students of the Royal University. Thus, in Arts, at matriculation there are ten first class exhibitions of £24 each, and twenty second class ones of £12. The year following, the matriculated Arts student may gain at the "First University Examination" one of ten first class exhibitions of £30, or one of twenty second class ones at £15. At the Second University Examination in Arts there are six first class at £40, and twelve second class at £20; and at the B.A. Degree Examination there are seven first class at £50, and fourteen second class at £25. Then there are yearly six scholarships to be won, each of £50 per annum for three years, two in Classics, two in Mathematics, and two in Modern Literature. Further there are to be ten studentships, two awarded annually, each of which will entitle its holder to a hundred a year for five years. All this is less than was originally proposed, but even this amount of expenditure has obliged the Senate to be *less generous than was proposed even in the modified scheme, in relation to the extremely important point of fellowships*. We shall treat of that point immediately. We merely observe, to close the subject of which we have been treating, that on the modification of the scheme by the Senate an Act was passed in August, 1881, allocating to the University the income of £20,000 as proposed; and towards the end of the November following the modified scheme was approved of by her Majesty, and became the "Statutes of the Royal University of Ireland."

What we may call the title-deeds of the University are thus the following four State Papers.

- I. The "University Education (Ireland) Act, 1879," which authorized her Majesty the Queen, if she so pleased, to found a University on certain fixed principles.
- II. The Royal Charter of 1880, by which her Majesty founded the University on the principles laid down and nominated the members of the Senate.
- III. The "Royal University of Ireland Act, 1881," which allocated funds.
- IV. The Statutes, that is the modified scheme of organization, drawn up by the Senate and approved of in its final form by her Majesty almost in the last month of 1881.

We now come to treat of what is by far the most interesting

portion of our subject, the important question of fellowships and teaching, connected with the Royal University of Ireland. We said in our first article that that Royal University was not a *regular* teaching body. There was nothing in Acts of Parliament or Charter which obliged it in any way to teach, there were to be found, in the original Act and the Royal Charter, only a very few vague words which could render it possible for the University to engage in teaching. But those few vague words were availed of, and the Royal University, though not of course a regular teaching body, has already, indirectly it is true, set up professors' chairs. The vague words, which rendered this most important proceeding possible, are those which relate in the first Act and Charter to fellowships. Fellowships are there set down along with "exhibitions," "scholarships," and "other prizes," and it is then quietly remarked, in general, with regard to all, that it belongs to the Senate to propose the conditions on which they may be held,—exhibitions, scholarships, fellowships, or other prizes. It is clear that the Senate might consequently, when and where it chose, attach the duty of teaching to the enjoyment of its prizes; and the Senate decided finally to do so in the case of its great prizes, the fellowships.

People who read with no very watchful attention the University Act of 1879, had indeed thought it little more than the old rejected Supplemental Charter. But the Bill, as we warned the reader in our former article, was better than it looked. It most positively gave to the Senate the great power of initiative which we have mentioned. It even explicitly recited "liability to perform duty," as a possible condition for holding fellowships, &c., but it did not say explicitly that the University duty might even include teaching; and most people were inclined to think of some far more trifling, or at least less constant, occupation as the duty foreshadowed in such generic language. Ordinary people would have expected that such weighty work as teaching would have been, not only explicitly mentioned, but pointed out with a considerable amount of detail.

The word Fellow was in itself a very vague and ambiguous term, neither positively suggestive of teaching nor the reverse. At Trinity College, Dublin, indeed, it was closely associated with the idea of a professor, while in other places it conveyed no notion beyond that of a scholar who had completed a

brilliant course. It rested with the Senate of the Royal University to decide whether it would propose in its scheme of organization that the new Fellows should teach or perform other duty, or be bound to no duty at all. After the words "liability to perform duty," in the original Act, followed immediately, "and otherwise," showing that with regard to "exhibitions, scholarships, fellowships, and other prizes," the conditions of tenure were left in a very wide sense indeed to the judgment of the Senate. Indeed the fourteenth clause of the Charter would seem to go further still and suggest, at least to non-legal minds, the notion that in the case of all prizes, including fellowships, the Senate might not only propose measures for the Royal sanction, but even without it take action efficaciously.¹

The Senate, however, consisted of staid men, and they proceeded prudently by way of scheme to be shown to Parliament and to await the pleasure of the Crown. But when the scheme was being drawn up, the Senate seem scarcely to have known their own mind very clearly on the subject of fellowships. A committee of their members was appointed to draw up the scheme and propose it to the general body for adoption; but the general body of the Senate made a most important change, besides some minor ones, in the scheme drawn up for them by their own committee. That most important change related to fellowships and teaching; the changed scheme was laid

¹ In Section 9 of the original University Act we read: "Be it enacted that it shall be the duty of the Senate . . . to prepare . . . a scheme for the better advancement of University education in Ireland by the provision of buildings, . . . and by the establishment of exhibitions, scholarships, fellowships, and other prizes, or any of such matters, in which scheme the following conditions shall be observed:

"(1) The said several exhibitions, scholarships, fellowships, and other prizes shall be awarded for proficiency in subjects of secular education, and not in respect of any subject of religious instruction.

"(2) They shall be open to all students matriculating or who have matriculated in the University, and THE SCHEME MAY PROPOSE that they shall be awarded in respect of either relative or absolute proficiency, and that they shall be subject to any conditions as to the age of the candidates, their standing in the University, their liability to perform duty, and otherwise, as the Senate shall think expedient."

In the Royal Charter, Section 14 is as follows:

"And We do hereby further direct and ordain that the Senate of the University shall have power to FOUND AND ENDOW exhibitions, scholarships, fellowships, or other prizes for which funds may, by Parliamentary grant, or devise, donation, or otherwise, be hereafter supplied, and make such regulations for the attainment AND TENURE of the same as to them may seem fit, so as the same regulations shall not be repugnant to or inconsistent with the laws of Our realm, or to the general objects and provisions of this Our Charter: provided always that such exhibitions, scholarships, fellowships, and prizes shall be awarded for proficiency in subjects of secular education, and not in respect of any subject of religious instruction."

before Parliament, and was still further modified with regard to the important point of fellowships before it received the approval of the Sovereign. We may add that the Senate have since found themselves obliged to modify still more in practice their plan or scheme of fellowships.

The first plan, the one proposed to the Senate by their own committee, was that the Fellows should be a Board of Examiners. They might or might not have to be assisted by others in the work of examination. But they were to form the main important body of examiners, they were to report to the Senate not only how examinations had passed off, but what changes they considered would be useful for future years, not indeed in the nature of the University course itself, but with reference to the less essential points, such as particular text-books, the precise standard of knowledge to be required for Pass and Honours, the proportion of marks to be allotted to the various subjects, and the practical rules for conducting examinations. For these services the committee proposed that each Fellow should be assigned a salary of £400 a year. They proposed further that the Fellows should hold office for seven years from the date of their appointment, that the first appointments should be made by the votes of the Senators, that the Senators might re-elect those whom they had appointed, but that at the end of the first term of seven years all new appointments to fellowships should be made by competitive examination, open only to Graduates of the Royal University. In this scheme the general body of the Senate inserted this important clause :

Every Fellow shall hold his fellowship upon the condition that if required by the Senate he shall give his services in teaching students of the University in some educational institution wherein not less than one hundred matriculated students of the University are being taught.

The Senate thus decided that, as far as their voice went, the new University was to be in some sort *a teaching one*. After this momentous step they proceeded to lighter work.

They were well aware that the title Fellow conveyed two different meanings, and resolved to have Fellows of both kinds. They had just supplied the Fellows originally proposed with a considerably increased amount of work to earn their £400 a year. The next change made in the scheme was to propose

to institute Fellows of the second class, Fellows who were to have nothing to do, and were to be paid only half as much as the Fellows who had to examine and might be obliged to teach. These Fellows of the second kind were to be called Junior Fellows, and of course as their fellowships were to be pure rewards of merit, burdened with no duties to be performed, these fellowships of the second kind were to be attainable only by competitive examination in every case. It was further properly enough, we think, ordained that these great prizes, so strictly and merely prizes (£200 per annum for seven years, without duties to be performed), could be competed for only by *graduates* of the Royal University, and amongst those graduates, only by those of them who were of not more than four years' standing.

From all this the reader will probably be inclined to conclude that the main body of the Senate took larger and grander views of their position than their committee of organization, and were determined to propose a University on a really splendid scale. The direct contrary was in reality the fact. The committee of organization had designed indeed a non-teaching University, but had planned for it the most magnificent of Examining Boards. It had proposed to have forty-eight examining Fellows, who might, it must be remembered, need other Examiners to assist them, and each of the forty-eight examining Fellows was to have £400 a year. The committee might almost as well have said fifty, and the estimated expense of its Examining Board would have been £20,000 a year, precisely the sum which the Liberal Government saw fit in the end to allot to the University as its whole income to meet expenses of every kind. The committee, however, would not go so far as to ask for a Board of fifty examining Fellows. It asked only for forty-eight. The examinations would of course entail outlay in other ways, but the mere individual examiners would not cost more than £19,200 a year.

The general body of the Senate thought this would be paying too much for examiners, even though an examinership was ultimately to be a prize for learning, bestowed after a competitive examination on a duly registered graduate of the University. We are far from saying that the general body was here wrong; but when the Senate proceeded to turn the proposed examining Fellows into teaching Fellows, and retained

the number and emoluments as proposed, we think their ideas can scarcely be called magnificent. The fellowships were no longer to be rewards; they were to be salaries for a great deal of hard work. As rewards, the fourteen humbler junior fellowships were set up in their place. And the number of forty-eight teaching fellowships appears small indeed when we remember that teaching was to be carried on "in *some* educational institution wherein not less than a hundred matriculated students of the University are being taught." The vague word "*some*" shows sufficiently that the fellowships might be expected to be divided among various institutions. Even Magee College, Londonderry, if it could possibly muster a hundred matriculated students, might expect the dole of a Fellow. The Senate proposed certainly to make their University a kind of teaching University. But they did not aim high. They only wanted to embark in the teaching business to some very moderate extent, in a really small way. And so they sent in their proposals to Parliament and Government.

"And lessened be that small," was of course the answer given by Mr. Forster, the Irish Chief Secretary of the day, who was indeed at the time sorely harassed, and appeared in more than one sense to be playing the part of Margaret of Anjou. We have already seen that the Government decided to grant only £20,000 a year to the University, and the University scheme had accordingly to be re-arranged. The paragraph on fellowships had to be cut down. We read of *forty-eight* Fellows in the printed scheme "proposed by the Committee" to the Senate, "25th January, 1881," and we read of them again in the "Copy of Scheme . . . as *adopted* by the Senate," which was "ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 6th April, 1881." But we find, on the contrary, in the "Statutes" which received the Royal Approval, "at Saint James's, the twenty-ninth day of November, 1881," that "the Senate may elect *thirty-two* Fellows of the University. In case it shall at any time appear advisable to *reduce* the number, it shall be in their power, with the consent of the Lord Lieutenant, to do so."

Of course it would be advisable to reduce the number if the scanty funds allotted by Parliament, at the request of Government, were found insufficient to cover, along with other expenses, the salaries of thirty-two teaching Fellows. And this appears to have been really the case. The new clause

was, under the circumstances, a most useful and important addition.

The work of "lessening" went on in other ways too. We have already remarked that the prizes offered to students are no longer so great as was proposed in the scheme laid before Parliament. The M.A. prizes have been swept away. Those that remain have been all reduced in number, and all, except the scholarships, have been reduced also as to the amount that can be won by an individual. Thus the fourteen junior fellowships at £200 per annum, tenable each for seven years, of which we have been lately treating, are replaced by the ten studentships at £100 per annum, which, as we have mentioned, are tenable for only five years each. Such a remarkable change brought with it the abandonment of the high-sounding title of junior fellowships for the comparatively humble name of studentships.

We do not, however, venture to complain of even such sweeping reductions, with regard to the value and number of the prizes to be offered by the Royal University. As we have already acknowledged, the prizes remain still numerous and substantial. It is only with regard to other needs of a University besides prizes, especially with regard to the now *teaching* fellowships, that the action of the Government, in fixing so small a grant, appears to us unquestionably open to stricture of the gravest kind. On this subject we shall soon lay our arguments before the reader. At present we must conclude shortly the historical portion of our subject.

When the present Government at last brought in its Bill to allow £20,000 per annum out of the disestablished Church funds to the Royal University, a new difficulty arose. The poor measure of relief was blocked. The opposition proceeded from the Presbyterian quarter, and had to be propitiated. People saw that Presbyterians would no doubt be glad to have a share in the teaching Fellows, who it appeared were to be distributed. But as long as only Colleges with a hundred matriculated students were entitled to claim such aid, the Magee College of Londonderry had no hope, and Presbyterians would be inclined to block the Bill. Hope was accordingly held out to Magee College; the objectionable number, one hundred, was eliminated from the scheme, the block was removed, the Bill passed, and the Royal Approval was granted to the scheme, where men now simply read that the "educational institution"

where a Fellow, if required, must teach, must be "approved by the Senate," and have among its scholars "matriculated students of the University." The mere approval of the Senate now takes the place of the less easily attained characteristic of having fully one hundred duly matriculated students as scholars. After the money bill had passed, and the scheme in its final form had become the Royal University Statutes, the Senate met at last to appoint to fellowships. But they did not appoint to thirty-two—they made use of their privilege of not appointing to the full number authorized. They first announced that they would appoint to a certain number (twenty-four if we remember rightly) out of the thirty-two, and mentioned the various departments, such as Modern Languages and Medicine, in which they would nominate Fellows. When they met, however, they reconsidered their position, and decided they would appoint to only a smaller number of fellowships than had been announced, and be satisfied with mere examiners, and no teaching, in Medicine and Modern Languages. However, notwithstanding the reduced number of Fellows with which they found they must content themselves, one of the first appointed was a professor of Magee College, Londonderry. They appointed at the same time several professors of the Queen's Colleges, several too from the Catholic University, and some Catholics besides who did not already actually belong to that "educational institution."

On the subject of this first appointment of Fellows of the Royal University of Ireland, we expected to be able to say much. We expected to be able to consider, too, the course of studies over which those Fellows preside, and on which it belongs to their office to report. But we have already exceeded the limits we had marked out for ourselves at first. Our subject has unexpectedly led us on from page to page, till we feel that we must now in good earnest make an end, and leave the rest unsaid. We can only venture in conclusion to lay before the reader, as we have promised, the grounds we have for protesting loudly against the conduct of the Government, which, while approving of the Senate's scheme to the extent it did, insisted on limiting, as we have seen, the income of the new Royal University.

Three courses were, as Mr. Gladstone himself might say, open to the Government, when it was found that the Senate had decided on proposing a Board of Teaching Fellows. The

Government might have declared that this development appeared to them almost a straining of the Act, was certainly uncalled for by it, and could not be recommended by them to her Majesty to be approved and ratified. The Government might have informed the Senate that they must be satisfied with directing an examining University, that they must not aim at one which could in any way be regarded as teaching, that for an examining University the income of £20,000 a year would be sufficient, that that income should be assured them, but nothing more, and that all idea of teaching, or playing at teaching, must at once be given up. This line of conduct, so intelligible and consistent, whatever may be thought of its wisdom, the Government did not think proper to pursue.

The Government might have adopted an exactly opposite course. They might have welcomed and given a magnificent support to the novel development proposed. They might have said that they fully approved of the plan of having a Board of Teaching Fellows, and have promised that they would do their part to secure the needful and proper funds. Accepting the University scheme, they might have accepted it with ardour. They might have thrown themselves into the project, and done their utmost to make it a success.

The buildings of the Royal University must of course be less extensive than those of Trinity, which is a College for residence as well as a University. But there might have been at least a sufficient amount of ground secured for the new erection, to prevent it from forming a ludicrous contrast to the old Dublin University, standing in its own fine park. There was to be at any rate a library for the promised institution, and care might have been taken that that grandest of University appendages should be in the new establishment, all that such a thing can be in such a new establishment. The time was indeed favourable. Grand collections of books and manuscripts, whose fame was European, were on the point of being dispersed by public sale. A similar opportunity might not occur again in a century. And when foreigners hurried to England to compete for the coveted rarities of the Mariborough and Hamilton libraries, when the British Museum was in treaty for the Ashburnham treasures with their noble owner, there might have been an attempt made to secure to the rising University many of those choice antiquities of which Universities are most proud, there might have been an effort made to secure for the Royal

University, which was styled and was "of Ireland," at least the venerable Irish manuscripts which had passed from Stowe into the hands of Lord Ashburnham. Above all, when the Government adopted the scheme, they might have taken a proud and zealous interest in the new development which recalled in a less suspected form that idea of University professors, which in Mr. Gladstone's Bill had excited general alarm and caused the short but too powerful secularistic agitation. Was not this new development that old idea come back again? It had been even in the O'Connor Don's Bill.² Had not the late Ministry put it cautiously aside and carefully drawn up an Act, allowing of it indeed, but not suggesting it? Had they not then left the matter to be settled by a mixed council of Irish prelates and laymen, and had not that mixed council of Catholics and Protestants, in its collective wisdom, taken up the old idea once more and put it boldly forward? Was not this something that the present Government might have built upon with pride? They might indeed have been glad to develop the suggested plan most thoroughly, to give it what Englishmen call fair play, to point out to Imperial Parliament that such a development was called for, for and by Ireland, and to demand of Imperial Parliament sufficient funds to enable the Senate of the Royal University to crown its work by appointing if needful even more teaching Fellows than the half hundred for whom it asked.

We need not say that this course of policy was not adopted by the Government. Neither the present Ministry, nor any one that preceded it, ever ventured to propose to legislate for Ireland in so generous a spirit. The principles that apply to the British Museum do not apply to "that part of her Majesty's dominions." The reader who has followed us up to this must have felt that we have been lately describing a Utopia. We confess we almost felt, ourselves, as if we were setting down on paper the words of a delirium.

The Government decided on following neither the first nor the second of the two straightforward and consistent courses which we have been describing. It would neither reject the

² In the O'Connor Don's Bill we read (Section 13): "It shall be the duty of the Senate to promote University Education in Ireland, in the manner provided by this Act; that is to say, (a) . . . (f) By providing for the payment of such salaries as the Senate shall direct to such lecturers attached to affiliated Colleges as shall be presented by the Colleges to the Senate, and shall be approved by the Senate."

proposal to have teaching Fellows nor give funds to carry out that proposal on a respectable scale. It adopted the third and middle course, and in so doing drove, it seems to us, inconsistency to the extreme of being unreasonable. It seems to us inconsistent even to the extreme of being unreasonable, to advise her Majesty to approve of the introduction of a Board of Teaching Fellows into the new Royal University, and to refuse the University sufficient money to appoint Fellows in, for instance, the important Faculty of Medicine. It seems to us inconsistent, even to the extreme of being unreasonable, to decide that this new Royal University of Ireland shall assist higher education by supplying professors to various important Colleges, and that the whole number of professors it shall thus supply to the whole country is at most to be thirty-two! It seems to us a burlesque of the whole University system to authorise the Irish Senate, not to increase this number, but to reduce it. Instead of a national University with thirty teachers spread over the country, it seems we may look forward to one with a dozen or even three or four. As a matter of fact we know that the number of thirty-two has never yet been considered attainable by the poverty-stricken Royal University of Ireland.

But we confess we have considerable hope that the present Prime Minister will yet exert his great power in favour of that now struggling and humbled institution. After all, Mr. Gladstone is something more than a financier, who must be great amongst the greatest of his own or of any age. He knows well what splendid revenues Trinity College has at its command, and must also feel what a mockery it is to set up beside it the Royal University in its present condition. From the lands granted to it by the Crown alone, Trinity has a net rental half as great again as the whole income allowed the new sister institution, which appears by its side indeed a Cinderella. The Trinity College Registrar's Return, "Ordered by the House of Commons to be Printed 25 May 1868," gives as the net rental of the Crown lands belonging to the prosperous College the sum of £30,800. It adds that the net rental arising from private donations amounts to over £5,600; that the rent derived from even the College chambers is nearly £2,000 (in exact figures £1,929 os. 9d.); in fine that the income derived from students is over £27,000, of which above £14,000 is paid to fellows, lecturers, or professors, besides

their salaries from other sources, and the balance, considerably over £12,000, goes to swell still further the College funds. All this shows of course the net revenue in money of the College to be more than £65,000. And Mr. Gladstone knows well that against this, for the new University, his Government has granted only an income of £20,000 in addition to the comparatively very small sum derivable from students. Their fees in the Royal University are carefully kept extremely low; there for even a B.A. Examination the candidate's payment is only £1, exactly half of what is charged for the Matriculation Examination of the University of London. The Prime Minister knows that this enormous difference between an income of £60,000 and £20,000 is enhanced in almost every way in which it is possible for such a difference to be enhanced. Along with the great income are the fair park and the vast and stately piles of building, with it are the museums and the glorious library. The poorer institution has its offices in a private house, its examination rooms in an "Exhibition Palace;" as for museums, it can only boast, in the time-table of its fellowless Faculty of Medicine, that "the practical portion of the examinations will be conducted, by the kind permission of the Board of Trinity College, in the School of Physic of the University of Dublin"; as for a library, when rare sales of literary treasures are taking place and men make long journeys to bid for them in the name of great institutions and rich men, there is never anybody charged to buy a single book for the Royal University of Ireland.

We feel convinced that no one can appreciate the effect of all this more thoroughly than the Prime Minister. He knows the spirit of a University; he knows the feelings of Irishmen; he knows even Dublin city and its great and wealthy Protestant College, and he can well estimate the sentiments with which Irish Catholics compare the greater and lesser institutions, the one called modestly Trinity College, or the University of Dublin, and the other named almost in derision "The Royal University of Ireland." We cannot but think that, as a statesman, he must feel that the middle course of policy we have pointed out is one in which no government ought to persevere, and that it is almost an insult to the Crown. He must see, we think, that the Royal Name should never have been affixed to the statutes which turned an examining University into what is in reality a teaching one, if what we have now before us is to be the real outcome. The very limited assistance which can now

be given by the Royal University to Higher Education, is, we fear, more likely to lead men on to a great failure than to a great success.

In speaking of the celebrated College of Maynooth, we are speaking as mere outsiders; we have never had any communication with any of its members on the subject of University training. But we have heard it reported that that most important institution is lost to the Royal University because the Senate could only offer an insufficient amount of *teaching* aid. It is well known that at the first matriculation examination of the new University the students of Maynooth were most distinguished. It is almost equally widely known that at the scholarship examination which followed, the classical scholarships offered were both won by students of the same great Catholic Seminary. But it is said that to secure this success an amount of new labour had been undertaken by Maynooth professors which could not be reasonably continued, and that as the Royal University finds itself unable to give the necessary supplemental aid, the Maynooth students cannot henceforward add the Royal University course to their other more necessary studies.

Whether this story be correctly told or not, Mr. Gladstone at least can stand in need of no such example to be convinced of the paltry nature of his Government's endowment of University Education in Ireland. We remember how once, when the Royal University question was before the House, he disdainfully declined to be drawn into a discussion on the subject, remarking that he had himself formerly introduced a larger measure. With the new development of teaching fellowships, the present measure is large, and needs only to have the restriction on the number of the fellowships removed to be capable of growing colossal. It calls clearly for a corresponding endowment, and we cannot think that Mr. Gladstone will wish the endowment to continue small.

Mr. Gladstone, too, remembers the old times. He remembers the days when it was a harder thing to propose £30,000 a year for a Catholic College like Maynooth than it would be now to propose £100,000 a year for a Royal University. He remembers how the hard thing was done by a great statesman, and done triumphantly; and he remembers with pride how, though it had to cost him his place, he himself cheered on and voted for the bold proposal. He remembers

Macaulay's speech on that memorable occasion, how the brilliant and indignant orator contrasted Maynooth, as it was, with the English Colleges which he had known, and denounced the continuance of a Dotheboys Hall in Ireland. And now that—to compare great things with little ones—the Royal University of Ireland appears unfortunately almost as a Dotheboys Hall, when contrasted with Trinity College, Dublin, Mr. Gladstone will, we trust, stand forth yet again as the supporter of “larger measures.” He will, we really hope, find means to enable the Royal University of Ireland to perform successfully, and even still further to develop, the high part and functions of national teaching, to which it has been solemnly called by the sign manual of the Sovereign.

A Medieval Legend.

PART I.

THE OUTCAST.

A GREY sky o'er a dreary land,
And o'er a dark and sobbing sea,
Brown, desert moorlands spreading far,
With never a shrub or waving tree,
But giant rocks and boulders wild
Around in savage grandeur piled.

Silence, save for the howling wind,
And for the sea-bird's boding cry,
Or sullen thunders rumbling low
From out the dark and threat'ning sky ;
It seemed like some dim land of doom,
Beyond the shadows of the tomb.

A twilight land to whose bleak hills
No radiant gleam from summer skies
Transfig'ring grace may e'er impart ;
Where song of lark may never rise,
Nor lonely harper ever more
Wake music on that fated shore.

Silence, no sound of human life,
Save when, upon the heavy air,
Arose a short, impatient moan,
So full of misery and despair,
It might have been the mournful cry
Of a lost spirit hast'ning by.

Beneath an overhanging rock,
A wasted form extended lay,
Death's shadows gathering on the brow,
Yet in the eyes a restless ray,
And ever, in impatient tone,
The pale lips breathe that weary moan.

A form majestic once, though scarred,
That in its pride of strength and power
For Hell's dark chieftain might have stood ;
But that was in a bygone hour,
And now, his restless plans all o'er,
Helpless he lay, to rise no more.

Death's great white chains about him cast ;
Alone ; his deeds of guilt all came ;
They rose before him, one by one,
Like serpents skinned with glossy flame ;
Around they pressed, forced him to gaze,
Spell-bound, in awe and dread amaze.

He strove to dash them from his sight,
And seaward turned his fading eyes ;
But 'mid the waves pale forms he saw ;
Their wailings seemed like human cries,
And eyes looked up whose fixed, cold stare
Spoke but reproach and stern despair.

He could not bear to meet the gaze
Of those sad eyes that seemed to upbraid,
And call on Heaven for vengeance dire.
For his the wrecker's demon trade ;
With arts he lured men to their tomb,
As the soul's Wrecker him—to doom.

He tossed the loose locks from his brow ;
Was he to die to all save thought,
Save knowledge of his misery ?
In his sad soul a longing wrought—
A reaching out, blind, yet intense ;
He understood it not, nor whence.

Wild words broke from his parched lips ;
 He murmured of a far-off day
 When in the chapel down he knelt ;
 And the wind bore his words away
 O'er the brown moor and sea's dark face,
 Like a spirit-voice of that weird place.

PART II.

THE MESSENGER OF HOPE.

A gentle touch his dreamings broke,
 A gentle voice beside him spoke,
 And o'er him in that lonely place
 There bent a pitying human face.
 Upward he turned his dying gaze,
 Awe-struck, in wonder and amaze,
 For who would track the outcast's feet ?
 Or seek him in this wild retreat ?
 But as the bells for Mass were ringing,
 The faithful throng to chapel bringing,
 And white-robed choristers drew near,
 The priest a whisper seemed to hear,
 Which led him wandering far away,
 Careless of ills around that lay ;
 O'er the bleak mountains rough and steep ;
 On high, the rolling thunder deep
 Crashing upon his deafened ears.
 Only that mystic voice he hears,
 And strong in constant faith and love,
 Heedless of lightning's flash above,
 It leads him on whate'er betide—
 On—to the dying outcast's side.

And now upon the mountain bare
 Rises the saintly voice of prayer,
 And moaning winds and sobbing sea
 Answer that solemn litany.
 For the sweet Psalter's dreamy flow,
 Is heard the sweep of waves below ;
 Instead of praises glad and loud,
 The thunder peals from angry cloud.

But swift, perchance, as lightning's ray,
That prayer is borne from earth away
By saints that joy for sinners won
Ere the last sands of life be run.

Paused for awhile the parting soul,
Held by strange might from death's control,
As earnestly, in accents low,
The priest spoke solemnly and slow,
Telling the wondrous Gospel story,
Telling of Christ enthroned in glory.
Ah ! never anthem, pealing sweetly,
Fell on the listener's ear so sweetly ;
Ah ! never poem grand and high,
Thrilled human heart so pow'rfully !
Over that dying sinner's face
There stole a strange and tender grace,
And with the last faint gleam of day,
Calm passed that guilty soul away,
At length repentant, saved, forgiven,
To the white throne of God in Heaven.

PART III.

THE VISION.

In the dim church the people wait ;
The silvery bells have ceased to ring,
Yet still their pastor cometh not ;
No lights are lit, no censers swing.
"Why ling'reth he who never failed
At early morn or Mass-bell's chime ?"
The wondering whisper passes round
From each to each as speeds the time.
A mystic feeling o'er them creeps,
A hush upon their spirits steals,
And silent now they listening gaze ;
Something is near, each vaguely feels.
The angels on the columns grey,
Seem waiting with a listening air ;
The mould'ring dead in vaults beneath
Seem rising up, and hov'ring there.

A sudden splendour fills the place,
The lights are lit, the censer swings,
A Form beside the altar stands,
The tinkling Mass-bell clearly rings.
A moment's pause! the people gaze;
Is it their pastor come at last?
At times they've marked a holy grace—
A radiance o'er his features cast;

But never glory such as this
Illumed his worn and pallid brow,
Never his form so kingly seemed,
Ne'er did his eyes thus deeply glow.
With one accord all bow their heads,
And hushed, in holy dread, they kneel,
While, loud and sweet, upon their ears,
The *Glorias* through the chapel peal;

From white-robed choirs of angel forms,
A martyr throng and saintly band,
That fill the space and loom afar,
With golden crowns, and harps in hand.
Oh! ne'er such strains were heard before;
Such sweet, seraphic melody!
Oh! ne'er such sight was seen before;
Such strange and glorious company!

The prayers are said, the Mass is done;
Deep silence falls upon the place;
Yet spell-bound still the people kneel,
Nor lift their eyes to other's face.
At length they rise—the vision gone;
And silently they homeward pass,
Their hearts athrill, and in their ears
The echoes of that wondrous Mass;

Still present to their eyes that scene,
That heavenly Form, that gracious Face;
They know 'twas Christ Himself who came
As Priest to fill His pastor's place.
They learn this great and holy truth—
Their Lord now throned in glorious light,
Ordains His priest should ever stand
Christ-like before His people's sight.

And ever, as the years go by,
Those gentle eyes of flame Divine,
Inspire full many a noble thought,
To many a noble deed incline.
O happy throng! O favoured throng!
Were we vouchsafed such heavenly sight,
Then would we bring our costliest things,
And yield them as His sovereign right.

And when the awe-struck pastor heard
Of his strange, glorious Substitute,
He knew that deeds are more than prayers,
And souls redeemed more precious fruit.
That morning absent from the church,
Only as Christ elsewhere to stand,
To save from Hell a Christ-bought soul,
Oh, what a mission high and grand!

M. NETHERCOTT.

King Henry the Eighth.

CHAPTER V.

THE PROGRESS OF THE DIVORCE.

IT was not until he had spent some weeks in England that Cardinal Campeggio began to understand the facts of the case on which he had been sent thither to adjudicate, and the feelings of the parties whom his mission most immediately concerned. He soon became aware that the reports which had been brought to the Papal Court by Henry's agents upon the authority of the King and his advisers, were far from trustworthy, and gave no just idea of the true position of affairs. His interviews with Henry, with Katherine, and with Wolsey, had enabled him to form his own opinions, and were the best commentaries upon the representations and despatches of such men as Knight, Foxe, and Gardiner. The prospect of a successful settlement of this unhappy dispute between Henry and his wife was not encouraging. It has already been remarked that before the Legate had set out on his journey from Italy the plan on which he was to conduct the hearing of the suit had been distinctly arranged between the Holy Father and himself; and this had been done with such precision that little discretionary power was left him. The great object which he was instructed to keep in view was the reconciliation of the husband and the wife, and, as a necessary preliminary, the discontinuance by Henry of the disgraceful connection which he had formed with Anne Boleyn. By nothing short of this could public decency be vindicated and an adequate atonement be made to the insulted dignity of Queen Katherine and the Princess Mary. He now began to inquire as to the possibility of carrying out these instructions.

Comparatively short though Campeggio's stay had been in England, it had taught him one useful lesson. He had learned that the course which had thus been sketched out for him in Italy upon imperfect or erroneous information, when examined

upon the spot, was found to be impracticable. The besotted monarch was still enthralled by the fascinations of his mistress, and his determination to sue for a divorce from Katherine was not to be broken by argument, or entreaty, or authority. That unreasoning stubbornness of purpose, of which the later years of Henry's reign exhibited so many painful examples, had now begun to make itself conspicuous in his character. The result of his own observations had driven Campeggio to report to His Holiness that he had utterly failed to make any impression upon the prime mover in the grand scandal of the divorce, that Anne still retained her influence, and that to all appearance Henry was resolved to push matters to their final issue. As far, therefore, as the King was concerned, the case seemed to the Papal Legate to be hopeless.

In regard to Katherine, matters were scarcely more encouraging. Humble, tractable, and obedient to all to whom she considered obedience due, she knew that the time might come when she must serve God rather than man, cost what it would. It seemed to her that she now stood in that position. She came forward in a new character, not only before Campeggio and Wolsey, but also before her husband; she had been driven to assume, against her will, a character for her appearance in which none of them was prepared, and which was probably a surprise to herself. She expressed with no faltering voice her determination to disregard their opinions and wishes, and to be guided by the voice of her own individual conscience. She knew that the one great plea upon which Henry based his demand for a separation, namely, that her marriage with Prince Arthur had been legally completed, was utterly unsupported by fact. Of this fact she alone could have the conviction of certainty, for it was a fact of which no living being could be cognizant but herself, and nothing could blot this conviction out of her soul. When Henry attempted to induce her to abandon this stronghold, he was asking her to cease to act, in the first place, as a responsible and rational creature, and next, to burden her soul with a deliberate falsehood. What weight could she give to the deductions, surmises, and inferences by which her husband attempted to set aside the evidence of her own senses? Of what weight were the guesses of others in comparison with her own knowledge of a fact? She had solemnly made this affirmation to the Legate, and through him to the Pope, and she

had confirmed that statement by an oath. Campeggio's knowledge of human nature had taught him that no character is so resolute as that which is calmly firm in its belief, and calmly patient in its endurance of suffering; and he had seen enough of Katherine to feel convinced that she would never, as long as she lived, abandon a position in which she had entrenched herself so securely, and the strength of which he himself had had the opportunity of testing.

But there was one mode of escape from the difficulty, and it had long ago suggested itself to Campeggio. Katherine was open to reason and argument, and to these the Legate now ventured to appeal. He reminded her that she had it in her power to solve this unhappy question by entering some religious order: and that by this step leaving Henry at liberty to marry, she would free herself from any further responsibility. Certainly it placed both the King and herself in an undignified position; but that was better than that he should live in a state of sin. Katherine rejected this suggestion at once, and with such decision as to show that her refusal was the result of a deliberate consideration of the subject in all its bearings. Her objections were grave and intelligible. She had too great a respect for her own good name, and for that of her daughter Mary, to accept the compromise thus suggested. She affirmed that by no deliberate act of her own would she place it in the power of any one among Henry's profligate companions to say that for twenty years she had lived with him without being his wife; nor would she sully the reputation of the Princess Mary by giving him the power of disclaiming her as his lawful daughter. Katherine knew that Henry was her wedded husband, and that she was his wedded wife, and no argument would induce her to give the lie to this conviction. She would not consent to open a question which had been settled by the highest authority, that, namely of the Sovereign Pontiff, and which had been confirmed by the birth of children and the sanction of every Court in Christendom. She would not put it in the power of the women of England to say that while she had passed herself off as their Queen, she was nothing better than a crowned courtesan. Katherine refused so far to humble herself as to take her place on the same level of degradation as Lady Boleyn and her two daughters. She was told that she acted from sentiment, and not from reason; but she had the conviction of her own heart that she was guided by

principles higher than either. Campeggio's arguments were as unavailing as the threats of Henry and the entreaties of Wolsey. On the question of the divorce then, the resolution of the wife was no less firm than that of the husband, and yet they were as far apart as the east is from the west. Henry was impelled by pride and passion; Katherine was guided by self-respect, maternal affection, and obedience to the law of God revealed through the teaching of the Church.

The Legate next sought to make himself acquainted with the state of public opinion in England upon the question of the divorce. Henry had represented it as being entirely on his side; and Campeggio soon found that this was a gross misstatement. Of course the popular sentiment was divided; it was natural that each party should have its own adherents. Henry was strong in the support of the courtiers, and more especially of those among them who were the advocates of the new creed; men who had already risen in the royal favour, or who hoped to rise still higher in the strife which seemed to be approaching. They trusted in the King's well-known obstinacy of purpose under opposition; and they looked with covert satisfaction upon the differences which were said already to have arisen between him and the Papal Legate.¹ They knew from their own observation, as the whole of England knew, that Anne's power over the King showed no appearance of being on the wane; and they believed that in the end Henry's influence and wealth would crush the feeble opposition which could be offered by such a puny antagonist as Katherine.

But the feeling of the people was decidedly with the Queen, whatever might be the hopes or wishes of the courtiers. The King did not bear a good reputation, and the name of Boleyn was hateful by reason of the vile scandals with which it had for long become associated. The conjunction of such a man and such a woman was ominous of evil. The people were convinced that the Queen—long neglected and insulted by the

¹ The Spanish Ambassador in London, in his account of the private interview which took place between Campeggio and Henry, informs the Emperor that "an Italian, who was in an adjoining room and overheard part of the conversation, says that the King seemed very eager, and pressed the Legate to take some decision in this affair; and that whenever the latter offered any objections, or gave evasive answers, the King's voice grew loud and excited. From the Legate's rooms the King went to a chamber where Campeggio's secretary was, and there again he spoke with great vehemence, urging a prompt decision of the case. The writer of the letter has been assured that upon that occasion the King was by no means pleased with his visit, and that he left the Legate's apartments very much disappointed" (*Span. Cal.* 586).

King and his associates in crime—had been unjustly and unfairly treated even in the management of this suit. The women heard with indignation of the devices to which he had resorted in order to blacken the fame of his wife, whose character they knew to be irreproachable, and they made common cause with her in defence of their insulted womanhood. The Spanish Ambassador has recorded an incident which illustrates the popular feeling in the Queen's behalf. He tells us that as she was on her way to attend a meeting about to be held on the question of the divorce, she was warmly greeted by the immense crowds of people which had assembled, and who publicly and audibly expressed their wishes that she might gain the victory over her enemies. The King was so much annoyed, that he ordered that no person should for the future be admitted to the spot which had witnessed the exhibition of such an uncomplimentary sentiment.² Nor was this simply the expression of a passing emotion; the feeling against Anne was strong, steady, and permanent. At a later period the French Ambassador reports that a large mob of the women of London, hearing that "Boleyn's daughter, the King's sweetheart," as they irreverently styled her, was supping at a villa on the river, unaccompanied by Henry, attempted to seize her, with the intention of killing her. Anne, however, having received notice of their approach, escaped by crossing the river in a boat.³

Next, as to Wolsey; the impression on the public mind was unfavourable to the great Cardinal of York. His pitiful servility to Henry, now too notorious to escape comment, had stripped him of whatever respect remained when the irregularities of his private life could no longer be kept out of sight. For this laxity of conduct Queen Katharine had rebuked him, and had thereby incurred his resentment; and now the people exclaimed that he, being her sworn and professed enemy, was disqualified to act as one of the judges in her case.⁴ Campeggio shared in his unpopularity; it was held by many that the King had bought him, and that he had been sent to England for no other purpose than to give his official sanction to an unjust and tyrannical procedure, the issue of which had already been decided. But herein public opinion did less than justice to the Italian Legate; and I see nothing in his conduct to warrant any such supposition. He had his own opinions and his own

² *Span. Cal.* 586. Mendoza to the Emperor.

³ *Venetian Cal.* 304.

⁴ *Id.* 566

plans, and he held to them with unswerving constancy. He was justified in doing so. Du Bellay, the French Ambassador, assured Montmorency that the Italian Legate would follow the guidance of his own conscience; and Campeggio himself spoke in the same sense, but more fully, when conversing with the Spanish Ambassador resident in London. He vowed that the whole kingdom of England would not make him swerve from the right path. He knew that he was so far advanced in age that it befitted him better to prepare to appear before God with a pure conscience than to court the favour of any Prince in the world. He was determined, he said, to proceed in the affair with such justice and impartiality that no complaint against him should arise hereafter. Nor would he move one step without instructions from the Pope, to whom he had recently despatched a trusty messenger, and nothing should be done until the answer should arrive from Rome.⁵

During the whole of this period the Queen was assailed by temptations and disturbed by annoyances of various kinds, of which no mention is made in the histories of the period. We know these chiefly from the correspondence between the Spanish Ambassador and the Emperor; they are therefore worthy of our unhesitating acceptance. Henry began by endeavouring to shake his wife's constancy by bribes and promises. Several of the prelates waited upon her, and making use of the old arguments, tried to induce her to take the veil as the surest way of obviating the present difficulty. They offered her in the King's name better treatment than she had met with hitherto (which they easily could do), as well as greater authority; and promised that she should retain the title of Queen, and enjoy a larger provision for herself and her household. Katherine, however, remained firm, and answered their proposals in the very same terms which she had employed when replying to Campeggio.⁶

Before long she was visited by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London (Warham and Tunstall), accompanied by two personages of distinction, who came to question her upon a point which had been put forward by the adverse party. Was it true, asked they, that she had made an attempt upon the King's life, "in order to have herself and her daughter, the Princess, married at her will?" In her reply Katherine said she could not imagine that such an abominable accusation could come from the King; for he knew well that she prized his life

⁵ *Venetian Cal.* 586.

⁶ *Id.* 586, 600.

more than her own. Mendoza conjectures that this accusation was invented to make Henry, whose timidity seems to have been no secret, think that he could not live with the Queen except at the hazard of his own personal safety. It seems to have had its effect. For a time Henry avoided living under the same roof as his unfortunate wife, and he told her that such was his intention for the future. If he did not carry this threat into execution, he was acting probably under legal advice, since the Queen's advocates might have pleaded that in this case he deprived her of her conjugal rights.

Henry's next project was to get as many signatures as he could obtain from among the leading men of his kingdom to a statement that the divorce would be acceptable to the bulk of the English people. He was eminently unsuccessful, for he seems to have secured only the names of the father, uncle, and brother of the woman whom he wished to marry. The Ambassador thought that the design would be utterly abandoned, and such seems to have been the case, for it is altogether unnoticed by our historians.

During the progress of the suit for the divorce occurred an incident too important to be omitted in an account of these proceedings, of which indeed it forms an essential part. The question at issue was the legality of Katherine's marriage with Henry, and the validity of that marriage was very materially affected by a Bull for a dispensation granted by Pope Julius the Second. Henry disputed the authenticity of this document, which, on the contrary, was affirmed by the Queen. While the suit was in debate Katherine startled the Court by informing it that she had ascertained that her father, Ferdinand the Catholic, at the same time that he procured from Rome the Bull which was now questioned by her husband, had procured a Papal Brief expressed in similar terms. As this document not only confirmed the authenticity of the Bull, but repeated the terms in which it was expressed, and since it could be produced, the Queen asked that it should be received in evidence.

It was felt at once and on both sides that such a statement, if correct, would go far to establish the validity of the marriage, would sweep away the objections of Henry's advocates, would settle the whole dispute, and consequently would ruin the hopes of Anne and Henry. But here arose two questions: in the first place, could this document be produced? and in the second place, was it genuine? It was to the interest of Wolsey

and his royal master that both of these questions should be answered in the negative, and to effect this result they busied themselves with their usual unscrupulous activity.

Henry affirmed that no such document as this Brief was to be found in England; and as all the offices for the deposit of legal documents were in his power, he was probably correct in this assertion. The next course to adopt was to ascertain whether such a Brief had been sent from Rome, and for this purpose Rome itself should be consulted. A reference to the Papal archives would settle the question. About the end of November, therefore, 1528, Sir Francis Bryan and Peter Vannes were sent by Henry to the Holy Father. Their instructions tell them with great precision the course which they are to pursue. The true object of this visit was to be kept a secret from the Pope. In speaking to Clement they are instructed to enlarge upon "the perilous consequences" which were likely to result to the Holy See from the Emperor's line of action; that "no trust must be put in his sincerity, for he has hitherto done everything by fraud," and that they are to warn His Holiness against dealing with such a dangerous ally. Such was Henry's anxiety for the safety of Clement that he had sent him this friendly caution. Of course the Pope, overpowered by this proof of Henry's confidence and friendship, will be ready to show his gratitude; whereupon, but not till then, they may introduce "the great and weighty matter of the divorce." They must take care, however, to convey the impression that the charge committed to them, and for which they were purposely sent, referred only to the interests of the Pope and the Holy See. Of the Brief no word was to be spoken to His Holiness.

But, continue these instructions, while remaining at Rome, "by great and high policy, secresy, and circumspection, Bryan and Vannes shall endeavour to investigate the truth of the great and apparent craft and abusion that seems to have been used in disappointing the direct and due course of truth in the decision of the matter of the divorce. The Queen has exhibited an authentic copy of a Brief, of which she affirms the original to be in the Emperor's hands, passed by Pope Julius, totally removing all the faults found in the dispensation remaining in the King's hands. This Brief is supposed to be a forgery, and the truth must be ascertained, but secretly. For this purpose they must secure the services of some trusty person among the

scribes of the registers, making sure of him either by ready money or continual entertainment." If this document be found, then the records of the time must be searched to see whether any alterations or erasures have been made in it, or whether the handwriting, or anything else, causes suspicion. Any knowledge which they can gain must be sent home by a sure hand; but if they cannot prove the forgery they shall keep the matter secret.

In the meanwhile, continues Henry, they must secretly retain the best advocates whom they can find in Rome, by secret rewards and convention, and must learn from them whether, if the Queen can be induced to enter into lax religion (by which Mr. Brewer understands, to retire into a nunnery without taking the vows), the Pope by his plenary power may dispense with the King to proceed to a second marriage, with legitimization of children. As it is probable, as his Majesty thinks, that Katherine will make great difficulty in entering any religion, or taking any such vow of chastity, means of high policy—as he is pleased to term them—must be used to induce her thereto; in other words, she must be entrapped to do so by a fraud. The King imagined that the Pope might be won over to become a partner in the deception, so he proceeds in terms such as these: "Perhaps," suggests Henry, "my wife will not do this unless I do the like, you, my trusty ambassadors, must find out from your learned counsel, whether, if I take such a vow, the Pope will dispense me from such a vow, so that I may marry, and my children by that marriage be legitimate." But about the Queen no word was spoken. She and Henry, according to the plan suggested by the latter, were to enter religion. Having done so, Clement was to dispense Henry from his vow of celibacy, which however was to remain in all its force for Katherine. And the Pope was to be asked to lend himself to such a fraudulent transaction!

But, continues the King (for his ingenuity has not yet exhausted itself), but if the Pope will not permit him to proceed to a second marriage while Katherine is alive in religion, they must inquire whether His Holiness will dispense with Henry to have two wives at the same time, making the children of the second marriage legitimate. Precedents from the Old Testament are referred to.

During these conferences the ambassadors are told that they must impress upon Clement the great love which the King bears

to him, and that he has spent more money in the maintenance or the dignity of the See than all the princes of Christendom; an assertion at once false and ludicrous. But before these proposals and suggestions were permitted to end, it was necessary that the Pope should be intimidated. Vannes therefore was to say that, although he was an Italian, he was compelled to tell His Holiness frankly that, if he delays the accomplishment of the King's desire, it will so much alienate his Majesty from the Apostolic See, that not only he, but many other princes, his friends, with their realms, will withdraw their devotion from His Holiness and the See, and that it will not be easy to prevent them from studying how they may repay his ingratitude.

It might have been thought that in this paper the King had said enough and more than enough; but this was not the opinion of his Majesty himself. A few days later a second embassy followed. It consisted of Knight, Bennet, and Cassalys. Two of the number were instructed to go to Paris on their way to Italy, in order to obtain from Francis such letters to the Pope as would advance Henry's plans; yet at the same time they were directed to mislead Francis as to what these plans really were. Henry could not be true, even to his friends. Their object in Rome was to expedite matters at the Vatican by stimulating the zeal of the agents by whom they had been preceded, and to appeal yet more forcibly to what they assumed to be the fears and the weakness of Clement. In the matter of the Brief which had come to light so inopportunately for Henry's case, they were directed to urge His Holiness to write peremptorily to the Emperor to send the original Brief to be exhibited before the Legates; in other words, to send it to England. They were also directed to obtain a decretal commission addressed to Wolsey and Campeggio, ordering them to pronounce that this document was forged (which, however, they had not seen), and also a third form admonishing Charles in case he should refuse to exhibit it within three months.

But their instructions contained yet another suggestion. Should the Pope refuse to adopt the course thus urged upon him, the ambassadors were ordered to obtain from His Holiness a written promise to the effect that when the cause shall have been avocated to Rome, he will give sentence in the King's favour. They were not, however, to consent to this course until the hope of obtaining the commissions above referred to had

become desperate; and above all things they were strictly enjoined to make sure of obtaining the Pope's promise.

In the management of his business Henry was generally guided by two leading principles, fraud and violence, and the present document furnishes us with an illustration of his mode of employing them. In these instructions occurs the following passage. These agents were ordered to say to Clement that the King, "having his mind fixed on the certainty of eternal life, hath in this cause put before his eyes the light and shining brightness of truth as the best foundation for the tranquillity of his conscience, knowing, as the Apostle says, that there is no good foundation except that which Christ has laid;—the King then, finding his conscience touched by plain suspicions of falsity in the Brief, can but recur to the only foundation of remedy upon earth, the Pope himself." So speaks Henry. The sentiment is good, and the words are good. We have heard the voice of Jacob, but we shall soon feel the touch of the hands of Esau. In the end, if they find the Pope otherwise than inclined to oblige the King, they shall seek to terrify him with the threat that "his Majesty, being resolved on a second marriage, will not suffer his hope to be frustrated."⁷

Passing over a document⁸ of questionable authenticity, upon which therefore no safe argument could be founded, we find ourselves confronted by a paper which excites at once our surprise, our sorrow, and our indignation. At the risk of wearying the patience of my reader by the unavoidable necessity of inflicting upon him this long analysis of official documents, I cannot but invite his attention to a further illustration of the difficulties with which Queen Katherine was surrounded.

Henry had permitted his wife to select a small body of learned men, chiefly ecclesiastics, whom she might consult on matters of difficulty, and by whose advice she, a woman and a foreigner, would find it to her advantage to be guided. She trusted them, and took no step of any importance without their approval. When the momentous question of the newly discovered Papal Brief first came under consideration, her counsellors waited upon the Queen without having been summoned by her to do so—a departure from the usual mode of procedure hitherto observed between them—and they explained to her the course which they advised her to adopt in the matter.

⁷ Brewer, 4979.

⁸ *Id.* 4980.

They reminded her that no copy of the Brief could be found in England, and that it was considered to be a forgery. The copy which she has produced will be of no avail, said they, when the process begins, as its authenticity will then be challenged. The original alone can be admitted in evidence, and this original she must obtain. She ought to write to the Emperor, asking him to forward it to Henry, whom it concerns as much as herself. He will send a messenger to receive it at Bayonne. If she does not produce it, sentence will probably be given against her. Her application ought to be seconded by the Emperor's Ambassador; and if he refuse, Katherine should say that she will apply to the Pope for letters to compel him. Last of all, she ought to depose before a notary that she intends to use all diligence to obtain the Brief, which she believes to be in Spain.⁹

Thus it appears that the Queen's advisers deliberately gave her as their official opinion and recommendation a piece of advice the acceptance of which would necessarily lead to the total and final ruin of her cause. To Henry it was everything. To gain the Brief was to gain the victory.

It might seem incredible that such a fraudulent transaction could thus deliberately be put into execution by half a dozen men of good position in the Court; but that such really was the case is not only credible, but certain. If it did not succeed, it was no fault of these counsellors. Katherine acted upon the treacherous advice thus given her. Not only did she execute the notarial instrument last referred to, but she wrote to her nephew requesting him to deliver the original and to be satisfied with retaining a copy. When she did this she must have been aware that if the original document, on which so much depended, found its way into the hands of her unscrupulous husband, it would never be recovered; but, such was the constraint under which she lived, such the pressure of the domestic tyranny made to bear upon her at home, that she did not dare to refuse. What she did she was compelled by him to do under oath.¹⁰ It is somewhat

⁹ Brewer, 4841, 4842, 4981.

¹⁰ The Spanish Ambassador, writing to the Emperor, January 16, 1529, says: "The King made the Queen swear that she would try to persuade the Emperor to forward the original Brief of dispensation granted by Pope Julius. To this end they made her sign a letter and protest, which she has done out of fear of offending the King, and because she could not really help herself" (Mendoza to the Emperor, *Span. Cal.* 614). And again on the 25th: "The Queen is so entirely in her

difficult for us, in our day, to imagine a state of society in which such thralldom could exist; but the deeper we look into the history of the reign of Henry the Eighth the more easily will we credit the possibility of any act of treachery or violence the commission of which would gratify his revenge, his lust, or his ambition.¹¹

Henry's elaborate treachery proved an utter failure. The Spanish Ambassador had written to the Emperor some time previously to the date of Katherine's letter, putting him on his guard against complying with any such request, and advising him on no account to part with the original. Mendoza's acquaintance with Henry's Court had given him an evil opinion of our countrymen. "Such is the character of the people mixed up in this affair," writes he, "and such the fury with which they proceed, that there is no baseness of which they are not capable in order to gain their object."¹²

Another illustration of the domestic tyranny under which Katherine lived at this time is afforded by an incident which has recently come to our knowledge, upon the indisputable authority of the State Papers. One of the most accomplished scholars of the day was Ludovicus Vives,¹³ the correspondent of Erasmus, More, and Fisher, all of whom were proud to consider him as their friend and regarded him as their equal. Henry, too, had long known him, had admired his learning, and respected his character. After a lengthened absence, Vives once more visited the English Court, during the progress of the events which we have just recorded; but, probably not feeling at home in its atmosphere,

husband's power, that he lately made her take a most solemn oath that she would try all possible means to obtain from the Emperor the original Brief above alluded to, and accordingly they have now compelled her to write a letter to him, asking for the Brief, as if her own life depended upon it. But he had been warned beforehand that everything the Queen has written, or may write hereafter, is extorted from her" (*Id.* 618).

¹¹ Henry used no empty threat when he said that if any one opposed the divorce, he would let him know who was master, "and that there was no head so dignified that he would not make it fly" (*Le Grand*, iii. 218, *Lond.* Nov. 17, 1528).

¹² *Span. Cal.* 600.

¹³ Ludovicus Vives was born in 1492 at Valentia, and completed his studies at Paris and Louvain. While at the latter University he was selected by Bishop Foxe to be one of the first fellows of his newly founded College of Corpus Christi at Oxford. Henry took him under his patronage, and to that monarch Vives dedicated his Commentary upon St. Augustine's *City of God*, finished in 1522. About this time he became a resident at Oxford. Henry, being offended with the course adopted by Vives on the great question of the divorce, threw him into prison. On recovering his freedom, he settled in Bruges, where he died in 1540. Several of his letters are printed along with those of Erasmus, fol. *Lond.* 1642.

he had announced his intention of leaving it during the course of the month of May. He was induced, however, to delay his departure, at the King's request, and in the interval he employed himself in giving lessons in Latin to the Princess Mary. This arrangement naturally brought him into frequent intercourse with the Queen, who, as might have been expected, found much pleasure in the conversation of such a man as Vives. Not only was he a devout Catholic and an elegant scholar, of whom few were now left in Henry's Court, but he was her countryman. He could talk with her in the soft language of the sunny home of her childhood, a privilege always dear to one who, like Katherine, finds herself a foreigner and an exile; he had visited the scenes in which she had once been so happy, that the very memory of them was precious to her; he could help her to recall the memories of her father and mother, and carry her back to the days and scenes when life was young, and hope was vivid, and sorrow was unknown. It was therefore almost a necessary result of this her intercourse with Vives that he should gain her confidence, and that to him she should intrust her wishes, her fears, and her intentions. But it was important for Henry that he should make himself the master of these intentions, and he saw no difficulty in so doing. As he felt no shame in questioning Vives about them, so he thought that Vives would feel none in revealing them. The Spanish scholar was subjected to the interrogatories of the English Sovereign, and his reply has been preserved.

Vives protested, in the first place, against the indecency of the outrage to which he was subjected. Not only had Henry no jurisdiction over him, but he pleaded that, as one of Katherine's council, he should have been specially exempt from any such inducement to betray the confidence which she had reposed in him. He felt that he was solicited to reveal a privileged communication. Not (added he, anxious to guard the Queen from any false inferences which might be gathered from his silence), "not that I am afraid to relate them, for they might be published at the door of the church for what I care." And then he proceeds to recount what had passed between him and the Queen. There was not much to reveal. He tells us that Katherine, being in great grief about the divorce, and knowing that Vives was an experienced theologian, opened her troubles to him in order that he might speak some word of consolation. She told him of the sorrow which Henry's alien-

ation from her had caused, and that she was distressed to learn that he proposed to obtain a divorce from her and marry another woman. The answer of Vives was to the effect that in these very sorrows and troubles she might find her consolation, since they were so many proofs that she was dear to God, whose plan it always is thus to exercise His own children, in order thereby to procure for them a more abundant growth in grace. The Queen then desired him to ask Mendoza, the Spanish Ambassador, to request the Emperor to obtain from the Pope that she might not be condemned without a fair hearing. And then Vives asks: "Am I to be blamed for attempting to console the Queen? And who is there who will not praise her moderation? Others would have moved heaven and earth in their vindication; her only petition to her nephew is that she may not be condemned without a hearing. Wherein is she to blame? What is her offence? What is mine?"

Katherine's troubles were very hard to bear, yet she bore them bravely. We have gained some little insight into them, and imperfect as is our knowledge, we are moved and touched by it. Henry, too, had his troubles. He asks us to listen to them. He tells us that he,—a man of tender susceptibilities, and keenly alive to the voice of conscience—had long been harrowed by the state of sin in which he knew he was living, and that his daily prayer was that he might be freed from the hateful slavery in which he was held. Wondering, we ask to whom was he in bondage? To Anne Boleyn? No. To his own wife? Yes. He would persuade us that his conscience had long rebelled against his marriage with Katherine, and that until the fetters which galled him were snapped he could have no rest, no peace, no comfort anywhere. He entreated the Pope to take pity upon him, and to speak the word which would make life worth the pain and the labour of living.

Such was the portrait of his Majesty of England of which Wolsey was the painter, and which was submitted to the inspection of the Sovereign Pontiff at the time of which we are writing. But seen in the dim light of a London atmosphere we should have some difficulty in recognizing the likeness. For the ideal portrait Henry sat to Wolsey, and the Cardinal of York was a cunning artist and possessed an unlimited fund of imagination. Henry himself has depicted himself in truer colours, and as he did so not knowing what he was doing, we may trust that the likeness is correct. He has left behind

him an account of the sums paid out of his privy purse from November 17, 1529, to the end of December, 1532,¹⁴ corresponding pretty closely with the period when (according to his own statement) he was racked with the agonies of a tender conscience and unable to find rest either for mind or body.

We learn from this record of the King's personal expenses that he spent his time very pleasantly in moving about from one to another of the royal residences, such as Hampton Court, or York Place, or Windsor; sometimes at Ashridge, sometimes at Ampthill, but never for any long period at any one place. Greenwich was an especial favourite with the King, an honour which it shared with Woodstock and Grafton, in Northamptonshire. In his progresses Henry seldom remained more than two or three days in one residence. It cannot be said, therefore, that his Majesty needed a change of air or scene, or suffered from the weariness occasioned by too long an abode in an unhealthy locality, such as those in which he condemned his wife to spend the last years of her protracted sickness.

In these expeditions Henry was accompanied by the lords and ladies who constituted what is called his attendants. Along with these came his fools and favourites, his jesters, buffoons, and musicians, his hounds, his hawks, and his horses. His habitual timidity shows itself in the occurrence of several entries from which we learn that in his movements from place to place this corpulent giant was always attended by a smith, who was paid "for bolts, locks, and rings for the King's chamber doors all the time of the progress," and who accompanied him even in his pleasure-trip to Calais. Henry's chamber-door had to be secured by bolts and locks before he dared venture to go to bed. His Majesty's principal amusement was gambling in its most diversified forms, and he indulged to excess in games of chance. To show the extent to which that passion was carried, it is sufficient to state that the whole amount paid for his losses at cards, dice, tennis, and other games, together with the sums lost by him in wagers, amounted to more than one thousand pounds a year. Of his out-door amusements, the chief were shooting at the rounds, hunting, hawking, fishing, horse-racing, bowls, and tennis. When within the house many hours were passed daily at backgammon, shovel-board, dice, and cards. These were interchanged with occasional wagers, and

¹⁴ "The Privy Purse expenses of Henry the Eighth, with introductory remarks and illustrative notes, by Nicholas Harris Nicolas, Esq." Lond. 1827, octavo.

with races run by dogs, or at shooting or hunting; along with gratuities to persons who performed amusing feats, such as eating a buck, or riding two horses at once. His fondness for jewelry was excessive. In the period embraced within these accounts, the enormous sum of £10,801 8s. 9d. was expended in precious stones, gold chains, &c., besides £1,517 to his goldsmith for plate. It is not known how much of these purchases found their way into the hands of the Court favourite. The accounts evidently represent the expenditure of a man bent upon pleasure, especially the pleasure of self-indulgence, and who did not feel disposed to stint himself in its gratification.

We naturally turn with curiosity to ascertain what this book of Henry's Privy Purse expenditure has to tell us about his wife, his child, and his mistress; and we find upon each of the three it has its revelations.

Katherine is not once mentioned during the whole period. Upon two occasions "a servant of the Queen" is noticed. Here Sir Harris Nicolas, the writer of the preface to this interesting volume, of which I have so fully availed myself, makes the following sensible remark: "That the Queen's name should be but twice mentioned¹⁵ speaks volumes on her secluded situation; and whilst all that wealth and power could command were lavished on the new favourite, the magnanimous wife was equally neglected by her husband, his satellites, and the world."¹⁶

The Princess, afterwards Queen Mary, is frequently noticed; but all that we learn is that from £10 to £20 were occasionally given to her for pocket-money, or to be distributed in charity.¹⁷ She was about fifteen years of age when she is first mentioned in these accounts.

Of Anne Boleyn there are forty-five notices under the name of "my Lady Anne," "Lady Anne Rochford," or "the Marchioness of Pembroke." Three years before her marriage the Master of the Robes paid for some purple velvet for her use. In December following £180 were given to her by the King's order, and in the following May the tailor and skinner were paid for her dresses, and bows and arrows were provided for her amusement. That she was at that time considered as the rising favourite at

¹⁵ *Id.* Preface, p. xxvvi.

¹⁶ Sir Harris reckons the mention of the Queen's servant as the mention of the Queen herself. This was not Henry's meaning.

¹⁷ Upon one occasion it was less than £10, about as much as the King lost at a game at Pope Julius to Anne Boleyn, p. 274.

Court is evidenced by the fact that the Mayor of London sent her a present of cherries on the 5th of June, and the servant who brought them was rewarded with 6s. 8d. out of the Privy Purse. In September, one of her greyhounds killed a cow, in compensation for which his Majesty paid 10s. In the following November occurs an entry from which we learn that Anne had pawned one of her jewels to her sister Mary, which the King redeemed by the payment of £20. A few days after this unseemly transaction, twenty yards of crimson satin were purchased for Anne's use. She bought furs in December, for which Henry paid eight guineas, and linen was bought for her shirts. On the 23rd of December she had £5 in groats to play with, and on the 30th the King gave her £100 as a new year's gift.

Respecting Anne's dresses, it is enough to remark that during the three years included in these accounts the sums expended upon them amounts to £468 6s. 1d. And here I ask permission to give an extract from one of the bills paid by Henry, which records the cost of a couple of the articles of dress provided for the royal favourite :

	£	s.	d.
1532. June 16.			
Paid to John Malt for 12 yards of black satin for a cloak for my Lady Anne, at 8s. the yard	4	16	0
Item, paid for the making of the same cloak	0	5	0
Item, paid for a yard of black velvet for edging of the same cloak	0	13	4
Item, paid to John Malt for 2¾ yards of black velvet to line the collar and the vents, at 13s. 4d. the yard	1	16	8
Item, paid to John Malt for two yards of black satin to line the sleeves of the same cloak, at 8s. the yard	0	16	0
Item, paid for 11 yards of Bruges satin to line the rest of the same, at 2s. 4d. the yard	1	5	8
Item, paid for two yards of buckram to line the upper sleeves of the said cloak	0	2	0
1532. June 17.			
Paid to John Malt for 13 yards of black satin for a nightgown for Lady Anne, at 8s. the yard	5	4	0
Item, paid to the said John Malt for making of the same nightgown	0	6	8
Item, paid for 8 yards of black taffeta to line the same gown, at 8s. the yard	3	4	0
Item, paid for 3 yards of black velvet for to border and edge the same gown, at 3s. 4d. the yard	2	0	0
Item, paid for 2 yards of buckram for to line the upper sleeves of the same gown	0	1	0

Thus, then, it appears that the cloak cost his Majesty £9 4s. 8d., and the nightgown £10 15s. 8d.¹⁸

Many other interesting illustrations of Henry's domestic life during this important period of his history might have been added to those already given, but the passages cited above are enough for our purpose. They enable us to test the value of Henry's statements when he repeatedly assured the Pope that he was the miserable victim of religious doubts and conscientious scruples. They show his indifference towards his wife and his daughter, and the relations which existed between him and Anne Boleyn. They prepare us for the utter failure of Campeggio's mission, and for any act of violence or fraud, cruelty or treachery, by which it might be followed. They reveal to us that now at least Henry was his own master, and for a time Anne was his mistress. But for such a couple the day of wrath could not be far distant, and we are warned to expect that ere long it will overtake them.

JOSEPH STEVENSON.

¹⁸ In order to bring these sums and those given above to their present equivalent we should multiply them by three.

Flowers and Insects.

IN the most elementary stages of a botanical career we are taught the functions of the stigma, the sticky top of the pistil. It has to collect on its surface the dusty powder, the pollen, which is produced by the anthers or pollen bags, and so to fertilize the flower. Remembering this its office, we have great difficulty in understanding the apparently careful manner in which, in many plants, the stigma is removed out of the way so as to prevent any possibility of pollen falling upon it. If the stamens are short, the stigma towers above them, as in some specimens of primrose, and the pollen seems to have no conceivable means of climbing up or passing over the intervening distance. If, as in the fuchsia, the pistil hangs down a long way below the pollen-laden anthers, and there seems a fair chance of the falling pollen alighting on the right place, any apparent advantage is neutralized by the stigma being rigidly turned down towards the ground, so that the probability of any pollen dropping on it from above is practically nil. Some plants seem to take even more effectual precautions to prevent fertilization, for in them the pistil becomes ripe and withers away before the anthers bear any pollen, or, as in the pinks, the anthers shed their pollen before the pistil ripens. So that when nature, with much marvellous vital chemistry, has produced the fertilizing pollen and the receptacle proper for it, much ingenuity seems to have been called into play to prevent the one ever reaching the other.

The explanation of this seeming anomaly is to be found in the existence of a law which is as applicable to plants as it is to animals. As a rule, plants are found to be more vigorous and flourishing when they are the result of cross-fertilization, that is, when the pollen is carried off from the plant which produces it and is made to fertilize the stigma of another plant. It is to prevent the self-fertilization of plants (which indeed is not always possible), and consequently the production of less perfect and less

useful individuals, that plants seem to have been forced into an inevitably suicidal policy. But it is only seeming. Closer investigation shows such a wonderful adaptation of means to ends, so much design in the midst of such apparent vagaries that it is impossible not to recognise the overruling dispositions of a Designer.

Plants are more than compensated for their own inability to fertilize their stigmas with pollen of their own production by the services rendered to them by insects or by the wind. By both of these agencies pollen is carried about from plant to plant, and according to the means of transportation we have two great groups of plants greatly differing in many respects. Plants fertilized by the instrumentality of insects are known as *entomophilous* plants, while those served by the winds are called *anemophilous*.

Insect fertilized, entomophilous, plants, are generally characterized by the brilliant colouring of their flowers, or by the sweetness of their perfume, both of which properties serve to attract the keen eyes and the still keener sense of smell of insects which travel about in search of the honey secreted by the flowers. While they are peering and rummaging about for honey, they inevitably come in contact with the pollen-laden anthers, and they then carry off some of the pollen grains. The pollen thus carried away from one plant is left on the glutinous surface of the stigma of some plant next visited by the pollen-dusted insect. To ensure the pollen grains becoming entangled in the hairy bodies of the insects, the pollen of entomophilous plants is generally furnished with hooks and barbs, which can be easily distinguished under the microscope. On the other hand, the pollen of wind fertilized or anemophilous plants, as the grains have no need of sticking to anything to be carried about, is found to be usually lighter and flattish, so as to present as much surface as possible to the wind. The microscope then can generally reveal to us which of the two groups can claim the pollen submitted to the lens. One word more about wind fertilized plants before leaving them. As they do not stand in need of the services of insects, the flowers usually display no brilliant shades of colour and they emit no perfumes, comparatively speaking. Anemophilous plants usually flower early in our spring at a time when winds are most prevalent, and that the wind may have full play and do its duty more effectually, the flowers of these plants come out before their leaves. For the

same reason also we find that many of the wind fertilized plants are *amentiferous*, that is bearing *catkins*, long, slender, drooping collections of flowers well exemplified by what country children call the "Lambs' tails" of the willow. Some catkins bear stamens only, others only pistils, and they are consequently known as male and female catkins. The oak, the beech, and the birch are examples of catkin bearers. The pollen elaborated by the male catkin is easily disengaged by the wind which blows about the pendant droop, and the pollen thus blown away is arrested by the gummy surface of the female catkins.

But the nice adjustment of ways and means to ends is brought out more conspicuously by entomophilous plants. Plants manufacture honey, and insects feed on honey. But the insects are not to have their honey for nothing, they must give in exchange some sort of equivalent for what they abstract. The plant labours and produces honey for the greater well being of the insect, and the insect in its turn must labour, light and easy labour it is true, but still it must labour in its fashion for the well being of the plant. Insect labour is the transportation of pollen from flower to flower, and the busy hum of insect life which falls on our ears on any summer day tells a tale of an active carrying trade, which, if it does detract somewhat from the poetical, certainly opens our eyes to the extent and minuteness of that wonderful inter-dependence which links together the various creatures of God.

Plants bid for the services of insects. They display showy colours to attract them from a distance, and when individual flowers are small, we often find them massed together, so as to produce a greater effect by their grouping, as in Forget-me-not. Some flowers, as the *calceolaria* and the pea tribe, present convenient landing stages for the insect to alight upon before plunging into the interior of the flower for the honey of which it is in search. But though insects are invited, and the invitation is pretty general, it is not every flower that cares to be visited by every insect. Insects below a certain size would be unable to do the work required by some flowers, or again they might travel in directions in which, however delightful such travelling might be to the insect, it would be productive of no useful results for the flower. Such flowers are often furnished with a palisade of stiff hairs, which present an impassable *chevaux de frise* to the undesirable insects which have to be kept out, and at the same time

limit the choice of direction for those of a larger size. In the showy Nasturtiums of cottage gardens these defences are well marked. In some plants, these hairs are turned back like sharks' teeth, so that it is easy to get in, but not easy to get out without a deal of running about which ensures some of the pollen coming in contact with the body of the insect.

Bright streaks converging down the petals towards the interior of the flowers are often noticed—in Mallows, for instance—and the minds of botanists were long exercised in conjecturing what was the use and object of these lines. For we may lay it down as an axiom that there is nothing in nature without its definite use and object. Sir J. Lubbock has conjectured that those brilliant lines of colour standing out in marked contrast to their fainter backgrounds were designed to guide insects in their search for honey. By following these attractive streaks they would certainly find their way to the honey in such a manner as to disturb and carry off pollen, or else bring their already pollen-dusted body in contact with a pistil.

Among the insects whose visits are unwelcome to plants, ants holds a foremost place. They are very fond of honey, and will go a long way to get it, but having smooth bodies they cannot carry off pollen, and their visits are by no means encouraged. As a defence against them many plants, as the Nottingham catch-fly (*silene nutans*), have glands which secrete a fluid which flows over the whole or part of the stem, and makes it too slippery or too unpleasantly sticky to be climbed. The way in which defences are arranged for plants is very remarkable. There is a species of polygonon (*P. amphibium*), with bright rose-coloured flowers, which are rich in honey, and are not protected in any especial manner. But this plant has two varieties, the *aquaticum*, growing in the water, with smooth long stalked leaves and smooth stipules, or leaf-like appendages at the end of the leaf stalk. Its watery habitat is a sufficient safeguard against creeping enemies. But in the other variety, the *terrestre*, we find its more exposed situation compensated for by the *smooth* stipules of the water variety becoming *bristly* and *stiff*, so that insects cannot climb up from below and rob the plant without doing any useful work. Flying insects, whose visits are simply beneficial to the plant, can easily reach it in either situation. The bristly defensive spikes of the Carlina thistle (*carlina vulgaris*) are well known and prevent the nectaries of its flowers becoming an easy prey. It is note-

worthy that the usual direction in which plant bristles or spikes point is downward, so as to present their acute tips to the adventurous but unwelcome insects climbing up from the ground. When the stems of plants are smooth or merely softly hairy, the calices or outer floral envelopes are often armed with reflexed teeth or spines, as in the Knapweeds (*Centaurea cyanus* or the rarer *C. aspera*), which must present a very disagreeable, if not a quite impassable, barrier to the ants which may toil up so far.

Of entomophilous flowers attracting insects by their colour, some blossom during the day, others in the evening or at night. It is remarkable that of those flowering during the evening or at night, the prevailing colour is *white*. White is the colour which can be seen longest, so long as there is light to produce colour at all, and it is remarkable also that as a rule these late flowering white flowers are more strongly scented than brighter coloured varieties. Darwin has shown that the proportion of sweet smelling *white* to sweet smelling *red* flowers is as 14·6 per cent. to 8·2. This strong perfume serves to attract moths at a time when colours can no longer be distinguished, and the stronger odours which flowers are commonly said to "give out" at night are presumably emitted for this purpose. Many specimens of flowers ordinarily of deep colours are often found *white*, as white hyacinths and violets, and thus apparently accidental circumstances may be of service in securing the agency of moths to cross fertilize such specimens. It is noticeable that *white* violets are usually more strongly scented than the dark variety, and this greater volume of scent may be due to the vigour secured for them by the cross-fertilization brought about by night flying moths. A great deal of this work is done by moths. Their sucking-tube mouth apparatus prevents their doing the flowers any harm, and the minute feathers which cover their bodies are admirably adapted to entangle and so carry off pollen grains. Some, as the hawk moths, have wings which enable them to poise themselves steadily in front of the flower, about the distance to which stamens or pistils project, and suck up honey without resting on the flower itself.

Some plants seem to be paired off with certain insects. The necessity of a special insect for the fertilization of flowers is well illustrated by the fate in this country of one of the liliaceæ, an American plant known by its Indian name of the *yucca*. It grows well and it flowers freely, but it never produces any seed.

It is unable to seed owing to the absence of a little moth—the *Pronuba Yuccasella*—which alone performs for it the service of carrying about its pollen from plant to plant.

In Madagascar an orchid was found with a nectary, or honey tube, a foot in length, and Dr. Darwin conjectured from this that a moth would be found with a proboscis long enough to reach down it. At that time no such moth was known to exist. Since then, however, a moth has been found with a proboscis of about that length.

Such are some of the facts as to the mutual adaptation to mutual well being among flowers and insects which a scientific study of botany has brought to light. Such an accurate adjustment and dovetailing of individual needs cannot rationally be put down to accident. Our minds, like inquisitive children, always want to know the reason why, and merely pushing this difficulty a step or two further back is not a conclusion with which our intelligence can rest satisfied. We may refuse to allow our reason to act, and declare that beyond a certain range things are unknowable. But if we want an answer to the question—What has originated this accurate balancing of supply and demand, this intelligent combination of many means to the *better* obtaining of the end?—the only answer which is ultimately satisfactory is that no design can possibly exist without a Designer.

W. D. S.

Some more Agnostic Fallacies.

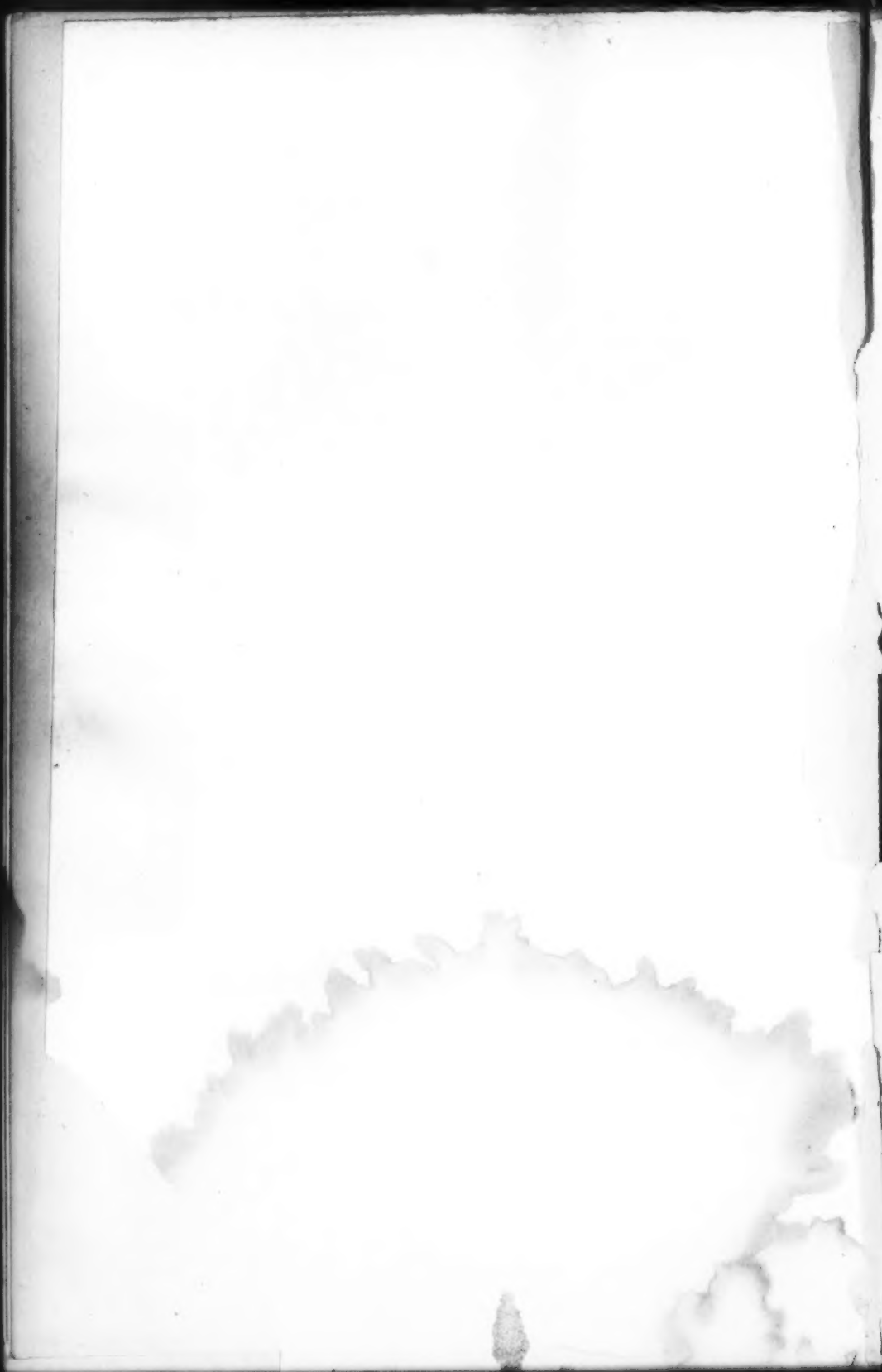
I HAVE sometimes wondered by what connection of ideas the French word *physicien* came to mean a juggler or conjurer. One would almost imagine that it must be merely a shortened form of *metaphysicien*, and was an expression of the undoubted fact that no science affords such opportunities for juggling, when handled by the intellectual charlatan, as the difficult, profound, but withal noble and glorious science of metaphysics. There is no science where it is so easy to catch up a false principle and thence deduce a series of conclusions each one of which is the direct descendant of the original premiss, and consequently is tainted with the poison inherited from the vicious nature of his sire.

The reason of this is not far to seek. Metaphysics, the transcendental science, cannot be verified directly by an appeal to sense. If a chemist or mechanician lays down a false principle, we can soon bring him to book by having recourse to our laboratory or to our mechanical apparatus; if a zoologist advances some doubtful theory, he can be tested by the facts of touch and sight and hearing—nay, if a mathematician (abstract though his science is) starts from some false hypothesis or arrives at some unlawful conclusion, we can bring to bear upon him visible lines and angles, squares and curves, to show him that he is wrong. But not so with the metaphysician. He treats of matters remote from sense, which cannot be written in the language of sense or painted upon the material faculty of the imagination. The abstract idea, the universal concept, the substance underlying phenomena, are all out of the range of our sensible powers, and only those shallow thinkers who confuse imagination with reason, and declare whatever cannot be verified by the evidence of the senses to be inconceivable and unthinkable, would drag down the supra-sensible concepts of the intellect to the level of those lower phantasms which we share with the brutes around us. When they cannot reconcile

with the Infinite and the Absolute certain conditions derived from the laws of the material world, the agnostic, positivist, and other disguised atheists of the like kidney, prefer to blot Him out of His own creation, rather than give up their material notions, the degrading concepts drawn from the things of sense. They declare Him unknown and unknowable, because forsooth He will not adapt Himself to the laws which they have deduced from the visible world around them. *They* are the true anthropomorphists. They reject God because He refuses to dwell in their temples made with hands. They refuse to acknowledge Him because the laws of His Being are incompatible with the laws which He has imposed on the universe that He has made. While professing to exalt God, they really insult Him by dragging Him down to their own base standard.

I am going to take in the present article one or two typical instances of the word quibbling by which Dr. Mansel and after him Mr. Herbert Spencer (who quotes him verbatim) seek to prove that "the fundamental conceptions of rational theology are self-destructive," a conclusion from which there necessarily follows that in that case He who professes to have revealed Himself to men, mocking them by a pretended revelation which is no revelation at all, is but an impostor and deceiver: in other words, that there is no such thing as a God in any sense in which men commonly use the term. For I must again repeat that radical truth of all theology and philosophy, that between faith and reason, between the truth of any statement and the consistency of that statement with the laws of thought which govern the universe (not the material world alone), there is not and cannot be any sort of discrepancy or opposition; that theology is from first to last *rational* theology, else there would be no such thing as theology at all. And I would go beyond this, and assert without hesitation that he who denies any dogma of theism on the grounds of reason, or who adduces a course of reasoning which has for its object to prove that theism is unthinkable or self-destructive or self-contradictory, is guilty of the very vices with which in his shallow ignorance he charges the system he attacks, that his rationalism is essentially irrational, his argument from reason based on unreason, his plausible objections founded on the most profound ignorance of first principles, or else on a miserable and despicable word juggling which is such a cheap and easy means of seducing the half educated and leading astray those who have sufficient intelli-





ST. CHARLES BORROMEO.

THE heresiarchs of the sixteenth century would never have been able to accomplish all the mischief which they actually brought about, had it not been for the crying abuses which in so many regions were afflicting the Church. Bad men took the opportunity of this weakness to do all the harm they could, and the sad success of their wicked efforts gives but too convincing a proof of the reality of the evils which were abroad. But these same abuses, which gave some their opportunity of doing great injury to the Church of Christ, gave to holy souls the means of doing and suffering much for the Bride of the Lamb. Remarkable even among such zealous workers was St. Charles Borromeo, whose portrait we this month offer to our readers. Though good and pious from his early years, and devoting himself with a thorough consecration to the ecclesiastical state which was chosen for him, perhaps few would have augured from his first steps in the world that the brilliant youth whom all Italy envied for his high offices and great wealth, would have the wondrous courage to make himself a great saint. A Cardinal before he was twenty-three, nominated Archbishop of Milan ere he was a priest, legate of Bologna, protector of great European States, and of the most famous religious orders, virtually ruler of the Church during the Pontificate of his uncle, Pius the Fourth, how could a youth withstand the trials of such a position? But St. Charles passed through the ordeal and came out brighter and purer than ever. His first effort after his uncle's death was to carry out the advice given him by the Venerable Bartholomew of the Martyrs, and retire to his bishopric, there to devote himself entirely to the great charge committed to him.

Heavy indeed was the task he found awaiting him. Long years of neglect had reduced the Church of Milan to the most deplorable state. The clergy neglected their duties and lived in the most open vice; the laity as a consequence despised the sacraments and all rites of religion; even the religious houses

were profaned by scandalous irregularities. The very Cathedral of the Archbishop, that glorious Duomo so deservedly the pride of the city, was desecrated by being made a common thoroughfare and a place for marketing and sports. If such was the state of the mother church, what must have been the neglect and abuse of God's house in town and country? Yet St. Charles did not despair. The Council of Trent put the remedy in his hands, and he determined to apply it. A Provincial Council was at once held, in which the Archbishop insisted on the vigorous action of his suffragans, and did not hesitate to rebuke those pastors whose neglect was perpetuating the evils which they were bound to remedy. A series of diocesan synods regulated the affairs of his own special charge, and it was not long before the vigorous measures of the Archbishop produced a marked change. Seminaries were founded for the education of the clergy; a house was established for the residence of priests whose scandalous lives rendered them unfit for the pastoral charge; and so efficient was its management, and so powerful the influence of their holy Archbishop, that most of these unhappy men were thoroughly reclaimed, so that they could be sent back to their benefices, and carry on the reforms which had meantime been started by the zealous efforts of the vicars, who had been sent to take care of their parishes.

It must have been a great sorrow to the zealous reformer to have his work checked and hampered by those who should have been most zealous in supporting his efforts. Unhappily this was the case, and none of his measures caused him so much anxiety, or stirred up such opposition in the town, as his efforts to restore the religious spirit and rule in many convents of his diocese. But St. Charles was too large hearted a man to diminish his esteem of the religious state on account of the abuses which he saw around him, and he soon gathered to his side new bands of religious men to cooperate with him in his efforts. The Society of Jesus was especially esteemed by him, and several houses were founded in Milan, including the famous College of the Brera. Even after the foundations of his own Oblates of St. Ambrose, St. Charles' love of the Society never changed, and he remained ever their devoted friend and a zealous promoter of all their undertakings. Blessed Peter Canisius, the Apostle of Germany, was for many years in intimate communication with him about the state of religion in Switzerland.

While thus devoting himself to the work of external reform, St. Charles never forgot that he was the successor of the great St. Ambrose, who had dared to refuse the use of a single church in his diocese to the Arian Emperor of the West, and who had turned from the doors of his Cathedral the great Christian Emperor Theodosius, till he should have gone through months of public penance for the massacre of Thessalonica. Again and again was St. Charles opposed in the discharge of his duties by the Spanish Governors of Milan ; the complaints of the reformed convents, the outcry against the suppression of the Carnival, and of the riotous revelries held on the first Sunday of Lent, in fact every discontented voice too often found a ready ear in the jealous holders of a little brief authority. But threats and complaints were alike lost on the intrepid shepherd. The civil power might seize his family castles and confiscate his goods, and he spoke not a word of complaint. But when his authority as Bishop was in question, no human fear could stop the threatened sentence of excommunication, and the Governors and their minions learned to rue too late their fanatical opposition to the sainted Prelate whom Heaven and earth seemed leagued together to protect.

But what was the secret of this indomitable courage, of this wondrous power over the hearts of men ? It was that St. Charles had entirely conquered and forgotten himself ; in other words, that he was a saint. See him in the long journeys of his visitations, travelling mostly on foot, with no baggage, no provisions. Why should he carry provisions whose sole food for many years was bread and water ? What need had he of a long train of baggage whose only bed was a board, and who, under his archiepiscopal robes, had on but such poor rags that a beggar would not deign to accept them ? His robes, he said, were the Archbishop's, his ragged tunic was his own. In the depth of a Lombard winter he would be found praying and studying during the long hours of the night, with no other covering than these poor rags ; he never allowed himself a fire, he would not protect his hands from the cold, though they were all cracked and bleeding. These privations he kept up even while travelling through the mountain cantons of his wide diocese, though exhausted by the labour of clambering along mountain-paths, where he often had to crawl on hands and feet, and where he fell again and again on the slippery ice. Arriving at some village after such a day of toil, he would at once repair to

the village church, and call the poor neglected people together to hear the voice of their shepherd. For lodging he would accept no shelter but the house of the parish priest; the poor fare of the villagers sufficed for him. Here then in all this absolute forgetfulness of self we have the secret of that courage which made him face unflinchingly the angry Governor, and pray on unmoved even when the assassin's bullet had struck him.

But if we would see the great St. Charles in his noblest colours, we should turn over the pages of his life till we find the account of the great plague that came upon Milan in 1576. The rich and the noble abandoned the city, governor and magistrates fled from their posts; but the Archbishop swerved not from his duty. To nurse the sick, he said to those who would have him save his life for new labours, to nurse the sick is the more perfect thing; and a Bishop's state is one of perfection. The devoted pastor seemed to multiply himself that he might everywhere be found where death was busiest, and human help most distant. He was not satisfied with the administration of the Sacraments of Penance, the Holy Eucharist, and Extreme Unction, but wherever he found the sick had not been Confirmed he insisted on administering this Sacrament to them, that their souls might not be deprived of this seal for eternity. Lodging and food and help for the thousands of sick were provided by him; his plate was melted down to supply their wants; and when the cold of winter came to aggravate their miseries one could hardly forbear a smile to see the poor of Milan moving about in long, loose hooded gowns of every colour; for the Archbishop had had all the hangings and curtains and drapery that he could find in his palace or sacristy, crimson, violet, green, no matter what, cut up into garments for his dear poor.

Amid all these incessant toils St. Charles never forgot his annual retreat under his confessor, Father Adorno. His last illness came upon him during his retreat under him in 1584, for which he had retired to the Mount Varalli, famous for chapels in honour of the Passion: he started back for Milan at its conclusion, visited the Jesuit novitiate, where he slept the night, and their new College near Arona; and died peacefully on his return to Milan, with the words *Ecce venio* on his lips, on the 4th of November. About a quarter of a century later he was enrolled in the canon of the Church's Saints.

gence to understand the difficulty, but have not sufficient knowledge to discover the answer to it.¹

I shall follow my usual course of quoting the very words of my opponents, because I know how easy it is to pervert an argument and then to refute the argument thus perverted. Lest some of my readers should find the train of reasoning a little difficult to follow, I shall restate it in different words, but I hope with all fairness, in order to bring its abstract assertions more within the compass of those who have not made special study of the subject.

After showing that if God exists at all He must be Infinite, Absolute, and the First Cause, Mr. Herbert Spencer, quoting Dr. Mansel, proceeds as follows :

But these three conceptions, the Cause, the Absolute, the Infinite, all equally indispensable, do they not imply contradiction to each other, when viewed in conjunction as attributes of one and the same Being? A Cause cannot, as such, be absolute. The Absolute cannot, as such, be a Cause. The Cause, as such, only exists in relation to its object; the cause is a cause of the effect; the object is an effect of the cause. On the other hand, the conception of the Absolute implies a possible existence out of all relation. We attempt to escape from this apparent contradiction by introducing the idea of succession in time. The Absolute exists first by itself, and afterwards becomes a cause. But here we are checked by the third conception, that of the Infinite. How can the Infinite become that which it was not from the first? If Causation is a possible mode of existence, that which exists without Causality is not infinite: that which becomes a cause has passed beyond its former bounds.²

Here we have three separate arguments :

1. A Cause exists only in relation to its effect.

But the Absolute exists out of all relation.

∴ God cannot at the same time be Absolute and the First Cause.

¹ What I here state respecting theism is true also of Revelation, Christianity, and Catholicism. He who attacks any dogma of the Catholic Church can be shown not only to be raising a difficulty which has no solid foundation, but to be virtually putting forward a statement against which reason and common sense naturally rebel, if not immediately and in itself, yet at least in its ultimate conclusions. He who assails any of the most abstruse of Catholic dogmas can be shown in the very argument he adduces to disprove them, to involve himself directly or indirectly in a contradiction in terms. But I am not proposing to embark on so wide a field of controversy as this. In the present article I necessarily limit myself to those dogmas which every one who believes in a God must admit.

² Herbert Spencer, *First Principles*, p. 39; Mansel's *Bampton Lectures*, p. 47.

2. If answer is made that God exists first as absolute and afterwards as a cause, the argument takes another form :

The change from absolute existence to existence in relation to the world He has created, would imply a change in God.

But God cannot change.

∴ He cannot pass from absolute existence to existence in relation to a created universe : that is to say, creation is a contradiction in terms.

3. That which is outside of His Being is a limit to His existence.

But the created world exists outside of God, and therefore would limit the sphere of His Being.

∴ Hence the coexistence of an Infinite God and a finite world are impossible.

When we look at these arguments, which I allow at first sight appear very formidable and are very plausible, we shall find that they all are based on a misconception of the Infinite, a misunderstanding of the relative attitude of Creator and creature to each other, as well as on a slipshod and false analysis of what is necessary to constitute a true relation.

Before attempting to refute them I must recall to my readers what I said in my last article respecting the analogy existing between Divine and human perfections. Each attribute of God belongs to a higher order than the corresponding attribute of man. The Divine is the source from whence comes the human, the ideal which it imperfectly imitates. Whatever excellencies are inherent in the human perfections belong to the Divine perfection, and that to an unlimited extent, so that if we add all the perfections of all created beings to the perfection of God, they yet add nothing to them. The Divine Nature is the unlimited ocean whence proceed the tiny drops of created natures with all their faculties, powers, and perfections. Just as the drop we cast into the sea adds nothing to the bulk of its waters, so the drop of all created perfections, cast into the sea of the perfections of God, adds nothing to them. Not that the comparison is a perfectly correct one. The drop of water added to ocean *does* in fact increase at least infinitesimally the bulk of waters, whereas all possible perfection of things created thrown into the Divine Nature adds literally nothing to it. We should laugh at a man who should climb a lofty mountain, and after depositing a grain of sand at the top, should return to his friends and inform them

that the height of the mountain had increased since the last Government survey. Yet his statement would be true, rational, and reasonable, compared with the assertions of those who declare that a change takes place in God because of the addition of created perfection to His uncreated nature.³

Let God create ten thousand worlds, each more perfect than the other, let Him multiply creatures immeasurably more perfect than the highest of the archangels, and other creatures again more perfect over these, let Him shower outside of Himself on all that He has made excellencies and beauty, natural and supernatural, surpassing any that He has yet bestowed, and still all these excellencies, perfections, glories, beauties, when added to the Divine perfections are simply the addition of zero to the sum total already existing. Or if I may be allowed a mathematical illustration, let us represent the Divine perfections by x , and the perfections of all created things by $d^u x$. Then the created perfections added to the uncreated will be approximately represented by $x + d^u x$, where u is of an infinite value, and I may add, without departing from the truth, where x is also a constant quantity.

Or to make another common life illustration, what should we say to a man who on paying a bill for £1,000 were to add one worthless straw to the sum he was handing over, and then were to boast that he had paid more than the sum due. Yet the straw has a positive value compared with the £1,000, whereas the created perfection absolutely disappears by the side of the uncreated, is added to it without increasing it, simply vanishes away into thin air, or rather into the most absolute and perfect nothingness. In order that one quality may be capable of addition to or subtraction from another, so that the lesser should produce a change of some sort in the greater, it is necessary that there should be a certain quantitative relation between them, and there is none between the finite creature and the Infinite

³ I ask the reader to remember that this and the following illustrations are only illustrations, not arguments strictly so called. The drop of water is of the same order with the ocean to which it is added; the grain of sand is of the same order with the mountain on which it is placed. But the infinitesimal human perfection is of an entirely different order from the Infinite perfection of God, as I have pointed out further on, and the comparisons I have adduced if applied literally would involve the anthropomorphist fallacy which entraps the agnostic. At the same time the illustrations form an *a fortiori* argument, for if the human perfections would add nothing to the Divine if they were in the same order, how much less when they are in an order altogether inferior!

Creator. If a friend were to present me with a fine house and a large estate, and afterwards were to write and tell me that he was not going to give me the whole estate, because he was intending to carry off one spadeful of earth from one of the ploughed fields it contained, I should think that my poor benefactor had lost his senses. Yet the carrying off of a spadeful of earth would be a positive subtraction of part of the estate, whereas the carrying off of all created perfections would diminish nothing from the perfections at this moment in existence, any more than under the full light of a midday sun the removal of a farthing candle diminishes nothing from the surrounding brightness.

But there is another important element in the question. The Divine perfection not only swallows up the human, because the one is infinite and the other finite. There is a further and a still more essential distinction between them. The Divine perfection has another ground of immeasurable superiority over the perfections of man. It belongs to a different order altogether. It has nothing in common with the perfections of men except so far as it takes all that is beautiful and attractive in them, and displays a corresponding beauty and attractiveness in the higher order which is the ideal which the beauty and attractiveness of the created perfection partly imitates. It is the gold with which no baser metal can vie, the emerald or ruby that the painted glass seeks in vain to reproduce. Hence you cannot really add together human and Divine perfections. They cannot be reckoned in the same category, not even in the same category of existence. Ask a jeweller how many precious stones are made up of two pieces of green glass added to one emerald, and he will tell you that you are talking nonsense. The poor counterfeit vanishes in comparison with the precious jewel which it seeks to copy. Ask a theologian how many coordinate perfections are made up of one Divine and two human perfections, and he will make a similar answer. You cannot add them together. You might as well try to make an addition sum of three logarithms, five apples, four fairies, and two syllogisms—in fact, the attempt would be a comparatively reasonable one. They may at least be included under the common category of existence, but the Divine and human attributes have not even this in common. When we say God exists, we are not speaking of the same species of existence as when we say man exists. The perfections of God and men are absolutely incommensurable.

This premised, we can answer at once the fallacious argument that what exists outside of God limits His existence. This is simply false. The finite cannot limit the infinite simply because they have no common field of existence. They belong to a different order altogether. Suppose a priest were to refuse to admit the faithful to Mass on the ground that the church was already full of angels gathered to adore their God, we should justly regard him as a lunatic. Angels belong to an immaterial order different from that of mortal men, and their presence in the church in no way interferes with ours, and our presence does not limit theirs. Just so the finite does not limit the infinite, simply because things which have nothing whatever in common cannot clash. In order that one should limit the other, there must be a common factor as the basis of mutual limitation. If, after a long argument was over, in which syllogism and counter-syllogism had been on either side abundantly adduced, one of the contending parties were to refuse the hospitality of his opponent on the ground that he was so full of syllogisms that he had no sort of room within him for the viands which were being set forth upon the table, we should regard him at best as but a sorry joker. In the same way it is not only a sorry joke, but a foolish and misleading fallacy, to represent the Infinite as limiting itself when it places outside of itself the Finite. It is a piece of ignorant claptrap. It is a silly sophism to represent creation as a limitation of God by His own action.

When we look for the basis of this fallacy, we find it as usual in the confusion of which modern thinkers are guilty in their use of the words think, conceive, imagine. Whatever they cannot paint upon the material imagination they declare unthinkable, and therefore impossible. Hence they regard the universe as a sort of infinitely big room, in which God dwells, and imagine that when He creates He places in this room something which limits His full enjoyment of it. He has to give up a bit of it to the creatures he has made. They cannot realize in their material imagination how the Infinite and the finite can co-exist without in any way encroaching on each other, without any limitation of the Infinite resulting from the presence of the finite, and so in their folly they declare the co-existence impossible. No wonder that they find themselves unable to rise above the things of sense when they impose on unmaterial existences the laws which govern things of sense. No wonder that they find the fundamental principles of rational

theology self-destructive when they begin by the irrational process of imposing on theology conditions which are confined only to brute matter.

So far for the argument which I have placed last in order. Our agnostic friends are not a whit more successful in their other efforts to destroy reason and to banish God. I will take next one of the other arguments which have for their object to prove the impossibility of creation. I will repeat it in a form a little different from the one given above on page 378, leaving, however, the substance unaltered. When God creates, they say, He passes from a state of non-relation to external things to a state of relation to external things—from absolute to relative existence. Such a transition produces a positive change in God, and a God who changes is no God at all. If our objectors had only taken the trouble to take down any text-book of Catholic philosophy, they would have discovered, at the cost of but very little labour, the solution of their high-sounding difficulty. Even without its aid I am astonished that men of ability should be deceived by so very patent a sophism. It is perfectly true that when God creates, He, who before all time and from all eternity was in no condition of actual relation to ought except Himself, is, after the fiat of creation has gone forth, related to external things as the Creator to the creature. But does this imply a change in God, as the agnostic argument would imply? Does God *become* anything which He was not before by reason of this new relation? Our philosophers forget that relations are of two kinds—*intrinsic* and *extrinsic*. An intrinsic relation implies a distinct change in the person or thing whom the relation affects. If I suddenly conceive an affection or admiration for some one whom I had never seen or known before, the relation of loving which I bear to him as loved is an internal, intrinsic relation, which affects me and makes a change in my disposition. But my friend may not share my affection; he may be ignorant of it; he may have rather an aversion to me; he may have never seen me or heard of me. Yet he stands in a new relation to me, as *loved to lover*. But does this new relation imply change in him? How is he changed? Examine him as minutely as you like. You will find that my love in no way affects him; that is, his relation to me is an *extrinsic* or external relation, which gives him a new name but makes no alteration in him. So Almighty God, who before the ages began existed alone, when time began acquired by the existence of the universe the new name of Creator and

nothing more. He still remains the Absolute, in spite of His relation as Creator to the world He has created, because the relation is, as far as He is concerned, a purely extrinsic one.

But perhaps I shall be reminded that to create is an action on the part of the Creator, that it implies that He brings into being outside of Himself that which previously existed in some form or other, virtually if not actually, within the Divine Nature, and this is an active process, performed by the power of God, and therefore a change in Him. This is at least a more respectable form of the agnostic objection against the Absolute, but at bottom it contains the same inherent rottenness. Here, too, by a just retribution, the agnostic, so contemptuous of what he terms the anthropomorphism of the theist, falls into the very pit which he has dug in vain to ensnare his adversary. It is true that in man all action implies change, but not so in God. God is *actus purus*. He is infinite activity, but His activity is in no way inconsistent with the most perfect and absolute immutability. The faculty which implies change is restlessness, not activity. The exertion of most intense energy is compatible with absolute repose. A popular illustration of this may be found in sunlight. The rays which it sends forth to illumine the whole world do not diminish the brightness of the sun.⁴ Its quiescent stability (more or less) in the centre of the universe does not interfere with the energy of its light, which penetrates every nook or cranny upon earth. The sun (I speak of the popular notion, and do not pretend to scientific accuracy) gives out its light without any change or loss in brightness. So is it with God. The fact of creation wrought no change in Him. He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. The change that took place when the universe was made took place outside of Him, not *in* Him—it affected the thing made, not the Maker. Just as God + the universe is not a whit greater than God, so God creating is not a whit modified (except in name) from God before creation. All His relations to created things have to be studied in the things created, not in Him. If we can imagine ourselves contemplating God by the supernatural light of glory—first of all before all things were made, and then after He had created Heaven and earth, after He had hurled the rebel angels to Hell, after He had formed our first parents, after He had loved with a Divine

⁴ I quote this illustration only by way of making my meaning clearer. I do not overlook the fact that the sun is in a constant state of change, and must be fed like any other fire. But the reader will perceive that an exact parallel to things Divine cannot be found in things material, and that any attempt to find one leads into the fallacies which underlie the whole of Mr. Herbert Spencer's "system of philosophy."

love all those countless millions who have dwelt on earth, after He had Himself become Man and lived among men, after He had been scourged and crucified and had risen again and carried back into Heaven His Sacred Humanity, after He had watched over each soul redeemed with His Blood, bestowed upon it countless graces, chastised it erring, rejoiced over its return to Him, nay, after He had become King of Kings and Lord of Lords and crushed all His enemies beneath His feet, after He had judged the living and the dead and gathered around His throne the glorious company of the saints—after all this we should see no sort of change in the Divine mind, not the faintest or slightest modification of what God had been from all eternity and what He will be to all eternity.

Our poor agnostic friends, with strange perversity, are not only telling us something about the interior of their unknown and unknowable God when they tell us that the absolute changes by entering into a condition of relation, but what they tell us is absolutely false and contradictory. They practically say: "Please remember we know absolutely nothing about the Supreme Being, but yet we can tell you one thing—that when He made the world He underwent a big change. He passed from the absolute to the relative, and, you know, that is impossible." When the theist answers, "Pardon me, a relation does not imply a change." Our agnostic insists—"Yes, but creation is activity, and activity always means change in the agent; universal experience teaches us so." May not the theist justly reply: "O most perverse of men! the universal experience of which you speak is not universal at all. It is an experience which is limited to things visible and sensible, to that which the material imagination can paint on its material tablets. It is an experience which does not recognize the invisible and suprasensible, and therefore thrusts upon God as a condition of His existence, the mutability which it encounters in those material objects which alone lies within its range. First of all you abuse us as anthropomorphists, and then it turns out that creation on the part of your Supreme Being is inconceivable, because, forsooth, He, like all other created things, must necessarily undergo a change by the creating process. Do you not see that this Deity of yours whose activity involves a change in Him, is no Deity at all, and that you are, O men, of science, setting up an anthropomorphic Deity, in order that you may bowl down your hocus-pocus God, and declare with pompous absurdity that

the Infinite cannot exist first by itself and afterwards become a cause, because the Infinite cannot become that which it was not from the first, it cannot pass beyond its own limits? Do you not see that you are fashioning a false God to order, and when you have crushed your silly toy, you imagine you have destroyed the God of the theist? You weave a net to catch your own stumbling feet, and then think that you have involved the theist in its toils.

If causation is a possible mode of existence, that which exists without causing is not infinite; that which becomes a cause has passed beyond its own limits?

This last argument is worth a little further consideration. I will restate it in syllogistic form.

God must either be the cause of the world or not.

If He is not, He is not infinite, because in the infinite there must exist every possible mode of existence, and causation is a mode of existence.

If He is the cause of the world, again He is not infinite, because when any cause produces an effect, it passes beyond its former limits, and the infinite has no limits.

Hence it is equally absurd to think of God as having created the world, or as not having created it.

Then the natural conclusion is intellectual despair and a hopeless scepticism, since He who tells us that it is life eternal to know Him, mocks us by the very precept He imposes, and baffles us at every step, by manifesting in Himself contradictions and absurdities which declare Him, if He exist at all, to be unknown and unknowable to human reason. This significant agnostic dilemma, however, will not bear a close scrutiny. The first horn of the dilemma is false; the second is false; and so the reader may judge what is the value of the conclusion. I must ask him to bear with me while I pursue this tortuous quibble to the death.

1. It is false that in the infinite every mode of existence must be found. The *finite* is a mode of existence, but none except the illogical pantheist finds the finite in God. The material is a mode of existence, but none but the grossest anthropomorphist asserts a material God. The dependent is a mode of existence, but a dependent God would be a curious kind of being. Causation therefore need not be found in God, and God would have been the same infinite eternal God if He

had never chosen to bring into existence any being outside of Himself.⁴

2. The assertion that a cause in becoming a cause passes beyond its own limits, is either false, or altogether beyond the mark. If under the name *cause* is included the First Cause of all, the proposition is a false one. It is an unwarrantable assumption, in the form of an universal proposition, of the very point, which the agnostic asserts and the theist denies. If, on the other hand, the assertion is limited to secondary and created causes; if it is intended to include only such causes as we see around us and as the intellect can discover in the material universe, then it is entirely beside the mark. For clearness' sake I will repeat the latter part of the syllogism I have given above.

All causes in becoming causes pass outside their former limits.

But God in creating becomes a cause.

Therefore He passes in the act of causation outside His own limits.

But this is impossible.

Hence God the Creator is an impossible being.

Here the word *cause* is used ambiguously. In the major premiss it is applicable to created causes and to them only, in the minor to the uncreated cause. In logical language the syllogism contains either an ambiguous or an undistributed middle term.

Suppose our agnostic were to argue that an albino is a fundamentally impossible being, because all negroes are black, his syllogism would be :

All negroes are black.

But an albino is a negro.

Therefore an albino is black.

But by the very meaning of the word an albino is a white.

Hence he is a contradiction in terms, and an impossible being.

In such an argument we shall have an exactly parallel case.

⁴ I am here simply refuting the agnostic principle that all modes of existence must be found in the infinite. Causation is on a different footing from dependence or materiality, and that God can be (and in fact is) the First Cause. He cannot be dependent or material. The reader who cares to follow up the question will find a solution in the distinction between virtual causation (or the power to create), which necessarily exists in God, and actual causation (or creation realized), which depends on the Divine will.

I have a right to answer, if you include albinos under negroes, your general proposition is false. If not, it is beside the mark. Anyhow you prove nothing at all. In just the same way I answer, if you include God under the name *cause*, your general proposition is false; if not, it proves nothing at all.

The fact is that here as everywhere it is our agnostic who is hopelessly self-contradictory. He once more drags in his anthropomorphist God, and then with consummate skill declares Him to be an absurdity, and therefore unknown and unknowable. He assigns to God characteristics which belong only to things created, and on the strength of the dirty rags with which he has disfigured his deity, he declares Him to be no God at all; unfit to be the object of our reverence, or the centre of our love. He sets up his Mumbo-Jumbo and then warns us against believing in Him. He drives all created causes known to us like sheep into a fold, and after dressing up one of them and labelling it "God," he says, You see that, according to the fundamental laws of reason, God is a self-contradictory Being, else He never could have been got inside that fold.

I hope the courteous reader will bear with me if I adduce yet another of these agnostic fallacies from the pages of the Coryphæus of the agnostic creed. Mr. Herbert Spencer, once more quoting from his master, Dean Mansel, has a fresh puzzle for us, and the which I confess at first sight is very puzzling.

"If the Absolute is the cause of the world, it must operate by means of free will and consciousness. But consciousness is only conceivable as a relation between the conscious subject and the object of which the subject is conscious. When the Absolute, therefore, is conscious of Himself, there must be in God object and subject. We have to regard Him as containing by the constitution of His nature an essential relation within Himself, and this relation must be between different parts of His own nature. When God contemplates His own Being, there must necessarily be two different parts in God, one contemplating, the other contemplated. What then becomes of His absolute unity, His perfect simplicity? If we thus conceive of Him as complex, how can we conceive of Him as simple and that with a simplicity which admits in no sense whatever of any parts actual or virtual, real or possible? Once more we are landed on an inextricable dilemma."⁵

I have already given the key for the solution of this new

⁵ Herbert Spencer, *First Principles*, pp. 39, 40; Mansel's *Bampton Lectures*, p. 48.

difficulty. It is merely a repetition of the ingenious process of assuming the point at issue while it appears to prove it. It is but a second-rate sort of word juggling. The Absolute, it says, must be conscious of Himself, because volition implies consciousness. But consciousness is only possible where there is multiplicity. The word consciousness is of itself an assumption of the very point at issue, since it already implies some sort of multiplicity, because it implies change. It implies that the conscious being sees what was and what is, and sees the difference between the two. It implies a reflex action on his own acts. It implies that a certain process takes place within him, and parallel with that process is a second process which consists in taking cognizance of the first.

Men are conscious of the continual activity within them, inasmuch as that activity involves an internal change, and it is only known to them as a change. A state of consciousness implies that whatever the changes which take place in their sensible organs, they are known to their intelligence. One of our energies is impeded and we are *conscious* of pain. We think upon some coming evil, and we are *conscious* of fear. We study with diligence, and are *conscious* of progress. In each case a change takes place with us. When we use the word with philosophic accuracy, we do not say that we are conscious of what is permanent or of what possesses an essential unity. I am not conscious of my body, except by reason of the sensible impressions I receive on it. I am not conscious that I have a thinking mind, except by reason of certain changes taking place within my intellect, which invoke sensible phantasmata or pictures to accompany them. I am not conscious of my own existence unless my thoughts dwell on the modifications of my being. I am not conscious of the presence of Him in whom we live and move and have our being, unless He produces some change within me by His Divine action. I may think of Him, reflect upon Him, pray to Him; but unless He is in some way acting upon me, I am not conscious of His being present within my soul. Hence consciousness cannot be legitimately applied to Him in whom there is no change, no process, whose *esse* is never *fieri*, that is to say, whose existence never becomes anything which it was not from the first. God contemplates His own perfections, but He who contemplates, and that which is contemplated, and the act of contemplation, are all absolutely and completely one and the same God.

Our agnostics cut God in half, and then wonder that He cannot survive the process. They represent Him like a man looking into the glass and wondering what manner of man he is. As usual, they transfer the characteristics of material and created objects to the Divine Being. Because they cannot picture in their imagination a Being contemplating Himself without the thing contemplated being in some sort outside the object contemplating it, they declare the idea of perfect Unity contemplating itself unthinkable, unconceivable, and according to our notions impossible. They might (if it were not for their false psychology) have been undeceived by the identity of the human intellect with the modifications of itself on which it has the power of exercising thought and reflection. It is true we cannot perceive the substance which we call our soul, but we can perceive those accidental modifications of it which are a part, though not an essential part, of it. When I reflect on the pleasure I am enjoying from the study of an interesting book, it is the same soul which feels the pleasure and is conscious of it. The intellect contemplates itself *as modified*. It is not broken up into subject and object actually different from each other, but the modified subject contemplates those modifications of the subject which are part of itself. In God the identity is still more complete. The Divine intellect contemplates itself, *not* as modified, for it can undergo no possible modifications, but in itself ever the same from all eternity to all eternity. Even my own created intelligence, contemplating itself in those changes which in it are identical with activity, is an object which cannot be represented on the natural faculty of the imagination, but I do not for this reason dismiss my mind as a non-entity. If therefore the uncreated intelligence of God contemplates itself in that eternal repose in which consists the infinite activity of the Infinite God, am I to be told by these ignorant grovellers in things of earth, that I am to disbelieve in God, or at all events to regard Him as unknown and unknowable, because I cannot draw a picture in my material phantasy of perfect unity contemplating its own perfection? I know that this self-contemplation on God's part is possible, but as long as I am tied down to the material body, I cannot tell *how* it is possible, any more than I can tell (to recur to an illustration I have already adduced) how it is that the same soul is present whole and entire in my brain and in my heart, in arm and hand,

in eye and ear and foot, whole and entire, one and indivisible, in each and all, and yet whole and entire, one and indivisible, in that collection of the various members which we call our body.

When God contemplates Himself there is no sort of division between subject and object. His perfect unity contains multiplicity—eminently not actually. It can produce all the results that follow from multiplicity. It is the perfect model which multiplicity imperfectly imitates, but nevertheless not a shadow or a shade of multiplicity is in it. Simplicity and excellence ever go hand in hand.

Good we are in one way, evil in a thousand,⁶ says the ancient philosopher, quoting a proverbial line. Though we love variety, it is because of our imperfections. We weary of unity, because our powers flag and become exhausted in contemplating it. We are flighty beings, and like butterflies we must flit from flower to flower. But if there was one flower which contained at the same time the beauty and sweetness and fragrance of all, if it was fragrant as lily, rose, honeysuckle, hyacinth, narcissus, and violet, fair as the whitest of lilies, painted with all the brilliant hues of pansy, geranium, hyacinth, azalea, pelargonium, and tulip, if our feeble natures could rise to the recognition of all this variety in the most perfect and absolute unity of colour and of smell, if to us like the manna to the Jews, it could contain in itself all sweetness, how we should centre our affections on this flower of unique beauty! Such a flower, if it is not disrespectful to say so, is God. Every possible variety of beauty in Heaven and earth is found in His absolute unity. He is one because infinite, and infinite because one, and as His infinity includes all finite perfections, so His unity includes the most perfect variety, not actually but eminently and virtually after the manner in which all uncreated perfections include the created copies of them, as I explained in my last article.

Now I must conclude with many apologies to my reader for placing before him these puzzling, metaphysical quibbles. But they are repeated in edition after edition of a book which professes to be a system of sound philosophy, and, as far as I know, they have as yet remained unchallenged. Whether they mark the philosopher and man of genius, or the sophist and intellectual charlatan, I leave to the judgment of my readers. At all events I have done my best to exhibit them in their true character.

⁶ ἱσθλοὶ μὲν γὰρ ἀπλῶς, παντοδαπῶς δὲ κακοί.

St. Edmund, King and Martyr.

A LOCAL MEMORY.

BURY-ST.-EDMUNDS, in its name and in its ruins, is one of the living testimonies to the Catholic faith scattered broadcast over Christendom. Its name preserves the memory of a royal saint and martyr, of whom too many of us are ignorant or oblivious; its ruins speak of one of the most stately and the most wealthy of England's monastic institutions. From its pleasant situation it was very early chosen as a suitable spot for settlement, and Camden thinks the Romans had an outpost here from their station at Colchester. Let this be as it may it is certain that by the time East Anglia was a kingdom, Bedericksworth was a place of some importance, and that a good road ran from it to the royal palace at Dunwich.

The origin of the name Bedericksworth signifies little. Bederick was probably some powerful Saxon worthy long since forgotten. East Anglia was one of the most important monarchies of the Heptarchy; it included what is now Norfolk, Suffolk, the greater part of Cambridgeshire, and the Isle of Ely. On the east and north-east surged and glittered the German Ocean, traversed so often by England's cruel scourge, the Danes. On the south the Stour separated it from Essex, and on the west and north-west lay its neighbour and natural foe, the Kingdom of Mercia. On Newmarket Heath to this day we see the "devil's ditch," the trench and the embankment thrown up between the contending people, as at once a boundary and a defence. To the pious Sigebert, monarch in the commencement of the seventh century, is due the merit of establishing the faith within its boundaries. He visited France, brought back the holy monk Felix, and churches arose throughout his kingdom. At Bedericksworth he founded a religious house, and tired of government he retired thither, exchanging the crown for the cowl.

This life of devotion was brought to an abrupt close. Penda King of Mercia invaded the country; the terrified people flocked to their King, compelled him to resume his authority, and Sigebert fell amid the din of battle with his face to the foe in place of passing away gently within the cloister, A.D. 644. For nearly the whole of the two following centuries East Anglia was ravaged by Mercian armies, yet it still retained its independence, and in 828 Egbert, when crowned King of England, still left it as a tributary kingdom. We are now close on the days of our Saint. In the year of our Lord 858, when Offa, the King, came to die and felt his end draw near, he sought for a worthy successor. (This King Offa is not to be confounded with Offa, King of Mercia.) His choice fell on Edmund, the young and pious son of Alkmond, King of "Saxony," who was his kinsman. Edmund was the son of parents long childless, and from his infancy displayed the most sweet and gentle of dispositions, the most earnest and devout piety. He was only fifteen when chosen by the observant Offa to wear his crown. Sailing for England he landed at Hunstanton (so called from the amber "honey stone" here found), and tripping as he landed, he prayed for blessings on his new country. The springs which are said to have gushed forth on the spot as he prayed are remarkable for remaining limpid in the most severe of droughts, and being healing in their powers. Galfridus calls the spot Maidenburie in memory of the maiden king, and to this day the town of Bury still quarters his triple crowns of martyrdom, of earthly monarchy, and of virginity. Edmund ruled his kingdom ably; he led a blameless life. The fame of his sanctity spread, and during his short reign churches multiplied throughout his dominions. Alas! across the same sparkling, dancing waves which had borne him to his new home were to come the instruments of his death, the Danes, whose invasion brought about his martyrdom.

The circumstances which led to this inroad are differently told by different writers. Those regarded by the exhaustive and learned manuscript before me as most authentic are these. Radnor Ladbog (or Lodbrog), King of Denmark, another kinsman of Edmund's, had two sons about the young monarch's own age, whom he had constant occasion to blame for idleness and sloth, upbraiding them continually for their inferiority to their cousin *our* Saint. By a strange fatality his own death was to be the means by which these lazy sons were to be roused to action.

Putting to sea in an open boat for pleasure, Radnor Ladbog was carried far from home and driven on the very shores of the envied and hated Edmund's kingdom. Reedham, in Norfolk, is said to be the spot where the Dane was drifted by wind and waves. He was taken to the Court of Edmund and treated with the greatest hospitality, thereby in his turn arousing the same evil passion of jealousy in the breast of one Bern. Bern, in a fit of rage, slew the royal stranger, and endeavoured vainly to conceal his deed of blood.

Convicted of the base murder, Edmund decreed the guilty man should be cast adrift on the ocean and left to the mercy of the waves which had spared the life *he* had taken. God's ways are not our ways. Bern lived to work yet more harm. Carried in his turn over the waters he was rescued by the Danes, Radnor Ladbog's subjects. Fearful of his own fate if discovered, Bern laid to the charge of Edmund his own crime, and the cruel lie answered but too well. Henguar and Hubba, no longer idle, were wild for vengeance. They collected a vast army, their ships soon ploughed the seas, and the eastern shores of ill-fated England were deluged in rapine and murder. Croyland, Peterborough, Thorney, Ramsey, and Ely, each have their chronicle of these times written in blood. Matthew of Westminster, says the aged and the infant, men, women, and religious, were alike butchered by these ruthless barbarians. Our Saint and King in vain with his small band of men tried to stem the torrent. His banner floated everywhere against the foe, prodigies of valour were performed, but at length the day of the fatal fight at Thetford dawned and closed, marked with the red letter of a martyr. The tumuli at Tuthill, the outline of the Danish encampment on Castle Hill, still record that battle fought upwards of one thousand years ago, 870. Edmund was at length overcome and captured. Already he knew the tide of victory had ebbed from him; vast numbers had been slain on both sides; he was taken praying for resignation in loss and defeat—for strength until the end.

His conquerors offered him life on ignominious terms; the offer was spurned with indignation. His murderers first beat him with clubs and then tied him to a tree to be done to death with arrows. It is said his whole body was pierced from head to foot, and when life was extinct it was rudely unfastened, the head severed from the trunk, and the mangled remains thrown into a thicket hard by. For centuries tradition pointed out a

special oak in Hoxne Wood as the Martyr's tree, and in the year 1848, when this very tree fell, far imbedded in it was found an arrow head, a fact which even to the most sceptical must be significant. It was presented by Sir Edward Kerrison, on whose property it was found, to the museum at Bury.

No sooner was Edmund dead than miracles began about his sacred body. After nightfall his followers fearfully and in silence sought for the mangled corpse. After much search it was found and how? The body safe and unhurt, the head guarded by a fierce wolf, who, ready to spring on unwelcome intruders, quietly allowed the weeping mourners to take their dear master's head, and then disappeared into the neighbouring coppice as marvellously as he had appeared to act as guardian to these holy relics. Edmund's body was then consigned to a humble grave within the boundaries of that fatal wood, and there for three and thirty years it lay undisturbed, while the fame and sanctity of the dead Saint spread far and wide. In 903 the first translation of the saintly body was effected by Theodred, Bishop of Elmham. Fired with devotion for St. Edmund, this prelate prepared a church (rough hewn wood as it was), at Bedericksworth, and thither conveyed the incorruptible remains, followed by a vast concourse of persons. Theodred, energetic as well as pious, organized a body of clerics to serve his church and to tend the Saint's shrine, and worked with all his might to rouse a devotion for the Martyr King.

He succeeded so fully that by 940 the reputation of the Saint had brought the Church into much notice, and the name of Bedericksworth was changed to that of Bury-St-Edmunds. After Theodred's death, the clerics, who had been transformed into secular canons by Athelstan (a change which Lingard says worked badly in most cases), became so arrogant and greedy that in 990 Bishop Algar deprived them of the custody of the Saint's body, and gave it to the care of the holy monk Ailwyn. It was Ailwyn to whom was accorded the privilege of tending the Saint's hair still unaffected by death's decay, and it was Ailwyn who, when the Danes were again ravaging the eastern coasts of England, carried his precious charge to London for safety. Lydgate quaintly describes his "dutiful service" in these words:

Of hevenly thynges to speke in wordes fewe
Be gostly secretys which God lyst to hym shewe.

And Richard of Cirencester minutely details the translation to

London. How the Danes pressed behind, how the bridge at Stratford-le-Bow broke and dismayed the pursuers, how the Saint lay three years at "St. Powley's," how firmly Ailwyn resisted Bishop Alphege's wish to remove the relic of the true Cross lying on the Saint's breast, and how once more Ailwyn took his charge back into Suffolk, and continued his duties for thirty years. Ailwyn was made Bishop of Elmham, and before his death he saw every wish of his heart fulfilled.

Out of tribulation came triumph. When Sweyn ravaged England with fire and sword, Norfolk and Suffolk sorely felt the iron of the oppressor, and bloodshed and outrage shadowed the land. In their distress the people prayed for their Saint's intercession, and the answer came in the sudden and mysterious death of the invader. Oderic Vitalis, William of Malmesbury, and Capgrave, all give slightly different versions of Sweyn's death, and the exact manner thereof, but each writer says St. Edmund appeared to the guilty man, upbraided him for his cruelties, and pierced him with a lance in the side, which wound, though invisible, was fatal, and Sweyn expired in the midst of his own camp, surrounded by his own armies, struck down by an unseen foe in sudden death. Delivered from their merciless enemy, the people with one accord, and of their own freewill, throughout the diocese, offered a tribute to their Saint in gratitude, and paid a yearly tax to Bury.

Sweyn's son, Canute, influenced possibly by his Queen Emma, and partly in awe of the Saint who had struck down his father, built a church in place of Theodred's wooden construction, and gave it in charge of the Benedictine monks. This appointment was quite approved by Ailwyn, also the new edifice and costly shrine in which his dear Saint now lay, and Ailwyn died full of years and honour and content. Until his his own death Canute continued making grants to the Church. He added manor to manor, and freed the monastery from episcopal jurisdiction. The holy Edward the Confessor further increased the Abbot's privileges by granting to the monastery a mint. It was Baldwin, Abbot in the reign of William the Conqueror, who obtained from Pope Alexander full confirmation of all his rights, and who commenced the beautiful abbey church to replace that of Canute's, and which rivalled in size Lincoln Cathedral.

Later on, to draw the townspeople off, he built a parish church and dedicated it to St. Denys, in recollection of his

early life in France, so that Bury, even in the eleventh century, could boast of three churches, namely, St. Mary's, Sigebert's foundation, the Abbey, and St. Denys'. This last, the next Abbot re-dedicated to St. James. Standing to-day in the street of Bury-St-Edmund's, our eyes still rest on two of these, St. Mary's and St. James's, but of the abbey, ruthless and ignorant destroyers have left but a pile of ruins, "the glory is gone from Israel." Slowly but surely, under each successive Abbot, the magnificence of the monastery, and the influence of the monks increased. In 1156, during a General Conference at Tours, Abbot Hugh claimed precedence of Robert Abbot of St. Alban's, and took it too by main force for overnight his men went into the council-hall and drove out the St. Alban's men, and kept the best seat for their master till the meeting assembled. Verily humility seems to have been a virtue but sparingly practised just then. In 1182, the Abbot Sampson was elected, and it was this Abbot who inclosed the Saint's body in a costly marble shrine in consequence of its recent near escape from fire. Before its inclosure, Abbot Sampson opened the coffin and unwound the shroud, and carefully examined the still uncorrupted form of the Martyr King. This examination was witnessed and attested to by certain chosen persons, and also by a number of curious impertinents, who scaled the roof, and from above beheld the whole proceedings.

We are now approaching troublous and mysterious times, for though the fame of St. Edmund and of the stately monastery continued to wax greater and greater, the actual fate of his holy remains is soon involved in uncertainty. As Bury increased in importance it became much associated with its country's history. In November, 1214, the barons assembled here ostensibly to keep St. Edmund's festival, but in reality to mature their plans, which culminated in Magna Charta, Bury-St-Edmund's hereby sharing with Runnymede in the history of England's freedom. Let us here quote the old antiphon used in the office for the Saint's day, which so beautifully compared our King to both the lily and the rose.

Ave ! Rex gentis anglorum
O Edmund flos militum
Velut rosa, velut lilium
Funde preces, ad Dominum
Pro salute fidelium.

In 1222, Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury,

ordered his festival to be kept as a holiday of obligation, and pilgrimages were organized from all parts to the shrine. Was that shrine already empty? Matthew of Paris states that it was so, but the chronicles of the abbey are silent on the matter, and two centuries later Abbot Curteys still believed the Saint's body to lie in its rightful resting-place. Tradition, however, tells us that during the disturbances caused by the discontent of the barons, the French forces they had summoned to their assistance under Louis VIII. added to the general confusion by pillage and plunder; the counties adjacent to the Thames suffered the most severely, and Suffolk did not escape.

It is said that Louis on this occasion stole the sacred body of St. Edmund, and carrying it over to France presented it to the Church of St. Sernin, at Toulouse. It is *certain* that four hundred years later, in November, 1644, in this very church, that the Archbishop of Toulouse, Charles de Montchal, and the Vicar-General Duthil, held a solemn identification of the Saint's remains, now reduced to bone, that the precious relics were exposed for eight days' veneration, and carried in procession with those of St. Castor and St. Symphorian, followed by the clergy, trades, and people of Toulouse.

The archives of this city still preserve the *procès-verbal* of these ceremonies. Meanwhile, far away in Bury, had the monks ever known of their loss? Where had they been when the lawless and sacrilegious theft had been committed? Hiding in terror from the barons and their French auxiliaries perhaps, but whether or not they were cognizant of the rifling of their dear Saint's shrine is a question we cannot decide. We shall never ascertain for certain if the guardians of those holy relics knew that the shrine had been bereft of the body as the body had been of the soul. In fact, after the translation by Abbot Sampson the saintly remains were left undisturbed, and there is no record of any more recent examination. The character of the times in which they live is stamped on men's minds and actions, and our monks lived amid civil tumult, lawless ambition, and reckless deeds of ferocious passion, often atoned for by acts of penance and alms now undreamt of. In 1248, Edmund de Walpole was elected Abbot, and being transferred to Ely, a vacancy followed before the election of Simon de Luton, and it was during this vacancy that the Friars Minor endeavoured to establish themselves within the precincts of the monastery. Matthew of Paris mentions these facts with surprise, and adds,

"It is strange that men vowed to poverty should display so much zeal to possess themselves of the rights of others." It was indeed a grave scandal, though differently regarded by successive Pontiffs.

Alexander the Fourth, from whom Simon de Luton had received Confirmation at Viterbo, permitted the division of ecclesiastical rights, but Urban, the next Pope, revoked all his predecessor's bulls, dismissed the friars, and restored to the monks entire possession of the abbey. This happened in 1263, and the sons of St. Benedict gave to those of St. Francis a piece of ground at Babbewell—victory can afford to be generous. Stowe says that the ill-fated King Edward the Second, whose life had begun so triumphantly in the Eagle-tower of Carnarvon Castle, passed his last Christmas here, pursued by misfortune, "sore afraid of the Queen's return."

In 1347, St. Edmund is said by Yates to have appeared to one William de Hengham, a watcher, and foretold the confusion of the Bishop of Ely, who then, as constantly was the case, had a feud on hand with the Abbot. The abbey about this time was in the perfection of its beauty. The abbey gate, as the shields embossed thereon show, had been built about 1328, while round the abbey, which was flanked on the north by St. James' Church, and on the south by that of St. Mary, and to which the Norman tower served as a western approach, clustered the greater and lesser monasteries, the Abbot's palace, and numerous other buildings. The gardens and vineries on the east were bounded by the Linnet at the point where that stream joins the River Lark. In 1429, William de Curteys was elected Abbot, and it was Curteys who employed Lydgate to write the metrical life of our Saint, which Dugdale calls the "most beautiful of manuscripts," and which is still preserved in the British Museum. Lydgate eulogizes Edmund as "the Church's proud perfection, knighthood's renown, judge's providence, merchant's discretion." He narrates the martyrdom in Hoxne Wood, the translation, Ailwyn's "dutiful service," as we have already mentioned, and he describes at great length the Saint's banner. It was Abbot Curteys who asserted, in 1457, that the Saint's body still was with them, "corporally and incorruptibly," and we have no proof that he knew aught to the contrary.

Evil times were now close at hand, and when, in 1514, John Reeve, or Melford, was elected Abbot, it was the last of such foundations that Bury-St.-Edmund's was to behold. The disso-

lution of the monasteries is so well known a subject that we will not enlarge on it here. To Abbot Reeve it gave his death-blow, as death-blows come when the light of our eyes, the pride of our hearts, are taken from us. He was an old man, and broken by years; he was unable to rally from the fiat which deprived him of the duties of his life. He surrendered his monastery in November, 1539. He died four months later in a small house in Crown Street. He was buried in St. Mary's Church, and till 1746 the slab over his ashes was left intact; it was then removed to make way for that of one "Sutton." In the Cottonian Library still exist the reports sent to Cromwell of the visitation and spoliation of this stately foundation. We know how Kenilworth Castle, a century later, was hacked piecemeal by Roundhead yeomen to repair their homesteads, and the pride and glory of the monks received as scant mercy from its invading intruders. St. Edmund's Abbey was soon a thing of the past, and with the last three centuries of Bury history our Saint has little to do.

A. R. COHEN.

The Necessity and Place of Sacrifice in Religion.

PART THE SECOND.

THE direct and principal scope of St. Paul, in his Epistle to the Hebrews, was not to explain the religious worship which exists in the Church of Christ, and to compare it with the worship of the Law of Moses, but it was to demonstrate the excellence of the Priesthood of Christ in His offering of Himself by a *Bloody Sacrifice* as compared with the Aaronic priesthood.

The excellence and efficacy of the *One* Bloody Sacrifice on the Cross he contrasts with the inefficacy of the *multiplied* sacrifices of the Old Law. It was not their *repetition* in itself, but the *cause* of their repetition, which was the argument of their inefficacy and imperfection. In them there always remained a consciousness of sin *for which satisfaction had not yet been made*, and therefore they were continually repeated, in order to express the continuing need of a redemption and satisfaction yet to be made. A repetition of such sacrifices is a demonstration of their inefficacy to satisfy. The Apostle does not exclude sacrifices from the economy of the New Testament; he excludes only such inefficacious sacrifices on the one hand, and on the other any repetition of the *One* Sacrifice in order to new satisfaction and a new redemption. The infinitely meritorious Sacrifice of the Cross, from the very fact that it completed an adequate satisfaction, was offered once only, nor is there any necessity for its repetition. If it were repeated in order to new satisfaction and merit, there would thereby be denied the completeness of the satisfaction consummated on Calvary.

That there must be a sacrifice in the New Law, a sacrifice which is the chief and central act of the Christian religion, is manifest from this, that the satisfaction of Christ requires application to individual human beings, and from this also, that sacrifice is, as we have seen, demanded by the very nature of public and solemn religious worship as its perfection.

Such a sacrifice Jesus Christ has established in His Church.

On the Thursday night before He offered Himself in the Bloody Sacrifice of the Cross, He instituted the Unbloody Sacrifice of the Eucharist, or Mass. In the Eucharist He constituted Himself in the state of a Victim, as a Victim He offered Himself in sacrifice, and this offering by Him of Himself was a true sacrifice, and a sacrifice not only of adoration and praise, but also of impetration and propitiation both for the living and for the dead.

This Sacrifice was to endure *for ever*, to be continually offered in all lands and throughout all ages, all days even to the consummation of the world. Throughout the centuries since Jesus departed from the earth this Sacrifice has never ceased, nor shall it ever cease throughout the centuries that may have yet to roll away into the past of time till Jesus comes again.

In order that we may appreciate in its fulness the value of this chief and central act of Christian worship, apart from which there would be no Christian religion worthy of the name, we should consider the four diverse offerers in every Sacrifice of the Mass. There is first the priest who offers sacrifice, as he is the minister of Christ; there are, secondly, the faithful who unite with him in his offering; thirdly, there is the Church as she offers by means of him; and finally, and principally, there is Christ Himself, the one great High Priest for ever after the order of Melchizedech.

The value of the offering is to be estimated not only by consideration of that which is offered, but by consideration also of the mode of offering, and especially of the person who offers. The Victim offered by Jesus Christ upon His Cross, and by His Virgin Mother as she stood beneath His Cross, was one and the same, but the value of His offering and of hers was not the same, whether as regards the mode of offering, or as regards the persons who then and there offered sacrifice.

In the priest and in the faithful, in those who either procure, or assist at, or minister the Sacrifice of the Mass, their most holy work is one of merit, of satisfaction, and of impetration, and yet it is of but a finite value. The agents being finite, the value of their acts is finite also.

The Church of Christ, that is, the whole number of the faithful, united one with another, and all subordinated to their pastors, and again subject with them to their supreme visible pastor, the Vicar of Christ, who is the one invisible Pastor of human souls, and all together constituting one Flock of God, one Body of Christ, one Spouse, one moral person—by means of her priests,

as ministers, and made mediators between God and men, also offers sacrifice in the Mass. The Mass is not merely the private sacrifice of individuals; it is of its very essence and idea the *public* worship of the *whole people* of God. It is a solemn act of the whole body, whereby is given to God the supreme worship of adoration, of thanksgiving, of satisfaction, and of supplication. This offering of His well-beloved Spouse, the Divine Majesty always accepts as such for an odour of sweetness, and thus, apart from any personal merit or demerit of the priest who is her minister, and by means of whom she offers it; and yet this offering of the Church is of but a finite value.

To discern the true value of the Sacrifice of the Mass, we must look to Jesus Himself, the principal offerer, we must see Him as He is not only the Divine Victim, but as He is also the One Priest in every Mass. He offers Himself as He is the Great High Priest, inasmuch as the priests, His ministers, in virtue of His institution, by power received from Him, by His authority, and in His name, and as personating Him, sacrifice Him the Immaculate Lamb of God, even as He Himself, personally executing His Priesthood without the intervention of any minister, sacrificed Himself in the first Mass after the Last Supper. But it is not only in virtue of His institution, and by reason of the authority wherewith He delegates the priests His ministers to offer sacrifice in His name, that Jesus may be said Himself to offer. He *by a present will*, in every Mass constitutes Himself *in the state of a Victim*, and gives Himself to His Church to be offered, and offers Himself to His Eternal Father. If we regard the Sacrifice of the Mass, as it is offered by Christ Himself, and this is its principal aspect, and the one under which, before all others, it is to be regarded, its value does not depend on the sanctity or merits either of the priests the ministers of Christ, or of others the members of His Church, but its merit and satisfaction is that of Christ as He offered Himself on the Cross, while its own intrinsic dignity derived from the Person who offers and the Victim which is offered, is that of the same Christ as He offers Himself, and is offered on the altar. Christ offers Himself in this Unbloody Sacrifice as a victim, formally as He completed the merit of our redemption and the satisfaction for our sins in His Bloody Sacrifice; and under the formal idea of this merit and satisfaction therein completed, He offers Himself continually upon the altar, and so continually represents and exhibits to God the Father by a

continually renewed oblation the whole of that consummated merit.

In this sense the Sacrifice of the Mass is called by the Fathers, and in the Liturgies of the Church,—a renewal of the death of Christ, a renewal and continuation of the Sacrifice on the Cross, the celebration of our redemption, the Lamb slain for our sins on the altar. Hence the price and dignity of this Sacrifice is absolutely of an *infinite* value.

As regards God, the adequate adoration, praise, and thanksgiving which was offered to His Divine Majesty upon the Cross, is in this sacrifice of the Only-begotten Son of God offered by Himself, the Great High Priest, and in Himself as in a precious Victim again *represented* to the Divine Gaze and repeated; and in like manner the honour given to God on the Cross in compensation for the injuries done to Him, an honour which is greater than any possible injury whatsoever, is by this sacrifice again presented.

Hence also, *as regards man*, there is no good for the impetration or obtaining of which this sacrifice is not sufficient and superabundant; and there can be no sins of men for which in the appeasing of God it does not contain a sufficient compensation and superabundant price.

But while there can be no *new merit or satisfaction* in the Sacrifice of the Mass, since Christ exalted at the Right Hand of the Eternal Father is no longer in the state of meriting, and there is in the Mass only an application of the infinite, unending, and inexhaustible satisfaction already made on the Cross, yet there can be and there is a *new impetration* or intercession on the part of Christ in every Mass. The reason is because satisfaction is the work by which the person offended is satisfied for the injury which he has received, whereas impetration or intercession may be made by a representation of the merit previously consummated in order that by reason thereof fresh benefits may be bestowed.

Although, as we have seen, the value of the Sacrifice of the Mass in itself, is infinite both for the impetration of benefits and for the propitiation of an offended God, yet its actual value is determined by the effect for which it is offered by Christ, and accepted by God. As God was not bound to accept any satisfaction whatsoever for the injury done to Him, still less is He bound to accept at its value, a satisfaction which is in itself of infinite price. His free will

and good pleasure is the one measure of acceptance. In this sense, not even the Sacrifice of the Cross had or could have had an infinite effect. The effect therefore of the Sacrifice of the Mass which applies the merit of that of the Cross, cannot be infinite, but is finite and determined by the counsel of God's supernatural providence.

In order that impetration should be infallible, there must be certain conditions on the part of him who asks—on the part of him for whom petition is made—and as regards that which is asked for, and especially that it should be in due accordance with the Divine Providence and Government. The impetration or intercession being made in this Sacrifice by Christ Himself there can be failure of necessary conditions only as regards the person or thing for which intercession is made. Although, therefore, the impetration of a thing which depends upon the will of man is not infallible, the impetration of a thing which is in the will of Christ as He intercedes is certainly infallible, unless an obstacle to its bestowal is placed by man himself. The merit of the sacrifice, and not the merit of man is the cause in this impetration.

Not only is there impetration in the Sacrifice of the Mass, it is also a sacrifice of *propitiation*. The difference between these two is this. Propitiation is impetration, but it is the impetration of the actual grace by which a sinner may be brought to repentance and thereby to justification. God, in the words of the Council of Trent, being appeased by the offering of this Sacrifice, grants grace and the gift of penance. Sins are a cause why the Divine Justice withholds more abundant graces, which otherwise the Divine Bounty would bestow. By the Sacrifice of the Mass, whereby the satisfaction completed on the Cross is exhibited to His Divine Majesty on behalf of individual sinners, and so is specially applied to them, the just anger of God is appeased so that He should no longer punish them by the withholding of the more abundant graces, which, save for the hindrance of sin, He would have bestowed. The result of their bestowal, along with the sinner's cooperation, is his repentance and justification. Propitiation therefore has regard directly to the appeasing of the Divine Justice, that God should not punish, while impetration has regard to the Divine Bounty and Mercy, that He should bestow benefits and grant graces. Hence other graces, to which sins had placed no hindrance, but which the Divine Bounty grants by reason of the

merit of Christ which is exhibited to God and applied to man by means of the Sacrifice of the Mass, and which otherwise would not have been granted, are to be ascribed to that Sacrifice, not as it is propitiatory, but as it is a sacrifice of impetration.

In the propitiation of God by means of the Sacrifice of the Mass there may be various degrees, depending on the grievousness or number of the sins committed, or on the dispositions of the sinner, and so the appeasing of the Divine wrath may be more or less complete; and therefore the multiplication of Masses in order to the same effect, and on behalf of the same person, is not only not superfluous, but is suggested and recommended by the very mode of the efficacy of this Sacrifice.

The more abundant graces which are the result of the Divine propitiation, are not always bestowed at once, but in their convenient season, and not by miracle, but in accordance with the order of God's Providence, and not in such wise that the ultimate effects of repentance and remission of sins may not be frustrated by the fault of man. Thus the Council of Trent teaches that the Sacrifice of the Mass is truly propitiatory, and that by it is effected that if with a true heart, and right faith, with fear and reverence, being contrite and penitent, we approach to God, we shall obtain mercy and find grace in time of need.

In the same way with regard to venial sins, their remission is effected by the Sacrifice of the Mass, not immediately, but mediately through the appeasing of the Divine Justice, lest by reason even of them those more abundant graces might be denied, cooperation with which should result in the remission of sin by means of penance.

Here we see set clearly in view the distinction between the Eucharist as it is a sacrifice, and the Eucharist as it is a sacrament. As it is a *sacrament* it is of itself and directly ordained for the remission of venial sins by the infusion of charity, while it operates only indirectly and by way of consequence to the remission of punishment yet due. As it is, on the other hand, a *sacrifice*, the Eucharist of itself and immediately effects a remission of punishment, while only mediately does it effect remission of sins as a consequence of the impetration of actual graces. If the Sacrifice of the Mass had been ordained for our *immediate* justification and sanctification by means of habitual sanctifying grace, then it would have had place not only as the sacrifice, but also as one of the sacraments of the New Law.

One other thought, and a thought which we should keep constantly in mind with regard to the propitiatory character of the Mass is this, that by means of it we may be preserved from the greatest of all evils which is mortal sin, into which we might fall save for those abundant graces which God might withhold from us in just punishment of our venial sins.

Christ in the Mass offers sacrifice on behalf of the whole Church, and hence in every Mass there is a fruit which directly belongs to the common good of the whole Church, and to the good of its individual members in so far as the common good contributes thereto. Hence in the general commemoration of the whole Church in the Liturgy, there is a special commemoration of its visible head the Roman Pontiff, and of the pastors of the several local churches. Indirectly, and for the same reason, this fruit extends even to infidels, and to those who by schism are severed from the Church, that they who are members potentially only and by obligation may become actual members of the one Church of God.

Mass may also be offered for particular individuals, whether living or dead, or for some special end, and towards this end or for their benefit the priest who offers can direct this special fruit by means of his intention.

There is also a third fruit of propitiation and impetration which belongs to the priest himself, and which is also in proportion shared by those of the faithful who devoutly assisting unite with him in his sacrifice.

It remains for us now only to consider the way in which the Sacrifice of the Mass is a true and proper sacrifice. Jesus Christ instituted this Unbloody Sacrifice, so that of its own inmost nature and also from its mode of offering, it should have relation to His Bloody Sacrifice of the Cross, and be its real and objective commemoration. The foundation of this relation was not constituted solely by His will as Lawgiver or by His ordinance in instituting it, but is intrinsic to it. It is so, first, inasmuch as Christ, formally as He was offered on the Cross and in order to the application of His merits there completed, places Himself on the altar under the species of bread and wine; and, secondly, by reason of the mode in which His Body and Blood are constituted under those species. He instituted this Sacrifice so that in virtue of His words His Body should be placed under the species of bread, and His Blood under the species of wine. By this twofold distinct consecration there is represented, not in

something else and in a mere image, but in the self-same real and true Body and Blood of Christ, the separation of these and the Blood-shedding which took place upon the Cross. Hence in the very institution of this Sacrifice of the Mass He calls this distinct and separate placing of His Body and Blood under the species of bread and wine—a blood-shedding. Having in view the real Blood-shedding on the Cross, and the present sacrifice of His Body and Blood severally under the species of bread and wine, as a real representation thereof, He includes under one name the sacrifice which represents and the sacrifice which is represented, and calls the Unbloody Sacrifice a Blood-shedding, inasmuch as it relates to the real Blood-shedding and represents it. "This is My Blood," says He, "which *is* shed for many—by a real sacrifice but a mystical shedding, which represents: "This is My Blood which *shall be* shed for many"—by a real shedding and sacrifice which is represented by the present sacrifice.

The idea of a *relative sacrifice* includes two things—first, that it should *itself* be a true and proper sacrifice; and, secondly, that it should *relate* to another sacrifice. The one sacrifice represents, the other sacrifice does not represent, but is represented. The Sacrifice of the Mass is a representative sacrifice in its relation to the Sacrifice of the Cross; and it is at the same time in itself a true and proper sacrifice. The Victim in this sacrifice, or that which is offered is the Body and Blood of Christ, and therefore Christ Himself, as He is therein made present under the species of bread and wine. Hence the essence of the sacrificial action is contained in the consecration at which this sacrificial existence is effected. By no other acts or words is the oblation in its essence made, because by no other acts or words is Christ made present beneath the species. Any words, whether before or after the consecration, which express oblation or sacrifice, do not effect the sacrifice, but only signify it as either to be made or made by the consecration itself, in the same way as in the sacraments many things, both acts and words, are added not to effect the sacrament, but for the more express signification of that which is effected by the sacrament itself.

That then by which the Sacrifice of the Mass is constituted a true and proper sacrifice is the position of Jesus Christ therein—in the state of a Victim. His sacramental state and mode of existence beneath the species as meat and drink is itself the state of sacrifice or the state of a victim, and by it is satisfied the idea of sacrifice in its strictest sense. This idea, as gathered

both from the law of nature and from Divine worship as instituted by Divine revelation, consists in an expression of the supreme dominion of God, and in at the same time a recognition of His Divine Justice which has to be appeased; and therefore also in an expression of the absolute dependence of all things on God, and in a recognition of the debt of satisfaction, either yet to be paid (as in the sacrifices of the Old Law), or being presently and actually paid (as in the Sacrifice of the Cross), or which has been already paid and is in the present to be applied, as in the continual sacrifice of the New Law; which expression and recognition should be made objectively in the thing itself which is offered, not in any way and at will but by a destruction of that thing, which destruction is adapted to the purpose of such expression and signification.

This destruction need not necessarily be physical, so that the thing destroyed should cease to exist; it suffices that such a change of state should be induced as would morally in the esteem of men be equivalent to destruction. In the libations of the Old Law, for instance, pouring out was sufficient for the purpose of the expression required, although pouring out is not physical destruction, but is only the inducing of a state which is morally and in the esteem and practice of men held equivalent to destruction.

And now consider the state in which Jesus Christ places Himself beneath the species as a Victim. He, the First-born of every creature, the Head of His Church, who in all things holds the primacy, gives Himself to His Church by means of the priests His ministers, to be placed in such a mode of existence beneath the species of bread and wine, that His Most Sacred Body and His Most Precious Blood should be truly in the state of meat and drink. This He does in such wise that every act connatural to corporeal life and depending on the senses, ceases; that as regards His Body nothing can act connaturally; that His Body and Blood, inasmuch as His presence is bound to the species, are left to the will of His creatures just as if He were an inanimate thing. In such a state and condition does He constitute Himself that He, the Great High Priest, may for that whole Church of which He is Head, and that that Church may through Him express in His Most Sacred Body and Blood the supreme dominion of God, and the absolute dependence of every creature and of all creatures of which He the Man Jesus Christ is the First-born, and may at the same express and exhibit the

satisfaction completed on the Cross by the delivery of this His Body, and by the shedding of this His Blood. He who "emptied" Himself in His Incarnation, not by laying aside the form and majesty of His Divinity, but by taking to Himself, as says the Apostle, "the form of a servant," empties Himself yet further in the Sacrifice of the Mass as regards His Sacred Humanity, not by the laying aside of any perfection or glory, but by while remaining in all the fulness and perfection of His glory at the Right Hand of the Father, at the same time putting on this sacramental state of existence which is the lowest state that is compatible with real corporeal existence at all, and which is a state that trembles on the very borders of annihilation. In His Incarnation He clothed Himself with the garment of man's mortal flesh; in His Sacrifice on the Cross, that garment was rent and "marred more than any;" in the Sacrifice of the Mass His Risen and Glorified Body is no longer mortal, yet wrapped in the swaddling clothes of the sacred species, It lies helpless and speechless as a child, nay, more! motionless and as if dead, and as if those species were Its shroud.

Such an exinanition or "emptying" of Himself by Jesus Christ is not only truly and properly sacrificial, but with the single exception of His bloody Sacrifice of Himself on the Cross, we can conceive no more sublime, no more profound idea of a true and proper sacrifice than that which we find here.

And now we return to the proposition with which we started—that sacrifice is and must be the chief and central act of a Divine religion, and that, consequently, the chief act of Christian worship must be an act of sacrifice.

It is a consequence of the Incarnation, and an article of the Catholic faith, that every word and act and suffering of the Man Jesus Christ was a word and act and suffering of God, since He, while possessing a human nature, and that as really as He possessed His Divine Nature, was and is a Divine Person. The central act of His life on earth was an act of sacrifice. It was the act for the sake of which He principally came. As His words—the human words of God—were, as He said, to endure to the end of time, so was this act of His—this human act of God—to be perpetuated all days to the end of the world.

He came to institute a new religion, and a religion which should be Divine. This He did, not as if there had previously been no Divine religion existing on the earth, but by the perfection and completion of that Divine religion which He found

already there established. That religion was the result of the revelation which God gave to His chosen people by the hands of His servant Moses. The Jews possessed a Divine Law, or collection of commandments and sacred precepts given to them by God; and they possessed also a Divine religion, or system of Divine worship which was also prescribed, ordained, and regulated by God Himself.

Now the main distinction between the Divine religion preached by Moses, and the Divine religion revealed by Jesus Christ, is this: that the one was a shadow or figure or image, while the other was the corresponding substance or reality foreshadowed, prefigured, and imaged forth.

It is clear and of necessity that two Divine religions cannot be antagonistic or contradictory or at variance the one with the other. God cannot contradict Himself, for then would God be a liar, and the same God was the author of these two religions. There is but only one living and true God, and so there can be only one true religion. The only way in which those two religions could be not antagonistic or contradictory or at variance with each other would be by the one being the correlative, the counterpart, or the complement of the others. And so it was. The one Divine religion was the substance of which the other was the shadow, it was the reality of which the other was the figure or image. When the substance came, then the shadow passed away, the reality took the place of the figure or image which preceded and foreshadowed it; or otherwise, the shadow remains, not as such, but as absorbed in the substance, the image or figure lives on, not as an image or figure, but in the reality which it prefigured and of which it was the image. The Mosaic system, as imperfect and incomplete, and as to be perfected and completed, was of its very nature transitory. To pass away or be absorbed or to pass away into the reality in which all that in it was real and abiding perseveres, was of the law of its being, and belonged to its very end and essence. It is further clear that whatsoever we discern or whatsoever existed in the shadow or image must be found also and in a higher, truer, clearer, and more perfect form in the substance or reality. The substance may contain much that was not found in the shadow; the shadow could not foreshadow anything which was not to exist in the substance.

Now, on the most cursory view of that Divine although incomplete religious system which was given by God to His

chosen people, this is manifest and unmistakeable, that its most prominent feature, its salient and most striking characteristic, its central and predominant idea, its very atmosphere, its essence was—sacrifice. Other kinds of services, such as the synagogue worship, were added on; but that which lay at the centre, at the foundation and root of the whole system was—sacrifice.

In the perfect and complete religious system, therefore, the second Divine religion which, by perfecting and completing the first, was to take its place,—the Christianity which was foreshadowed by Judaism in its every rite, and consequently still more in its very essence, the one essential, substantial, and central rite must be—sacrifice.

We have seen how, in the Divine system of Judaism, sacrifice was offered by means of death inflicted on the lower animals who were substituted as victims in place of man himself. They served the purpose of an imperfect sacrifice as well as man himself or a human victim would have served it, nay, as well as any mere creature whatsoever. No finite creature, not Mary herself, could be the matter of a sacrifice of infinite value; but the finite could foreshadow and prefigure and represent the infinite. With this end in view, such sacrifices were ordained by God Himself, and they were appointed to endure until a sacrifice of *infinite* value should be provided to take their place.

When Jesus stood in the deserts of Jordan, John the Baptist pointing to Him said, "Behold the Lamb of God! Behold Him who taketh away the sin of the world!" There, in the midst of men stood the Divine Victim,—God with a created Humanity which was capable of Its destruction by means or death. As mortal, It could be the matter of sacrifice; as the Humanity of a Divine Person, the sacrifice of It would be of an *infinite* value.

By His sacrifice of Himself on the altar of the Cross, He fulfilled the Law, but not, as it were, by a *transient* act. His act of sacrifice was to be perpetuated, and to endure throughout time. For its continuance He provided, and that on the night when He inaugurated the New Law, the second Divine system of religious worship which, as the complement of the first, was to take its place, and which, as complete and perfect, was itself never to pass away until that day should dawn when time should be no more.

Hence His words to His Apostles on the Thursday night, "Do this for the commemoration of Me." They were to do

that which He Himself had done, that which they had seen Him do; they were to perform that self-same sacrificial act. He had placed Himself in the condition of a Victim, and as such He had offered Himself to the Eternal Father. Beneath the species of His own creature bread, He, its Creator, had placed His Sacred Body; beneath the species of His creature wine, He had placed His own Most Precious Blood. Existing beneath these species held in His own hands, He was existing corporeally indeed and with a human life, but with the lowest form of corporeal existence compatible with existence at all. Thus, as we have seen, in the Sacrament which He instituted He lived trembling, as it were, on the very brink of annihilation. There was no death, but there was an equivalent to death, nay, there He lived in a lower deep than death itself. His position as a Victim in that Sacrifice of the first Mass was, in a manner, a greater humiliation, a greater "emptying" of Himself, a greater descent of the Created in the scale of the created, until It could go no farther, and at the same time retain Its created existence. The next step was into that abyss of nothingness from which It had been taken. On the brink of that abyss hung what of the Created had been taken into God, and thus the idea of sacrifice was completed, and that in its most perfect form.

No imaginable and no possible sacrifice could transcend in the completeness and perfection of the idea of sacrifice, this sacrifice by Jesus of Himself in the first Mass. It was identified with the same sacrifice of Himself on the Cross of Calvary. He who offered—the Priest was in both the same. What He offered—the Victim was in both the same. He to whom both were offered was the same, His Divine Majesty, the one Creator and Lord, to whom, and as such, sacrifice can alone be offered; while in either case, the offering was made with the same end in view—for us men and for our salvation. In one way only did the Sacrifice of the Mass differ from the Sacrifice of the Cross, and that was in the manner of its offering. Both sacrifices were infinite in value, for the act was in either case that of a Divine Person, but the Sacred Humanity in the Sacrifice of the Mass was, if we may so speak, *more sacrificed*, was *made more a victim* than It was even in the Sacrifice of the Cross.

The Sacrifice of the Mass was no transient act, only to be commemorated by a *mere* commemoration, as when, for instance, by words we commemorate on Good Friday the Sacrifice of the

Cross. It was indeed to be commemorated but by a real and actual commemoration, by an extension and continuation and perpetuation of itself: "*Do this* for the commemoration of Me."

Words enter into the act, but they enter for the sake of the act; and by means of words the act is done. It is the end, they are but the means. The Fathers speak of the words as the "sacrificial knife;" the act is the sacrifice itself. And in every Mass, as there is the self-same Victim, so is there the self-same Minister, as there was in the first Mass said by Jesus on the Thursday night. There is but One Priest; all others are His instruments. He borrows their lips and language for the utterance of His own words, and the words of Jesus are the words of God. He does to-day what He did for the first time nearly nineteen centuries ago, and He does it by means of those words which not only *declared* what had taken place, but *effected* then as they effect now the conversion of the substance of His creature bread into the substance of His Sacred Body, and the conversion of the substance of His creature wine into the substance of His Precious Blood.

Such is the Sacrifice of the New Law, of that Divine religion which is called and is *Christian*, and that not merely because founded by Jesus Christ, but because in it He Himself offers sacrifice, and He is Himself the Victim.

Remove from Christianity the daily Sacrifice, and Christianity is no longer superior to Judaism; nay, it is less than Judaism; nay, again, it is no Divine religion at all.

Since the reality has come, there can be *no return* to what the Apostle calls the "weak and beggarly elements" of the ancient and imperfect shadowy dispensation. There can, on the other hand, be *nothing greater* than the infinite reality which it foreshadowed by its sacrificial system. But as there must be sacrifice as the central rite of a religion, in order to its being a religion, and as it cannot be greater than the Sacrifice of the Cross, and it may not be less, *it must be the same*.

In this Sacrifice are the words of the Prophet verified, that from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same God's Name should be great among the Gentiles, and that in every place there should be sacrifice and a "clean oblation." Throughout the eighteen centuries it has never ceased. Daily is it offered in every land of the whole earth, and there is no hour

in any day in which it is not being offered in some country under heaven. The varying time throughout the world ministers to, and renders possible this perpetual sacrifice by Jesus Christ of Himself. When in one land the shades of evening have fallen, in another land it is the grey dawn, and Christian men and women are wending their way through silent streets to Catholic churches, therein to adore the Divine Victim; and the tinkle of the Mass-bell is ever ascending from earth to heaven, as human hearts are lifted up from bodies with bowed heads and bended knees, as Jesus offers Himself a Sacrifice of adoration and praise and thanksgiving, of supplication and of satisfaction to His Eternal Father, and on behalf of those who, being His brethren and His sisters, are begotten again as sons and daughters unto God.

The truth of the necessity of sacrifice in any Divine religious system is a truth which belongs to the primeval revelation, and we find it lingering even in those corruptions of the worship of the one true God which have resulted in the worship of many and false gods. Even in the systems of Paganism sacrifice remains as the central rite. The popular religion of the ancient Pagan peoples retained a truth which was lost sight of by the Pagan philosophers. Their system was a philosophy, it was not a religion, for from it was obliterated the idea of sacrifice. There are two systems in the present day which go by the name of religions, and from which their founders, like the Pagan philosophers, excluded the idea and rite of sacrifice. The one is Protestantism, and the other is Mahommedanism. In both the highest service is that of prayer. And prayer is, as we have seen, not a Divine service, an act of Divine homage, of supreme worship such as can be offered to God alone. Prayer may be offered to the creature as well as to the Creator. We make petition and supplication to our fellow-creatures every day, and what is this but prayer? The distinction between prayer and sacrifice is analogous to the distinction between the creature and its Creator. No wonder that those who have nothing more than prayer to offer to their Creator should come at last to regard it as a *Divine* service, and hesitate to offer it to their fellow-creatures.

Take two tests and touchstones of true belief in the Incarnation of a Divine Person—salute Mary by her own title of Mother of God—adore with Divine worship What Mary bore—and in the relation of the one to the other, behold in brightness

and relief the essential distinction between *prayer* and *sacrifice*. To say mass to Mary would be an idolatry as foul as if we were to say mass to one another, for Mary, Queen of Heaven and throned Empress of the created Universe, is yet our fellow creature and a created person. To pray to Mary is an act of wisdom and of spiritual understanding, and when we say to Mary—"Pray for us," we say words which it would be an impiety for us to address to her Divine Son. The man who should say to Jesus—"Pray for me," would stand convicted, or at least suspected, by his prayer, of being a Nestorian heretic, and of regarding Jesus not as a Divine Person and his Creator and Lord, but simply as higher than Mary, within the same order, and as having, like Mary, a human person.

For all such and similar poison of unbelief and misbelief, the Sacrifice of the Mass is a Divine antidote. There before God's Altar are all creatures on the level in presence of their one Creator; there do we unite our prayers with those of Mary, and ours and hers alike derive their value and their efficacy from the sacrifice of Himself which in Holy Mass is offered by her Divine Son.

WILLIAM HUMPHREY.

Notes on the Established Church Congress.

ANGLICAN controversy, of what kind soever it be, is a dreary, uninteresting subject to Catholics. Those who have been Catholics from infancy detest the very name. How can they be expected to take any interest in a base-born heresy, which invariably talks nonsense except when it utters fragments of truth stolen from the Church's teaching? The convert (except perhaps for a few months after his conversion) is weary to death of a subject which recalls a painful struggle and a long wandering in the darkness far from home, searching and striving to find the light. Even the priest and missionary, whose zeal for souls stirs him to an interest in the difficulties of Anglicans, regards his task in something the same light as he regards some portions of moral theology, the study of which is necessary for the good of others, but inexpressibly wearisome to himself except for the end to be gained by it.

Our readers need not fear lest we should be going to involve them in a subject for which our own distaste is quite as great as theirs. We are not going to argue with our poor friends lately collected at Derby. If we have ourselves waded through columns of the *Guardian* in order that we might say something to the readers of the MONTH about the Established Church Congress, it was because we knew that the speeches made by Anglican divines would furnish at least crumbs of interest and amusement, because they read as a moral and teach us what to "eat, drink, and avoid"—chiefly indeed the latter. But yet there are two things that we must not forget. The first is, that the Anglican Establishment is a most powerful and important body, powerful in its numbers, powerful in its wealth, powerful in its social prestige, powerful in its national character; important as containing, at least nominally, some fifteen million Christian souls who have been baptized into the Church (not into the Establishment, as Anglicans falsely assert, and therefore are all of them *de jure*, though not *de facto*, Catholics and

subjects of the Holy See—important, also, as waging war (however feeble its armoury, and however certain the prospect of defeat) against the encroaching tide of infidelity—important, too, in itself, as the very battle-ground where Catholics watch the curious and unequal combat between the enemies of all religion and the host of well meaning, well educated men who are really in their hearts friends of religion, or at all events of what they regard as religion, but who are ever of necessity receding before their foes, simply because they are themselves unconscious allies of those against whom they fight—important, last of all, as furnishing, and please God destined to furnish, a continuous stream of converts to the Church of God: handing over the picked men of its ranks, the true-hearted warriors, to the mighty Mother against which it has rebelled.

The Derby Church Congress opened on Tuesday, the 3rd of October, with two sermons in the Churches of All Saints and St. Alkmund, by the Archbishop of York (Dr. Thomson) and the Bishop of Truro (Dr. Benson) respectively. The latter, who tried to be hopeful in his view of Anglicanism, seemed to be rather pleased at seeing so many educated and conscientious men renounce their adherence to her.

A daily increasing strength to the Church is the removal from her of insincere Christians. In the absence of discipline, who could have expected that the ends of discipline, in matters so delicate as matters of faith, would be answered by scepticism of a conscientious tone? Yet so it is.

Such is the view of a Christian minister who sees the souls for whom Christ died drifting away from Christianity!

The preacher's view of the state of things in the Church of England is a characteristic piece of vague Anglican sentiment and metaphorical Anglican phraseology.

Within the Church itself the tendency is real towards Solidification. There is a knitting up of ravelled edges. There is a gathering up towards old standards on the one side; on the other there is less inclination than ever to cross the border. "Rest in the Church" is not a mere yearning. The higher life finds satisfactions once undreamed of. Higher life, deeper teachings, are become dearer than watchwords.

Passing over the President's (Dr. Maclagan, Bishop of Lichfield) address, which contains nothing remarkable, the Dean of Wells (Dr. Plumptre) on Tuesday afternoon read a paper to

the faithful on "Unity of Belief in relation to Diversities of Opinions." The Dean owns himself to have been once an admirer of Dr. Newman, and tells his hearers how once there floated before his mind the vision of a perfect Church; but the Truth in which Cardinal Newman found rest and peace did not satisfy the superior genius of Dr. Plumptre. He turned his back on the Light, and now, with insolent presumption, he calls the great Cardinal—we hesitate to pen the word—an *Archimage*, just as the Scribes and Pharisees of old accused Cardinal Newman's Master of casting out devils by means of the prince of the devils, or as the heathen persecutors attributed the fortitude of the disciples of Christ to magical arts. Let us listen to this Doctor of Anglicanism.

The first steps of the primer of the *Grammar of Assent* might lead the child-like inquirer to the full-orbed completeness in which the Archimage himself professed to have found the vision of peace and the long-sought goal of his pilgrimage through the many wanderings of thought. But what if we could not accept it? What, if that postulate of an infallible authority was precisely that which our intellect could not honestly admit—at variance alike with Scripture and history, and with the processes of scientific inquiry, which go on their way and take the hazard of mistakes, and appeal to the future rather than the past as their ultimate tribunal; theory giving way to theory in the progress of the centuries, each contributing something to the advance of knowledge, yet none claiming to be exhaustive. In that case, where were we to turn for guidance?

But where has Dr. Plumptre himself found rest? He does not tell us, but one cannot help drawing strange conclusions from the following passage, which almost immediately follows his account of his failure to find Truth in the Church of God.

In the midst of these storm-tossed wanderings the restless seeker may have found rest for the sole of his foot on the unshaken rock of duty, which has its roots deep in the conviction of an eternal Law, and even through the mists and darkness he may have been following, consciously or unconsciously, the guidance of the Light that lighteth every man, and stretching out his hands to what to him was as the Unknown God, may have been ignorantly worshipping Him Who is not far from every one of us—the God of the spirits of all flesh, the Father of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named.

In other words, perhaps it does not matter after all whether you believe in God or not, whether you are Christian or agnostic, theist or atheist, believer or sceptic! Perhaps after all he who

blasphemes God and denies His existence is unconsciously and ignorantly worshipping Him! Perhaps Mr. Bradlaugh has "found rest for the sole of his foot on the unshaken rock of duty!" In fact, the comparison between the "Archimage who professed" (only professed!) "to have found the vision of peace," and the sceptic following unconsciously the guidance of the Light, is distinctly to the advantage of the latter. Verily, our poor Anglican divine for once comes out in Anglicanism's true colours, and throws in his lot of sympathy with his more logical friends of the Hall of Science.

Next to Dr. Plumptre, we suppose by way of antidote, comes the High Church Principal of Cuddesdon College—if, at least, we can give the name High Church to one who tells his hearers that "the Church is not a central power outside of us. *We* are the Church!" For though these words admit of a true sense, yet, stated as Canon Furse stated them, ignoring any central authority except such as may be found in the consentient voice of the faithful, they are not only one-sided but false. But we must not be surprised at "subjective" enouncements from the ruler of Bishop Wilberforce's Seminary, for a little further on he gives his own specific for the curing of religious differences of the Establishment.

It is a favourite thought of mine that if six men of intellectual candour and theological education and deep holiness would come forth from each of the two schools, whose fratricidal strife works such cruel havoc in the Church in England, and, putting aside their newspapers and tracts, would prepare themselves with prayer and fasting, and would assemble in a month's retreat for the study of the Epistle to the Hebrews, Lancaster Castle would cease to be the frontispiece of the Established Church.¹

After Broad Church and High Church comes a representative of the Low Church party, the third division of Anglicanism. Mr. Girdlestone, the Principal of Wycliffe Hall, Oxford, is a good old Protestant of a type now dying out. He is ignorant, narrow, and bigoted, but we must say that, in spite of his hatred for Rome, we feel more respect for him than for his sceptical and dogmatic predecessors. We believe that he is thoroughly honest. He is a man who has always been respected as a manly, stanch, unflinching adherent to what he thought was right and true. There is a ring of thorough

¹ The mention of Lancaster Castle is of course an allusion to the imprisonment of Mr. S. F. Green, earned for him by his disobedience to his Bishop.

sincerity in the following profession of his faith, foolish and ill-informed as it is—

We believe that the religion of Christ as set forth in Scripture, and as illustrated by the oldest Christian records, is one thing, and that the religion of the modern Romish Church is another. We not only shrink from the doctrines of Rome, which we believe to be dishonouring to Christ and opposed to the welfare of the individual and of society, but we refuse to take a step in a Romeward direction even though that step be harmless in itself. The word "mediaeval" has no charm for us; and we have learnt to distinguish between what is ancient and what is primitive, between the fathers and the grandfathers. Moreover, we feel that we have our duty to the laity, and that the greater the liberty which ecclesiastical lawyers allow us, so much the greater is our responsibility to be loyal to "God's Word written."

Last of all comes the chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who sings a song of peace, and declares that perhaps we shall find out some day that in spite of our varying opinions we all agree at bottom. His principle seems to be to eliminate as far as possible all elements of discord and divergence, and to stand on that very minute and very self-contradictory article which Anglicans call "our common Christianity." Respecting it he says many foolish things that we have not space to quote, especially as he does but repeat, under varied phraseology, his conviction of what he calls "the essential truth, that 'under all our surface differences we are essentially one at heart.'" What a curious contrast to the clear, clean cut dogmatism of the Apostles and the Primitive Church! Anglicans appeal to it as the model of their own, relying on the mists of remote antiquity, and the difficulty of scientific investigation into a condition of things where records are but few and the facility of misrepresentation great; but this at least they cannot deny, that St. John and St. Paul would have laid down their lives rather than surrender one of these "surface differences" under which the modern Anglican tries to discern an invisible residuum of common Truth.

The next paper is on a different subject. Dr. Ryle, the Bishop of Liverpool, boldly faces the neglect of public worship by the working classes of England. "They are as a body," he tells us, "conspicuously absent from the public worship of God on Sundays. A vast number of them never go to church at all." This state of things, he continues, is eminently unsatisfactory, much more than unsatisfactory. And why? Dr. Ryle is an honest,

outspoken man, and does not mind putting into due prominence the motive which appears the most prominent in his own mind. "We cannot do without the masses. The Church whose adherents are in a minority in the land will not be long allowed to retain her endowments and her connection of the State in this age." If we were mischievously inclined, we would draw our reader's attention to the curious parallel between this two-sided argument and that which was urged by the spokesman of the maker of the images of Diana at Ephesus, who reminded his fellow-craftsmen that two serious evils were likely to follow from the preaching of Christianity in the city—the worship of Diana would be neglected, and with the decline of this worship their trade of idol-making would come to nothing. But we must allow that while the Ephesian silversmith addressed only those of the same trade, the Bishop of Liverpool honestly puts forward in public the serious danger to those who draw their incomes from the Establishment. We must also admit that we do not believe that this is the prevailing motive in his own breast, or that he has any selfish end in view. We feel convinced that, as he says, his heart bleeds at the absence of the poor from church and chapel. But what is the good Bishop's remedy? He does not believe the cause to be the spread of infidelity among the working class, nor an inherent dislike to the Established Church, nor the fact of Christianity being "effete" (!)—but the want of liveliness in preaching, and of sympathetic and personal dealing with the masses on the part of the clergy. "The distinctive doctrines of the Gospel are put before the working classes in such an unattractive way," and there is "a cold isolation of classes" which the Protestant clergyman ought to break down by kindly sympathy and house-to-house visitation, but unfortunately does not.

We are sorry for poor Dr. Ryle, whose outspoken honesty we admire, but we venture to put before him a little parable. A poor sick man is dying of atrophy, the result of long want of nourishing food. In view of his apparently approaching death, a consultation of doctors (unqualified practitioners we fear we must say) is held to consider the case, and one of them announces the following as his deliberate opinion respecting the dying man. The source of the evil, he says, is not that the poor man does not believe in medicine, nor is it any dislike to doctors, nor the effete character of the art of medicine; but the fact is that the cook does not put enough pepper and

salt into his "meagre" soup, and his nurse does not show him that personal sympathy which is so attractive. What a hideous mockery, what a cruel piece of self-deception would be such a declaration, proceeding from the mouth of one whose pocket was full of pieces of gold paid for his useless (however well-meant) attention upon the poor patient. The dying man is craving after some nourishing food; a basin of nutritious broth would be the saving of him, and the unsatisfying "potage maigre" is offered to him, and the head physician can only suggest more relishing condiments in his soup. Some glasses of generous wine would make a fresh man of him, and once more the only advice which the mocking voice can give is that the nurse, when she administers his drink of watery poison, should show him more sympathy, and seek to win his confidence! Our readers will draw the obvious moral.

The Bishop of Bedford (Dr. W. How) continues the subject. His remedy is "more attractive services." And here he is not altogether wrong. But if we may continue our parallel, he reminds us of a practitioner who should join to the advice given above a recommendation that when the sick man has his food and his medicine administered, a little more sugar should be added to each, in order to make it palatable.

What is to save the working classes when these are the recipes of those who are their professional attendants, the so-called pastors of their souls?

The paper next in order is one of a different description. Canon Mason (Truro Cathedral) is a man who is out of place among Anglicans. A highly educated scholar, a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, he has devoted himself to a life of unpaid labour amid the poor, with a self-sacrifice which we pray God may earn for him the grace of conversion. He has left the cultivated luxury of the Canons' room for honest hard work on behalf of the souls of men. His paper, which is entitled, "The Church and Revival Movements," has for its topic the Salvation Army and its lesson to Anglicanism. It is written in clear and classical English, and is interesting and attractive. The curious part of it is the calm, quiet way in which he speaks as if he were a priest of the Catholic Church. It is not the ignorant assumption of the childish Ritualist "playing at Popery," but apparently the deliberate judgment of an educated man. When ordinary Anglicans attempt to talk like Catholics they generally make themselves ridiculous, but

Canon Mason really talks very like a Catholic, except in an occasional sentence here and there. After saying that the Catholic Church must always be "aggressive," and thanking Mrs. Booth for having taught Anglicans the word, he points out how the central point of the Salvationist is not the love of God or the hope of Heaven, but a vivid imagination of Hell, he has some remarks on sensationalism in religion.

There is a legitimate excitement which attracts men and prepares their minds to receive truth ; for few persons can receive truth as truth ; they require to have it translated for them into feeling.¹ But as soon as sensation becomes an object in itself, sought for the pleasure it brings, or because it is mistaken for religion—if once it ceases to be spontaneous and is forced or feigned, or is allowed to go beyond control—then it becomes purely mischievous, neither spiritual itself, nor leading to a spiritual result, but earthly, natural, sensual, carnal.

But the Salvationists have done a good work, he tells us, by showing the importance of the "preaching of Christian doctrine of the Life and Death of Christ, of His living presence, His power and love." He believes, and it is strange that he does not see the obvious conclusion from his premiss, that the artisan class have been lost to Christianity because it is not fairly put before them.

John Stuart Mill and Harriet Martineau were only samples of a vast class who have abandoned Christianity because it was presented to them in the form of some ghastly caricature. If the true doctrine could have been at one period of their lives set before them in the right way, we should not have had to deplore their loss.

He then proceeds to narrate his own missionary experiences. They have in them curious points of contact with the work of the Catholic missionary, of those Preaching Friars and Jesuits, whom he classes in no very complimentary words with Lollards and Wesleyans, as a warning against "societies which have started to do the Church's work without a careful and sincere subjection to the divinely instituted authority of the Church." We need not point out the curious confusion of thought in this

¹ This statement is not true without considerable modification. There is no one who cannot receive truth as truth if it is put before him simply and in a way suited to his capacity. Truth cannot be "translated into feeling," and feeling is a most dangerous substitute for conviction. But feeling may aid and assist truth, and persuade men to accept what they would not have accepted if their feelings had not been moved as well as their intellect convinced. We suppose this is what Canon Mason meant.

mingling together of the most obedient of human societies with overt rebels, or perhaps we should rather say the ignorance of facts which probably is the strength (or the weakness) of Canon Mason's present anomalous position. It is owing to the same cause that he is able to use language like the following :

Men who have tried it (common religious life) find it as helpful to them as women do. It is not the craze of a few extreme partisans. Holy Archbishop Leighton, Burnet's model, passionately lamented that the old monasteries had been destroyed and not reformed. Holy Henry Martyn, Simeon's best loved son, strengthened himself for his cruel labours by the contemplation of "those holy men who had retired into a convent,"—a St. Bernard, a St. Francis Xavier. And I trust I am not taking too great a liberty, my lord, in saying that I hope to see not only the increase of our little house at Truro, but also the rise of similar institutions elsewhere.

But we must not dwell longer on what was certainly a remarkable paper, we wish only that he and those as enthusiastic and excellent as he may one day exclaim in a sense different from the poet's :

Urbem, quam dicunt Romam, Melibœe, putavi
Stultus ego huic nostræ similem.

"Once I thought that the tumble-down shanties of Anglicanism could vie with the Church built upon the rock. *Stultus ego!* O fond and unaccountable delusion!"

We pass over the subject of Church Courts and Criminous Clerks and Canonical Obedience, quoting only one sentence from a paper by a layman (Mr. J. H. Parker), which very clearly shows the true Anglican temper, and sets up the standard of rebellion in covert but in quite unmistakable language.

But there is an argument to which I must allude, because it has been used freely—namely, that the Bishop being set over the priest, the latter is relieved of responsibility in his action, if obedient to the Bishop. I would venture to suggest that vicarious responsibility is a plea which should be very carefully considered before advancing it. When a man's conscience is fully convinced that of two paths one is right, the other wrong, the word of another should, even though that other be a Bishop, not be lightly taken. The plea has served as an excuse from the fatal day in the garden of Eden onwards.

Fancy a good Christian comparing bishops to the devil!

We next come (taking the order as given in the columns of the *Guardian*) to a paper on the Limits of Authority and Free Thought, by the Rev. J. L. Roberts, Rector of Spratton. This extraordinary production would be an amusing if it were not a most melancholy confession of the strange contradictions which are to be found in the Establishment. He describes the Church of England as

Wisely recognizing the important fact that there are certain great truths in doctrine and certain principles in practice, which though impossible, it may be, theoretically to reconcile, yet must be allowed to co-exist, and practically to blend in our systems of faith and morals.

In other words, the basis of Anglicanism is logical self-contradiction! Having thus cut away the foundations of the temple of which he is a minister, and having proclaimed that the various doctrines which she teaches are irreconcilable (as if any true theory could admit elements irreconcilable with each other!), he goes on to promulgate a doctrine of scepticism pure and simple, which is astonishing in one who professes to believe in a God of Truth.

Whether truth pure and unalloyed is really attainable by the human intellect, or if attained could be held in its grasp for a moment, is not the question here. Whilst we acknowledge that the desire and the attempt so to reach and so to possess it is one with which we are bound to sympathise, yet, in the cause of truth itself, we are equally bound to demand that the search should be prosecuted under reasonable conditions, and with a due regard to those restrictions which the very nature of the case imposes.

But if he begins as a champion of scepticism, Mr. Roberts waxes orthodox as he proceeds. In spite of the impossibility of attaining "theoretic truth," he tells us that the "verities of the Gospel (which, we suppose, does not profess to be a body of theoretic truth) are not sparks struck out from human brains, but emanations from the fire of the Holy Spirit; that their origin is not of earth, but from Heaven, and that the foundations of the faith are immortal," though immediately afterwards he adds, that "many details of the superstructure are not so." The changes of statement are to be intrusted to the sacred synods of the Church, though

Meanwhile, in a condition of things which is evidently provisional only and temporary, this authority must rest largely in the rulers of the Church, whose influence under any circumstances would be so preponderant in her councils.

What a strange jumble of confused thought and foolish inconsistency poor Mr. Roberts puts before us as his profession of faith! Whoever could believe in a religious body one of whose ministers talked such a mixture of scepticism and well-meant nonsense as this? Of course it is unfair to credit the Establishment with the puerile and contradictory utterances of each and all her ministers. But how can authority exist where one of them makes public profession of a disbelief in any theoretic truth?

But if Mr. Roberts goes far, the Rev. J. M. Wilson, Head Master of Clifton College, goes farther, and declares himself, without limitation, or reserve, a champion of free thought against authority. Unlike Mr. Roberts, his paper is marked by ability, clearness of thought, and distinctness of statement. When we speak of free thought he tells us that we make a mistake.

Thought cannot be free. All thought is conditioned by the past, the product of antecedent thought, the result of influences. The question is not whether free thought shall exist, for it certainly cannot exist; but whether there shall be imposed on thought additional and artificial restraints, besides those imposed by the nature of things.

Against any such authority he declares himself in terms unmistakeable. "Why should we say," he asks, "that on certain subjects men must think with foregone conclusions? What is to be the limit of their thought? Not a man, for the first so-called Freethinkers, whose spiritual descendants we are, the Protestants, got rid of the Pope, at any rate." Nor is it the Church. And here Mr. Wilson expresses opinions which astound us even in a minister of the Establishment—in any one who repeats even with his mouth the words, "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church."

The Church—any Church—has, of course, power to impose on itself, on its teachers and its members, a test and a creed. It "has authority in matters of faith." But to suppose that this is the same thing as to define the limits of thought to the world, to embrace all truth, and exclude all errors, is to confuse eternal verities with that imperfect vision and expression of them which it is given to any one age or race to obtain. There must be many who accept such tests and authority, not as absolute and final, but as demanding all respect, as containing much truth, and as helping to the acquisition of more.

What is here advocated is neither more nor less than an absolute freedom of choice among the members of the Church of

England as to what they shall accept or what reject. If this were true, what is to prevent a man from saying, "I believe that the opinions current respecting the Divinity of Christ, or the nature and even the existence of God, are but the imperfect expression of some eternal and unknown verity far out of my reach. I do not accept them as something absolute or final, but as a conditional and unsatisfactory statement, which do but mark a stage in the history of Truth, and are destined to perish when they have done their work." In fact, the Head Master of Clifton, guardian of the faith and morals of some five or six hundred boys, does not believe in any supernatural objective truth at all. If he believes in the Resurrection of Christ, it is merely as an historical fact which can be proved by historical evidence. He adds, it is true, that, besides these facts of history and criticism, there are spiritual facts which have no verification but in themselves, but he dismisses them with the very unsatisfactory remark that they "lie in a region equally beyond authority and free thought." But where is that region? No answer is given to the important question. Is it the region of consciousness? Are we to believe in the doctrine of the Blessed Trinity and the Incarnation and Redemption because we feel that it is true, because we are conscious of their truth, or because a voice whispers there are Three Persons in One God, Jesus Christ was Very God of Very God, consubstantially with the Father? But who would venture to assert the existence of such a voice? Probably Dr. Wilson would say that it was a matter of unimportance whether we believed them or not. But in that case he has no legitimate claim to the name of Christian.

It is quite time to turn from this wholesale demolisher of Christian doctrine and Christian authority to a man of whose Paper we can speak in unmixed terms of praise. Mr. G. G. Stokes, F.R.S., Lucasian Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge, argues for the perfect harmony of Science and Faith, with the exactness of a scientific man and with the firm belief in Revelation of a good Christian. On the one hand he warns the theologian against being too precipitate in denouncing scientific hypothesis as incompatible with revealed truth.

Let me refer to an example or two. The opposition to the Copernican system on the ground of its supposed contradiction of a passage in the Book of Psalms belongs to times long gone by. But it is well within the memory of the present generation how geologists were looked on as semi-infidels, because, resting on the clear evidence which their

science afforded of the antiquity of the earth, and of the succession of animal life upon it, they ventured to call in question the correctness of an opinion that the earth was created and furnished, or at least brought into its present condition from a previous state of chaos, in six literal days of twenty-four hours, and that to disbelieve this was tantamount to rejecting revelation altogether. The progress of knowledge has pretty well dispelled this notion as well as the other, and I doubt if any theologians at the present day think that the cause of religion has suffered in consequence.

But, on the other hand, the adoption of the Darwinian theory, pure and simple, not as a theory on its trial, but as an established fact, as accounting for all the phenomena, spiritual and material, of the world around us, and verified by science, is a most unwarrantable and unscientific piece of presumption.

The theory [of Darwin] has been accepted by many eminent biologists with a readiness that is puzzling to an outsider, especially one accustomed to the severe demands for evidence that are required in the physical sciences. I think a large number of scientific men would admit that it is very far indeed from being admissible to the rank of a well-established theory, however ingenious as a hypothesis; true, possibly, as accounting for permanent or sub-permanent differences between allied forms, but not conceivably bridging over the great gulph which separates remote forms of life.

This theory, he says, does not profess to explain the origin of life, and the best scientific men are opposed to spontaneous generation. Granting the origin of life by a creative act, the method of creation, whether by a single or by successive acts, is not of much importance; but the latter, which seems to be implied in the Scripture account, relieves us of certain scientific difficulties. Professor Stokes then proceeds to deal with the creation of man, and as probably few of our readers have seen his paper in print, we cannot refrain from giving rather a long extract, which deserves to be written in letters of gold.

There is one point in which I think theology is more deeply involved, and respecting which it becomes a serious question whether there is any real scientific evidence in opposition to what seems at least to be the teaching of revelation: I allude to the creation of man. In the account of the creation it is distinctly stated that man was separately created, "In the image of God," whatever that may imply. Nor is this a point in which by a wide licence of interpretation we might say the language was merely figurative; that we can afford to understand it so, for that Scripture was not given us to teach us science. Our whole ideas respecting the nature of sin and the character of God are, as it

seems to me, profoundly affected according as we take the statement of Scripture straightforwardly, which implies that man was created with special powers and privileges, and in a state of innocence from which he fell, or, as we suppose, that man came to be what he is by degrees, by a vast number of infinitesimal variations from some lower animal, accompanied by a correspondingly continuous variation in his mental and moral condition. On this latter supposition, God is made to be responsible for his present moral condition, which is but the natural outgrowth of the mode of his creation.² As regards the lower animals, little change would apparently be made, from a theological point of view, if we were to interpret as figurative the language which seems to assert a succession of creative acts. But the creation of man and his condition at creation are not confined to the account given in Genesis. They are dwelt on at length, in connection with the scheme of redemption, by St. Paul, and are more briefly referred to by our Lord Himself in connection with the institution of marriage.

Now, against these statements so express, so closely bound up with man's highest aspirations, what evidence have we to adduce on the side of science? Why, nothing more than a hypothesis of continuous transmutation, incapable of experimental investigation, and making such demands upon our imagination as to stagger at last the uninitiated.

After glancing at the clumsy hypothesis of a Divine interposition breathing a human soul into the offspring of two apes, this admirable paper ends with a few sensible remarks on the value of the study of science as a means of mental development and of the furtherance of truth.

But it is time to draw these notes to a close. We have already outrun our allotted space, and we must reserve until next month the remaining papers and speeches. After reading Professor Stokes' paper, we must needs conclude in a good temper even with the Anglican Congress, and perhaps the kindest thing we can say is that it is a sad thing to see a number of highly educated men, many of them very able, many of them very honest, some of them possessed of a thorough knowledge of science and an earnest desire for truth, yet all floundering about in that quagmire of theological ignorance and that hopeless muddle of theological contradictions which is called Anglicanism. We can understand Professor Stokes setting aside theological controversy as not belonging to his department—we can understand muddle-headed men like the

² Our readers will observe that the essential distinction (apart from all theological considerations) between the souls of men and brutes is left out of sight, but it would be unfair to expect Professor Stokes to treat the question from the side of Catholic philosophy.

Rev. J. L. Roberts blowing hot and cold with the same breath, advising obedience and rebellion as if they were the same thing in different words—we can understand one who once had a glimpse of truth and turned away from it, now denouncing a great teacher of Truth as an Archimage, and coming forward as the ill-concealed champion of unbelief—but we cannot understand how men, sincere, honest, cultivated, self-sacrificing, like Canon Mason and his fellow-workers, can continue in spite of the clear evidence around which he who runs may read, to throw in their lot with the enemies of the Church of God, instead of fighting under her banners.

In the Papers which still remain to be considered we shall encounter another characteristic phase of Anglicanism, quite as instructive and amusing as those of which we have spoken in the present article. We shall hope to put it before our readers next month.

Reviews.

I.—AN ENGLISH TREATISE ON ECCLESIASTICAL LAW.¹

WE live in an age of new hierarchies. Few people probably appreciate the development that has taken place in recent times in the organization of the Church throughout the world. The degree of ripeness which justifies the Holy See in establishing the normal government of the Church by residential Bishops has been reached successively by various missionary countries. In 1842 Pope Gregory the Sixteenth erected the Australian Hierarchy. This however was not the first missionary hierarchy established in modern times. When that Pope came to the throne in 1831, he found in the United States one Archbishopric already erected and nine residential sees. To these he added ten dioceses, and Pius the Ninth, who erected very many more, raised six of the old sees, two of Pope Gregory's and one of his own erection to metropolitanical honours, leaving thus, at the close of his Pontificate, ten ecclesiastical provinces in North America, containing in all sixty sees. The work of the Holy See at the same time in Canada and South America, though not on the same gigantic scale, still was very considerable. In all, Pope Gregory the Sixteenth erected forty sees, though this number is swelled by the creation of several in the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies. This would seem to be a remarkably large exercise of one of the grandest of the prerogatives of the Holy See, in the course of a reign of fifteen years; but it is thrown completely into the shade by the work of the far longer reign of Pope Pius the Ninth. The late Pope, in the unprecedented term of thirty-one years and a half, created the astonishing number of one hundred and thirty-four residential

¹ " *Elements of Ecclesiastical Law*, compiled with reference to the Syllabus, the Const. *Apostolica Sedis* of Pope Pius IX., the Council of the Vatican and the latest decisions of the Roman Congregations, adapted especially to the discipline of the Church in the United States." By Rev. S. B. Smith, D.D., formerly Professor of Canon Law, author of *Notes, Counter-points*, &c. Vol. 2. Ecclesiastical Trials. New York: Benziger Brothers, 1882.

sees, and he raised to metropolitan rank no less than twenty-eight dioceses that had previously existed.² It is very safe to say that no Pope has ever done the like. It required not merely length of reign, but also that he should have reigned at a time when so large a number of districts should be ripe for the introduction of the hierarchical system. That this has not exhausted the missionary spirit of the Church, and that other lands are being prepared for the reception of a like blessing at the hands of other Popes, is shown by the wonderful fact, that while the number of Delegations and Vicariates Apostolic in 1846, the year of Pope Gregory's death, was one hundred and two, in 1878, the year of the death of Pius the Ninth, after the creation of so large a number of residential sees, there were one hundred and twenty one,—showing how well the fresh buds have kept pace with the full-blown flowers. The Scottish hierarchy bloomed immediately on the accession of our present Holy Father, Pope Leo the Thirteenth, and other creations by His Holiness show how steadily the work of development is progressing. It is certainly startling to learn that between a fourth and a fifth of the sees of the whole world—one hundred and seventy-four out of seven hundred and ninety-three—at the death of Pius the Ninth, were the creations of that Pope and his immediate predecessor.

Now this immense increase in the normally organized centres of government in the Church involved a widespread restoration of the Church's Canon Law. And this in two ways. First of all, the materials requisite for the law must exist before the law can come into operation. Thus, where there are no parishes, no one can be bound to make his Easter Communion in his parish church. And so, as soon as dioceses and provinces come into existence, the law of the Church comes into play that at certain intervals diocesan and provincial Synods shall be held. The other way by which the Canon Law is called into exercise is by the abrogation of local customs contrary to the law, which have arisen under the pressure of necessity in missionary countries. When the Hierarchy was established in England, the Brief erecting it contained this important clause: "Whatsoever has been in force by special constitutions, privileges or peculiar

² These numbers are gathered from the *Notizie* or *Cracas* for 1846, and the *Gerarchia Cattolica* for 1878, the last years respectively of Gregory the Sixteenth and Pius the Ninth. They relate to Latin sees only, and do not include those of Oriental rites.

customs, either in the ancient condition of the Churches of England or in the subsequent missionary state, now that the times have changed, shall henceforth bring neither right nor obligation: wherefore that no doubt may remain, we by the plenitude of our Apostolic authority do altogether take away and abrogate all force of binding or of conferring rights from such peculiar constitutions, privileges of every kind, and customs however ancient and immemorable. Hence the Archbishops and Bishops of England are free to order those things which belong to the execution of the common law, or which are left to episcopal authority by the general discipline of the Church." The object of the Brief is in it declared to be "for the restoration of the ordinary episcopal hierarchy and for the observance of the common law of the Church." Doubtless similar terms have been used by the Holy See in the other cases in which Hierarchies have been erected. Now this exercise of Apostolic authority has been far more frequently used among English speaking nations than elsewhere. A need on a very large scale has therefore arisen of late years in Australia, in America and Canada, in England and Scotland, of a practical knowledge of Canon Law, and that among priests and bishops who often have not the time at their disposal to go to the fountains of law to draw for themselves. Under these circumstances it is wonderful that a manual of Canon Law, embodying our local legislation, has not sooner appeared. And now that a competent Ecclesiastic has undertaken to compile such a manual, the book has naturally met with a general welcome from the clergy and the episcopate. To all officials in every Episcopal *Curia* of English-speaking countries Dr. Smith's work is simply indispensable, and the clergy generally will be glad to possess themselves of the "Elements of Ecclesiastical Law."

We have before us Dr. S. B. Smith's second volume, which at an interval of five years has followed the publication of the first volume of his "Elements of Ecclesiastical Law." The new volume is occupied entirely with the extremely important subject of Ecclesiastical judicature. The author is quite justified in calling this "by far the most difficult and complicated portion of all ecclesiastical law." It is true that ecclesiastical trials are not of very frequent occurrence, but it is of vital importance, when they occur, not only that substantial justice shall be done, but that it shall be done in legal form. Such form is often neglected, not because

those concerned are unwilling to do things rightly instead of wrongly, for the right way will be found to entail the least trouble in the long run, but because the proper method of conducting the trial is not known. The method of ecclesiastical procedure is as definite as that of an English law court. It is perhaps natural that we should take our ideas from the civil trials with which we are familiar rather than from the canonical forms which are built on the procedure of the Roman civil law. This however will not do. We are treating of ecclesiastical authority, and the law by which judgment is passed is Church law; the Court of final appeal is the Holy See, and therefore the manner in which the trial is conducted should be strictly canonical. By the help of Dr. Smith's carefully compiled volume this is rendered practically possible in America and England.

It has been the author's business to incorporate such local modifications of the canon law as the Holy See has made since the establishment of the several Hierarchies. In this matter of Church trials he has had to show how an Instruction given by the Propaganda in 1878 for the United States is to be carried into effect in accordance with the common law of the Church. The details given are of great interest for us in this country, and the whole book is applicable here, since it happens that the Instruction in question is but the communication to America of the plan proposed by Cardinal Wiseman for England at the time of the first Provincial Council of Westminster, and approved for this country in 1853. It is interesting to see our English rules extended to other places, as for instance our *Ritus* for Benediction, which has been adopted by the Hierarchies of Ireland and Holland. The "Commission of Investigation" has been slightly modified in its application to America. A majority is there sufficient for a report, while in England two-thirds of the Commission must agree; and the American Instruction provides for the case of contumacious absence, and for appeal to the Metropolitan. The Bishops of the United States have received from Propaganda some valuable answers to questions proposed by them respecting this Instruction, which answers (though without their date) are given by Dr. Smith.

In the Process approved by the Propaganda an oath is not required from the witnesses, but they are asked whether they are willing, on due occasion, to confirm their testimony by an

oath. Dr. Smith informs us that in the United States "an oath administered by an Ecclesiastical Judge is not illegal, but simply not punishable as perjury, if taken falsely."³ With regard to England and Ireland, he observes that "the statute does not make the administering of the oath contrary to its provisions a penal offence, but simply declares it unlawful, without decreeing any penalty for its violation."⁴ Dr. Smith does not seem to be aware that to contravene an Act of Parliament is a misdemeanour by English law, punishable by fine or imprisonment at the discretion of the court. It is, therefore, well that the Holy See has made the provision for our case that has been already mentioned.

We are glad to see that Dr. Smith has entered fully into the manner in which the trial of matrimonial causes should be conducted. We content ourselves with a single extract from his pages on this subject, as it is interesting for us to know what is thought desirable respecting recourse to ecclesiastical tribunals in America.

In the United States, matrimonial causes, even where they involve the validity or nullity of a marriage already contracted, are, as a rule, decided by the bishop, or also sometimes by the rector of the parties, without any formality whatever. Only in one or two dioceses is a defender of the marriage made use of, in cases where there is question of the validity or nullity of a marriage. This state of things is owing mainly to the missionary condition of the country. Now, however, that this missionary character has given way, at least in most of the Eastern and in many of the Western States, to a fuller and more perfect development of our ecclesiastical organization, which admits of a better observance of the general law of the Church, it would seem practicable to carry out, at least in substance, the general law of the Church, as now prevalent, in regard to the hearing of matrimonial causes, especially when there is question of the validity of a marriage.

2.—MEMOIRS OF A SAINTLY SOUL.¹

The volume—a religious biography of no ordinary interest—has a threefold claim on the attention of the reader. It affords an insight into the domestic life of an united and truly Christian

³ P. 345.

⁴ P. 344.

¹ *An Apostolic Woman; or, the Life and Letters of Irma le Fer de la Motte* (in religion, Sister Francis Xavier). Published by one of her Sisters, with a Preface by M. Léon Aubineau. Translated from the French. New York: The Catholic Publication Society, 1882.

Breton household ; it reveals the interior conflicts and victories of one who entered the religious life with tastes and inclinations entirely opposed to it, and it opens to us a glimpse of the state of missions in North America about forty years ago. No better introduction to the subject of the memoir is needed than the sketch on the first page. A face of such captivating sweetness and simplicity is not often seen, and at once arouses the desire for closer acquaintance with the original of the portrait.

Irma le Fer, the fourth of a family of twelve children, was born at St. Servan in Brittany, in April, 1816, whilst the Church was celebrating the Resurrection of our Lord. Sweetness and amiability of character were not natural to her, outbursts of passion and caprice frequently requiring severe reproof and correction on the part of her wise parents. She was led to overcome these faults first through the promise of a small recompense, though subsequently the love of God supplied a worthier motive. In later years she wrote : " During my sister's illness I overcame my temper for two cents a week, which was truly very cheap ; but now I offer this impressible character to our Lord, that He may employ it for His glory." The atmosphere in which she was brought up was truly Christian ; numerous relatives resided in the neighbourhood, so that the family formed a little colony of exemplary virtue and piety. Reverses of fortune compelled the elder sisters to take part in household duties and in the instruction of the younger children. For this latter duty Irma showed great aptitude, especially when religious teaching was concerned. On one occasion so touchingly did she speak of the joys of Heaven to her little listeners, that one of them—her own godchild—threw her arms round her neck, exclaiming : " Since it is so nice to be in Heaven, do kill me !"

Irma, who appears to have been an attractive girl, endowed with much warmth of imagination and vivacity of manner from her earliest youth, had but one thought, one desire : to give herself unreservedly to God and to lead souls to Him. We are told that—

Irma, who acquitted herself so well of the spiritual welfare of her little sister, neglected somewhat the material care she should have bestowed on her. She often said to her : " My dear child, God regards only the interior, and if you be amiable and obedient He will love you as much dressed in calico as in silk. Would you desire to be elegantly attired, when Jesus was clad in an old purple mantle ? Well, be humble,

be courageous in working, and do not dispute with your brothers. Do this for God, and I also will reward you." These recompenses were not always what Clementine would have chosen. They were to accompany her sister to Mass, to visit poor families, or to assist at the Catechism, which Irma gave in the evening to the poor in the neighbourhood. . . . Whenever her brothers had studied very diligently, and been exceedingly good, the greatest reward she could give was to tell them one of the stories which she knew so well how to make up. She had inherited from her father a wonderful talent for invention. Even grown persons sometimes stopped to listen to her, and her brothers always wished that the recital would last longer. Before beginning, Irma would stick a pin in the candle, putting it higher or lower according to the degree of goodness which merited the reward. One of her brothers once said: "O candle, how rapidly you burned! How sorry we were to see you consumed so quickly! Selfish, like all children, we never thought of the fatigue our sister might experience" (pp. 60, 61).

Her ideas about dress, as may be gathered from the above extract, were strangely unlike those now prevalent.

"How happy sheep are!" she writes. "God clothes them for winter, and men shear them when summer comes, and they never have to think of their toilet. I wish men would mutually agree to adopt an uniform which might always be worn; but in reading these words in the Psalms of David, 'You will change the form like a mantle,' I see the custom is so ancient, that I fear it will subsist long after me."

Irma showed a spirit of independence and dislike of order which made all subjection and even the regularity of the family life painful to her. It may on this account seem surprising that she should have become a nun, and indeed, the religious life formed no part of her early plans. Having heard of the forlorn state of missions in America, she conceived a strong desire to travel to distant lands and be employed in missionary labours; and when in 1839 the Bishop of Indiana visited Brittany, she spoke to him of her wishes. He decided on their immediate realization, but God judged otherwise: in accepting her sacrifice He put obstacles in the way of its accomplishment, and Irma had not only to pass through the trials—the martyrdom as she termed it—of the novitiate of the Sisters of Providence, but when this was over, to suffer the bitter disappointment of seeing the Sisters whom she was to have accompanied to America leave France without her, the Superior judging that the delicacy of her health unfitted her for the hardships, toils, and disasters awaiting that devoted band. Irma had only entered the religious novitiate in order to prepare her for the work she longed for,

but when she found she was to remain in France she submitted gracefully. Her spirit of independence had been ground to powder. "My desire of Indiana," she wrote, "is eclipsed by the Sun of the Divine will; my nature resists, but my heart is at peace." Her desire was eclipsed, not extinguished; and when all hope seemed gone, the interference of the Bishop obtained the consent of her Superiors, and she set sail for New York in 1841. The voyage was a painful one; she was reduced by sea-sickness to the state "of an infant in swaddling clothes," and one day, when left as if dead in her cabin, she even overheard a discussion between the captain and one of her fellow-travellers as to what should be done with her body when she had drawn her last breath. At last she arrived at Vincennes, where she was to spend fifteen years in the practice of religious virtues and the labours of a fervent missionary. The Sisters had not, as she feared they would have, "taken all the poverty;" although they had been there fully a year when she joined them, she found them still lodged all in one garret, barely protected from snow and rain, and enduring unheard of privations. And when a part of the forest had been cleared and a house built for them, they opened a boarding-school for girls, they had to endure much persecution from evil-disposed persons, who tried to drive the Sisters away by burning down the community store-house, which contained all their provisions for the winter. Despite these misfortunes, postulants joined them and the school prospered; their pupils were numerous, and although at first but few converts were made, good seed was sown, and the Sisters hoped that prejudices being rooted up and erroneous and absurd ideas of the Catholic Church being corrected in the minds of their scholars, their influence when they returned to their families would be—as in fact it proved—most salutary.

Despite her frail health and frequent illness, Irma, now Sister St. Francis, was one of the most zealous and active of the community. Many and varied were the directions in which her apostolic zeal was exercised, no opportunity was lost. Her employment amongst the novices and in the school did not prevent outdoor labours; whenever she was able she made visits amongst the neighbours, seeking out the negligent, instructing the ignorant, comforting the afflicted, and never allowing failure to discourage her. Although specially devoted to spiritual works of mercy, she did not forget corporal ones. The account of her varied experiences is most entertaining as well as edifying.

Once when the Sister Infirmarian was absent, Sister St. Francis—who had no knowledge of medicine—was told that a woman had come to get a remedy for her husband, who was suffering from fever, and the Sisters asked if they should send her away. “No, no,” she said, “not at all; she would be displeased. I shall prepare a potion for her.” And taking two pieces of loaf sugar and as much gum arabic, she said: “Dissolve this in such a quantity of cold water, and give your husband half-a-glassful morning and evening; this will do him good.” The woman went off delighted, and a few days after returned to the community, asking work for her husband, whose fever had been checked by the potion of Sister St. Francis; in fact, he was perfectly cured (p. 201).

In the following instance her ministrations had reference to the soul instead of the body, and seem to have been attended with no less happy results.

There lived near St. Mary's-of-the-Woods an old Lutheran lady, who had great veneration for Sister St. Francis, and at the same time such great confidence in her, that she not only made known to her her *perfections*, but also her *imperfections*. One day she confessed to Sister that the turkeys belonging to the community having gone astray, she drove them into her own yard, and cooked and eat them one after another; but as she did this to prevent any one from stealing them, and as she acknowledged it, she could not be made to understand that it was theft. For a long time, Irma instructed her in the doctrines of the Catholic religion, but all her instructions, all her efforts seemed without fruit. At last, however, her perseverance and her prayers were rewarded; the old lady made her abjuration, received the sacraments with much faith, and died blessing the one to whom, after God, she owed this happiness. Sister St. Francis, on being joked with about her new proselyte, said: “It is true the old woman has gained Heaven very cheaply, and she has even taken our turkeys with her to Paradise” (p. 291).

She was always ready to speak of the advantages of suffering, and used to say we should be ashamed to enter Heaven with empty hands. In one of her letters she tells the following anecdote:

Not long since I said to old Michael, a good old man, who thought himself the happiest of the old men of St. Mary's-of-the-Woods, but who has a cancer in his nose: “My good man, you would have been the only one of your kind in Heaven, and you would have had to have a corner apart, for all the saints have suffered. But as you are so unfortunate [complaining?] now that you can neither eat nor sleep, we shall make a novena for you to Our Lady of La Salette.” We had hardly begun it when old Michael recovered his ordinary peace and happiness. He has offered to God the sacrifice of his appearance and

his life; but the Blessed Virgin obtained for him a partial cure at the end of our novena. He has cut all the stone of our new house *gratis pro Deo*. "I am too happy," he said, "to do something for God" (p. 362).

Irma's specialty was teaching, and boys were her favourite pupils. It was the dream of her youth to teach orphan boys, and ultimately this dream was realized, for the sisters opened an orphanage; there she might have often been seen, "her dear little boys all crowding round her, each eager to let her see how well he knew his prayers and Catechism." Indeed, her Superior used to say, laughing:

"To know when Sister St. Francis should be prepared for the last sacraments, I only need to say to her: 'There is a boy downstairs who wishes to speak to you.' If she do not reply, 'Let him come up,' then I shall have no doubt that she is very sick, and that we must at once send for the priest" (p. 295).

Among Sister St. Francis's many gifts, that of letter writing must be mentioned. The letters she wrote home—and they were lengthy and numerous—not only contain details of her life and surroundings, but are full of pious counsel and tender love. They disclose, moreover, her own happiness in her vocation and the affectionate relations existing between herself, her companions, and her Superior. "We are obliged to watch over our own hearts," she says, "so as not to love each other too much. I did not think persons could love so much anywhere as at our home." And again: "I sometimes fear my happiness is too great for a religious." The steady flame of Breton piety and the brilliant flashes of French vivacity are apparent in every line she writes. We must give an extract from the letter describing the simple joy of the community on hearing of the promulgation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception:

"I must now say something of the 8th of December. You think, perhaps, that it was a good day for us; but you are mistaken, unless you understand by a good day a day full of contradictions, temptations, and vexations of every kind. The demon, whose head was crushed at Rome, stirred up all our community with his tail. Never before had he made so many efforts to prevent us from feasting our Blessed Mother. . . . In the evening I said, 'I should so much like to know how our Holy Father has passed this day,—if the demon has tormented him, or if he has tormented the demon.' When I heard of the Immaculate Conception I almost pardoned the poor devil all the mischief he had done us, for he suffered much on that day. . . . O Mary! I return thanks to you because of your glory. To-day (the feast of the Holy

Name, 1855) we have learned the happy tidings; the angels and saints knew it long ago, and you knew it also. But we are so far away! It is the Holy Name of Jesus which has brought us the precious message. . . . Father Corbe read the despatch yesterday, but the mischievous Father kept it secret until this morning at Mass. I was not present, but a postulant ran with all her might to tell me. How happy Mother Theodore is! If you could know what a *pull* she gave to the bell! All the Sisters except myself hastened to the chapel: then the *Te Deum*, the organ, the voices of all the Sisters! Every statue of the Blessed Virgin is ornamented, from 'Our Lady of the Valley' to her statue in the kitchen; everywhere tapers, flowers, crowns. The postulants went singing canticles from place to place, wherever there was an image of Mary. General recreation was given, and talking at dinner. . . . One of the Sisters who had lately arrived was so overcome on hearing the heavenly news, she thought she would faint in the church. 'How did you understand,' she was asked, 'what Father Corbe said?'—for he spoke in English. 'Is it necessary,' she replied with vivacity, 'that news such as this should be told in words? I heard nothing, but I understood all!'" (pp. 386, seq.).

God granted Sister St. Francis to realize her wish of remaining in harness up to the last, for her mortal sickness was but of brief duration. Towards the end of January, 1856, she took a severe cold, which, developing into inflammation of the lungs, carried her off in a few days.

We hope that this charming little biography may soon reach a second edition. When it does so, we would call the translator's attention to some terms of expression which sound strange to our ears. Englishmen are too fond of putting down all peculiarities in American translations as "Americanisms." We think it is unfair to credit the nation with what are really the faults of the individual. When we read of some one being "notoriously ashamed," of "expecting one's walking papers," of letters "taking a trip through the fire," we feel sure that American critics would object to these unclassical and undignified expressions as much as any Englishman. We hope the translator will take the kindly hint and correct them when the book is reprinted.

3.—FATHER CURTIS'S EIGHT DAYS' RETREAT.¹

Many commentaries have been written on the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius, yet there is always room for more.

¹ *The Way of Religious Perfection in the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius.* By Rev. John Curtis, S.J. Dublin: Gill and Son.

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For St. Ignatius only lays down the broad outline of the Retreat, and leaves the Director in each case to fill up and supplement according to the needs of his charge. Hence it comes that the mere text of St. Ignatius is of itself quite useless to the beginner in spiritual life: he can no more avail himself of its stores than an untrained person can make any good use of the drugs in a chemist's shop. Hence the use of books like this of Father Curtis, which apply the Spiritual Exercises to definite wants, addressing themselves to a particular class in a particular time.

For nearly half a century the venerable author has had constant experience of the needs of religious women, and his rendering of the Exercises is entirely adapted to their wants. To prevent disappointment it should be stated at once that a reader must not expect eloquence or elaborate finish in taking up these pages: but if he looks for serious truths that will bear deep pondering, and for practical suggestions for daily life, he will be abundantly satisfied. The Retreat is arranged for ten days with three meditations a day, all of which are applied to the wants of the religious for whom he is writing. Besides these there are given two exercises for each day, an examen of the interior, and a practical consideration, which are supplementary to the meditations, and ensure that their results be not left vague. The soul that follows these out conscientiously cannot but gain great light as to its past progress, present condition, and duty for the future: in all cases the solid, prominent virtues of the religious state are insisted upon and brought home by practical details. In addition to all this, four fuller lectures are added on points which the author's experience has shown him to need special attention; they are the Spirit of the Religious State, Mortification, Humility, and Prayer. These important matters are treated with remarkable thoroughness, and no reader can fail to remark the practical tone of the instructions. Thus in his discourse on the religious state, Father Curtis takes special pains to point out the difference between the active life, which most nuns are ^{ca-} which upon to live now-a-days, and the purely contemplative life, w^{as} the circumstances of the times led holy souls to in past age: and from this he deduces the different application to be made in our day of the principles developed in the older spiritual writers. This difference of circumstances is again brought forward in the lecture on mortification, and Father Curtis clearly lays down the

lines to be followed, so as to avoid on the one side the utter ruin of religious life by the neglect of mortification, and on the other the prevention of the work of the institute by indiscreet penances.

But this notice would exceed all proportions if we went on to indicate all the practical teaching of these simple pages : it is the same everywhere ; here we find the Beatitudes brought home to us as the principles of spiritual life ; there we are struck by the admirable use of the doctrine of the most familiar of our spiritual books, the *Imitation* ; in another place we find guidance in methods of prayer, showing the real harmony between the methods of St. Teresa and St. Ignatius. We must not conclude without noticing how the practical guidance of Father Curtis is careful to bring in the great devotions of all religious to the Blessed Sacrament, to the Sacred Heart, and to our Lady as parts of his course of training. May this little book be as useful to the religious who read it to help their retreats as its materials have been to the many convents that have heard them from Father Curtis's lips.

4.—LIFE AND TIMES OF "JOHN OF TUAM."¹

This little work, the first of a proposed series, is sure of being heartily welcomed. With the exception of O'Connell, whose faithful ally and even adviser he was, probably no Irishman of the present century was so highly esteemed and trusted by the vast majority of his countrymen as "John of Tuam," and no other was so thoroughly consistent and unswerving in his principles and teaching from the beginning to the end of his long career. He loved the Catholic faith and the Irish people with a love no danger could daunt, and to the service of both he devoted his long and laborious life. It is right, therefore, and quite in keeping with his own spirit, that the history of his life, if published at all, should be made accessible to the great body of his countrymen. In doing so we think Canon Bourke and the publishers have acted wisely, though it is much to be desired that a longer and fuller history, containing extracts from the great Archbishop's own graceful and trenchant pen were also forthcoming.

As a "miniature painting" the present work merits the

¹ *Life and Times of the Most Rev. John M'Hale, Archbishop of Tuam.* By the Rev. U. J. Bourke, P.P., M.R.I.A. Dublin : Gill and Son.

highest commendation. The writer, both from his intimate knowledge of Dr. M'Hale, and from the qualities of mind he displays as an historian and biographer, was admirably suited for the work. The result of his labours is a most readable and interesting book. Some want of proportion is, however, observable in its parts. Several chapters, particularly towards the beginning, are very full and extended, while towards the end important events are a little hurried over, and some things omitted we should have expected to find. At page 53, Canon Bourke, in accounting for Dr. M'Hale's want of deep scientific knowledge, tells us, that "the minuteness of detail and the sharp clear lines of defined theoretic truths of science were like slender rails—too tiny for a firm footing to one not accustomed to such keen thought." If by this it is meant that some of the gossamer theories of modern scientists were too flimsy to satisfy or be tolerated by a mind accustomed to solid truth, we quite agree with Canon Bourke; if, however, it is meant that "the theoretic truths of science" require keener thought than one who has successfully studied and taught Catholic philosophy and theology is capable of bringing to bear upon them, we do not agree with him.

5.—LA VIE VAUT-ELLE LA PEINE DE VIVRE?¹

Every effort is praiseworthy which is directed towards giving a true appreciation of human life. And sound doctrine on this point is specially needful in an age like the present, when man's place in nature has been so falsely represented that pessimism is growing in favour, and people are becoming more inclined to re-echo the cynic's sentiment, that the next best thing to never being born is to die out of this wretched existence. Even to a joyous, exuberant career, there often occur seasons of depression when it is all important to look at the gift of life from the true aspect. "Imagination," writes Scott, in his *Diary*, "renders us liable to be the victims of occasional low spirits. All [endowed with powers of imagination] must have felt, that but for the dictates of religion, or the natural recoil of the mind from the idea of dissolution, there have been times when they would have been willing to throw away life, as a child does a broken

¹ *La Vie vaut-elle la peine de vivre ?* Par W. H. Mallock, Ouvrage Traduit par le P. James Forbes, S.J. Paris : Pedone-Lauriel, 1882.

toy. I am sure I know one who has often felt so." This throwing away of life, when it does not take the form of suicide, frequently consists in yielding up to sensual indulgences powers that never were meant to be so basely frittered away.

Mr. Mallock's book on the true value of life, so well known in England, deserves introduction into France, where, according to Father Forbes, it has met with little attention, so long as it has not appealed to French readers in their native tongue. The present translation is carefully executed, and has the further recommendation that it is preceded by a general introduction, and accompanied with notes, which are inserted just as occasion requires. These additions to the author's original work are demanded by the fact that he goes near to the Catholic faith without taking the final step of giving to our religion his simple adhesion. Useful, therefore, as are his arguments, and complete as is their destructive force against the tenets of adversaries, they call for supplement from a Catholic translator. An instance in point is Mr. Mallock's assertion of freewill, because without it there can be no true moral agency; while the reasonable justification of his assertion he allows to lie beyond reach. Whereon Father Forbes remarks :

"Ce qu'il y a de curieux, c'est que l'auteur, tout en disant qu'il ne comprend pas la liberté, en expose parfaitement la preuve." This proof is man's own most intimate consciousness that he is, within limits, free to choose. "On demande une preuve du libre arbitre. En voici une qui doit être du goût de l'époque, puis qu' on ne veut que des faits. La liberté est un fait. Il est vrai que ce fait ne se démontre pas par un autre; mais il s'atteste par lui-même, par sa propre lumière, comme tous les faits de conscience, et la conscience en attestant la liberté, en atteste la cause, la spontanéité de l'âme." Hence Mr. Mallock is wrong in admitting that he has to defend "an effect without a cause."

It will be seen that even to our own countrymen Father Forbes's work may prove acceptable, as furnishing a criticism on the text it is translating. What Mr. Mallock has written is in many ways admirable, but it needs important corrections and additions, and these Father Forbes has made it his object to supply.

6.—KILLED AT SEDAN.¹

Killed at Sedan is the very singular and misleading title given to a tale which, so far from being either political or historical, is of a purely domestic character. It is by no means wanting in incident, and although the transitions are occasionally somewhat abrupt and puzzling, Mr. Richardson succeeds in awakening his reader's interest in most of the actors in the scene. Without revealing too many of the details of his story, we may indicate its chief features in the return from India of Colonel Legrange, an old officer and a widower, to the shores of Ireland, accompanied by his very beautiful and simple-hearted daughter, Lucie, who receives decidedly unwonted yet unmis-takeable attentions from a sergeant, bearing the assumed name of George Clayton. The element of dark knavery and mischief on the female side is introduced in the person of a certain Miss Margaret Le Breton, who, as we may almost anticipate, induces the old Colonel to marry her, and alienates the affection of the father from his child, although we are scarcely prepared for her own separation from her aged and doting husband. She does not take this step, however, until she has recognized in George Clayton her former disowned lover, Augustine St. Clare, and found the handsome property conditionally left to her by his father, now claimed by the son in his own right. Resolved to prevent the impending marriage between St. Clare and Lucie Legrange, she engages as accomplice in mischief-making an unprincipled spendthrift and gambler, generally known to his friends as Captain Jack Audley, whose sole redeeming quality is a certain tenderness of heart and devoted attachment to his sister, Agnes, which his little child afterwards born to him nearly absorbed. Under the treacherous insinuation that Lucie does not really care for her affianced lover, the handsome *roué* is easily persuaded to take advantage of Augustine's absence by gaining the young lady's affections and obtaining her consent to an elopement, so that the hero of the story returns only to find his home empty and himself deserted for another.

After an interval of two years the scene is changed to Paris, and to the elegant home of the Comtesse de la Vallonière, only child of the Marquis de Seury. Through her Augustine St.

¹ *Killed at Sedan.* A novel. By Samuel Richardson, A.B., B.L. of the Middle Temple. London: R. Washbourne.

Clare hears that Lucie, now Mrs. Audley, is lying dangerously ill at her father's cottage in the neighbouring village of Turesnes, and hastens to visit her, though too late to find her alive. The Comtesse Marie, a great beauty, fond of dress and gay society, amiable withal, was unfortunately under promise to wed the highly-educated but atheistical Henri, Marquis de Ruchault. It was evident, notwithstanding, that a strong admiration and affection were springing up in her heart for the handsome and attractive M. St. Clare; nor did he, in return, fail to appreciate the qualities of mind and heart which underlay her apparent frivolity and worldliness. Although all the interest and pleasure which Marie might have felt in the young Marquis' attachment and self-devotedness to her every wish were rapidly supplanted by her more tender love for Augustine St. Clare, all goes on amicably and smoothly in the story until the long looked for connection with Sedan betrays itself, not in the death of Napoleon, morally slain there as Emperor of France, nor even in that of the hero of our story, but of the Marquis de Ruchault, the rival in the way of the supreme happiness of Augustine. It is true that St. Clare received what might well have been his death-blow on that celebrated battlefield, but he lived to be married to the mistress of his heart, and to welcome, in the sister of his friend Audley, the wife of the Marquis de Scury, Marie's father.

It is a compliment to an author, as well as an act of kindness, to draw attention to such defects as might be avoided in acknowledgment of the suggestion. Thus, while the earlier pages of this novel strike us as redundant in epithets and the use of parenthesis, in simply narrative parts expressions offend the taste as too colloquial to be worthy of the subject. Again, the unity of the story is somewhat marred by historical allusions and quotations of poetry which do not seem in keeping with the narrative which they are intended to illustrate. We would also venture to hint that some of the actors lay themselves out too ostensibly as spokesmen of the moral lessons impressed on the reader through their lips. Mr. Richardson is evidently uneasy about the credence likely to be conceded to the two anecdotes attributed to his hero, St. Clare when in India, he begins and ends them with assurances of their genuineness. We confess our difficulty in understanding why this possessor of purloined money did not, after his safe descent from the water-buffalo, on which he had escaped his pursuers, run back and recover a considerable portion of the booty he had lost on the way, seeing

that the road is described as being "white and strewn with the rupees or florins which jumped every instant out of his pocket." Prescinding from these minor points which might be easily attended to, there are yet many good things said and delineations of character well given in this short novel.

7.—THE TOPOGRAPHY OF JERUSALEM.¹

A work on the topography of Jerusalem leads us at once into knotty questions, which cannot be discussed in a short notice. The real position of the Holy Places in Jerusalem was assumed as certain for many centuries; and even after Korte's work, published in 1726, the question was hardly looked upon as open to discussion. But Dr. Robinson, in his great works on Palestine, has popularized in England the view that the tradition commonly received is erroneous, and dates only from the middle ages. Further, Mr. Fergusson, in his article, "Jerusalem," in the *Dictionary of the Bible*, and in other works, maintains that the traditional spot of the crucifixion and burial are mere impostures of the middle ages; and that the true sacred site of the entombment is the "Dome of the Rock," which he maintains to be the church raised by Constantine, and even venerated as such till the persecutions of the Saracen conquerors drove the Christians from Jerusalem. When the persecution mitigated, a few Christians may have returned and built themselves a new church, which the Crusaders afterwards took for the real church of Constantine, raised over the rock wherein our Lord was buried. Against this view Father Wærnhart contends in the work before us. He adduces arguments from tradition, from the testimony of ancient writers and of the Bible itself, and from modern excavations. On this last point he is able to bring forward valuable evidence; for works recently undertaken for building purposes seem to show that the old wall ran too far to the west of the Temple to admit of the site of the "Dome of the Rock" having been outside the old wall; but that Calvary and the place of entombment were outside the wall admits of no dispute. But no doubt much more evidence will be required before the controversy can be settled. Some idea of the confusion in which the question has been involved may be formed

¹ *Figura Jerosolyma tempore Jesu Christi D.N. a Fr. Wærnhart, O.S.F. Herder, Brisgovia.*

from the fact that even the real position of Mount Sion, and, still more, the extent of the Temple area, have been much disputed.

Father Wærnhart's plan of Jerusalem is given in the form of a bird's-eye view, measuring two feet three inches by one foot three inches. It is clear, and impresses well on the mind the chief topographical details, the deep valleys round the city on every side but the north, the prominent position of the Temple, and the great walls that stood so many sieges. The map is especially adapted to the study of the New Testament, more particularly of the Passion, the traditional sites for the various incidents whereof are all indicated. The map has no names on it, but large Roman numerals are used to indicate the quarters of the city, while references in italics refer to the accompanying index of places. Where the position of any place is identified only by tradition, this fact is indicated in the index.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

MR. WOOD has done good work in translating into English the pamphlet, *Il Vaticano e il Quirinale*,¹ proceeding as it does from the same eminent pen to which we already owe *Il Papa e l'Italia*. Moderate in tone and intensely loyal in principle, the distinguished author points out the miseries and misfortunes which have resulted to Italy from the forcible occupation of Rome by the Piedmontese. In one way the restoration to the Pope of his own city is more important to Italy than to the Catholic world at large, for it is but a matter of time to the latter, while for the former it is a question of existence or non-existence. The writer believes that the only solution of the present difficulty, which can at the same time satisfy Italian aspirations and respect the claims of the Holy See, is the programme of the Pope Sovereign in independent Italy. We hope this pamphlet will be widely read by all who desire to form a sound judgment on Italian "liberty."

¹ *The Vatican and the Quirinal*. Translated from the Italian by Alexander Wood, M.A., F.S.A. Washbourne.

Father Bagshawe has just issued a second series of *Catholic Sermons on Faith and Morals*.² Besides those by the Editor himself, Father Gordon contributes three sermons *De Novissimis*, and the Dominican Father Limerick, and Father Harington Moore, also appear as contributors. We do not profess to have read through the whole volume, but we have read enough to form a high opinion of its contents. The sermons are short, practical, and contain a great deal of theology stated in simple language. We turn, for instance, to Father Limerick's Sermon on Hope. We remember to have had pointed out to us in some cheap catechism a definition of hope which made it a conditional confidence that we should attain to Heaven, the condition being that we on our part fulfil what God requires of us. Now such a definition creates a confusion between *faith* and *hope*. Every one believes he will get to Heaven if he fulfils the necessary condition, but *hope* puts all fulfilment of conditions aside, or rather it includes it, as a part of the confidence which it inspires. Father Limerick (and we think correctly) introduces no condition whatever, and defines hope as a virtue which God pours into our souls, and by which we look with *certain confidence* for our eternal salvation. Such a definition is far more consoling and also more correct. We are sorry that we have no space to give any quotation from these sermons except the following excellent remark from Father Bagshawe's Sermon on Penance :

If a sinner could be brought to look his iniquities steadily in the face, and to keep an account of them, it would be almost impossible for him to persevere for any long time in a state of sin. The Psalmist says, "I know my iniquity, and my sin is always before me" (Ps. l. 5). If we knew our iniquities as he did we should now imitate his repentance. The very object of sacramental confession is, if possible, to compel us to know *at least* something of ourselves and our own consciences.

We owe the beautiful devotion of the Stations of the Cross to the Order of St. Francis, and it is but natural that a Franciscan Father should publish a little book which gives much useful information and many useful, practical suggestions respecting the "Way of Sorrows."³ The only point to which

² *Catholic Sermons on Faith and Morals*. Conducted by Rev. J. B. Bagshawe. Vol. vii. Lane and Son, 310, Strand.

³ *Treatise on the Way of Sorrows*, followed by a Practical Method of Blessing, Erecting, and Solemnly Performing the Stations of the Way of the Cross. By Father Alexis Bullus, O.S.F.

we venture to take exception is the substitution of a new version of the beautiful and touching reflections and prayers which are given in most Catholic prayer-books, to be said at the various Stations. The tender piety of the sentiment expressed and the music of the English words are so bound up in Catholic hearts that we do not care to see them improved upon.

We have much pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to a little volume which will be of interest to all those who have had friends or relations in the Society of Jesus, or who are investigating the history of Jesuit saints, martyrs, or other distinguished men. Le Père Hamy⁴ has collected at the College of Boulogne all the portraits of past members of the Society, which it was possible to bring together. He has since published the catalogue of his collection. It will be very useful to those who desire to obtain a picture of any of the children of St. Ignatius.

The same Father has also printed a series of scientific tables,⁵ giving in succinct form a vast amount of information on the subject of which they treat. For purposes of examination as well as of general knowledge, they might be employed with good results.

Dr. Brann's little book⁶ gives, in thirty-six pages, a concise, clear, and easily intelligible view of scholastic arguments for the existence and the nature of man's soul. The reader, however, will have to think over what he reads. It will be hardly any use his hurrying through the work as if he were perusing some slight story for children. The style of proof is one that essentially demands thought on the part of those to whom it is proposed. As, however, readers may generally be supposed not to be professed theologians or philosophers, it might have been well if the writer had been a little more guarded occasionally against possible misunderstanding. For instance, one not practised in the language of the schools may get a false notion from hearing the union of soul and body called "hypostatical," and being told that it resembles the union wrought in the Incarnation. Of course, the writer has his meaning correct enough, but the reader may easily err.

⁴ *Essai sur l'Iconographie de la Compagnie de Jésus.* Par le R. P. Alfred Hamy, S.J. Paris et Lille.

⁵ *Tableaux Synoptiques de Physique et de Chimie.* Par le R. P. Hamy, S.J. Paris et Lille.

⁶ *The Spirituality and Immortality of the Human Soul.* By the Rev. H. A. Brann, D.D. New York: The Catholic Publication Society, 1882.

*A Saint among Saints*⁷ is a poetical little sketch of the life of St. Emmelia, St. Basil's mother. It is full of piety and good thoughts—a little sentimental, perhaps, but prettily written and telling the tale of one who is but little known. We think that the author is wrong in identifying the Greek Emmelia with the Latin Æmilia, and that the similarity of the two words is a mere chance resemblance.

*The Social Science Association: A Narrative of Results.*⁸

This is a modest record of good work done in many branches of social reform, and will doubtless well fulfil the laudable aim of acquainting many inquirers with the working of the Social Science Association. Nor will it, we hope, be without effect in enlisting recruits. Such a volume obviously calls for no criticism, but it suggests at least one reflection. Among a considerable array of names eminent in connection with the several branches of the Society's work there occur those of singularly few Catholics. This surely is a matter for regret. We, as Catholics, should be sadly mistaken, were we to underrate the good effects of any improvement of the moral, physical, and social atmosphere in which we live in predisposing them to accept the gentle influences and healing ministrations of religion. A good deal has been written lately, justly or unjustly, about the alleged inactivity of the Catholic Union. It is not out of place to suggest that there are beneficial movements, not exclusively nor even prominently Catholic, into which individual Catholics may throw themselves with as good results as are likely to be produced by some forms, perhaps, of corporate self-assertion. The Cardinal Archbishop has set us a noble example in this respect. We may not all of us believe in all the schemes which the Social Science Association has set on foot, but every one may find something to admire in its many-sided action, and some, perhaps, of the Catholic readers of the Association manual may find in it a hint for the useful application of some of their spare time and energies.

It is rather a curious anomaly to find a Protestant clergyman preaching in favour of the *cultus* of our Lady,⁹ yet Mr. Stewart Headlam, in a little volume of sermons lately published, openly advocates devotion to her on his Anglican listeners.

⁷ *A Saint among Saints.* Life of St. Emmelia. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son.

⁸ *The Social Science Association: A Narrative of Results.* By J. L. Clifford-Smith.

⁹ *The Service of Humanity.* And other Sermons. By Stewart D. Headlam, B.A. London: John Hodges.

It was intended that all generations should call her blessed : and you are among those who know how grievously the generations of Englishmen who have lived since the Reformation have suffered this want of reverence to her.

At the same time we are a little astonished to find as one of the results of the growing devotion among Anglicans "a strong desire that women should have an education on an equality with men," a proposal which we think our Lady would scarcely have countenanced. But Mr. Headlam is in many respects rather an abnormal person. In a sermon on "The Stage," he appears as a zealous advocate of theatre-going.

My own enthusiasm for the stage is the result of strong religious conviction, and, unlike many of my clerical brethren, who left off going to the theatre when they were ordained, it is only during the nine years that I have been a priest that I have also been a regular and devoted theatre-goer.

In the last sermon in the volume, on the Church and Liberalism, he declares "the Church to be a great democratic society," and asserts that "his priesthood binds him to Radicalism," and that he perceives a glorious future for the Church of England when its members are "free from State fetters and State patronage, and free to develop themselves as the great socialistic secular society."

Another volume of Anglican sermons which lies upon our table is dedicated to Mr. Headlam, to whom the author seems to be united by a common love of paradoxes, and what he himself calls an "inability to admit the fetters of party." His sermons contain nothing remarkable except a number of smart sayings directed against every form of religion, and a love of finding fault, which makes him sympathize with every rebel. Of the accuracy of his historical statements we give the following instance. Speaking of St. Paul's neglect of kindred and friends for Christ's sake, he adds—

So it was with Luther. He regarded the Bishop of Rome and the Church of Rome as his father and mother. He was as full as any of us can be with a selfish passion for the safety of his own soul. But when the Truth said to him, "Follow me," he counted the cost, he hated father, and mother, and brother, and his own soul also, and followed Jesus, the everlasting Truth and Righteousness.

We cannot be surprised if Anglican Bishops refused to license such a "romancer" as this!

We have also received a revised edition of Father Tondini's *Change in Faith, or Development*, a Critical Exposition of St. Vincent de Lerins, *Quod ubique, quod semper, quod ab omnibus*, addressed to Anglicans (Hodges), and very much to be recommended both to Catholics and to Anglicans who wish to know what St. Vincent's Canon really means; *The Catholic Family Annual for 1883* (New York Catholic Publication Society), which contains a series of short biographies and portraits of many distinguished Catholics, living and dead; *A Thought of St. Teresa's for every day of the Year* (Benziger), very suited for members of the Third Order of Mount Carmel, and for other persons who desire to have a watchword for each day, or the subject of a short meditation; and *A Sketch of a Bill for the Amendment of the Divorce Acts*, by a Country Parson (Hodges), who thinks that there ought to be some more severe penalties for adultery.

II.—MAGAZINES.

The *Dublin Review* commences with a graceful tribute to the memory of Dr. Ward, from the pen of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. We need say nothing of it here, as probably most of our readers are already familiar with it. The remaining articles are chiefly historical—rather too exclusively historical, we venture to think, considering the many vital questions of theology and philosophy, art, science, and criticism, which are rife around us. The single exception is a very interesting article on the "Childhood of Religions," setting forth the fatal objections and the modern theory that they all grow up by a process of gradual advance. The account of *Manzoni* is sure to attract all who have read *I promessi Sposi*, and the rest of the articles are full of that literary talent and ability which are invariable characteristics of the *Dublin Review*.

We cannot allow Mr. Kegan Paul's article on "Faith and Unfaith" in the *Nineteenth Century*, to pass without a word of notice. It is simply crushing as an answer to the ordinary Protestant objections to Catholic doctrine. It shows the utter futility of the arguments used against the Church. It marks an era in the history of thought in England. It proclaims the fact which is gradually dawning upon the educated mind of England—that there is no halting place between Rome on the one hand

and on the other infidelity or agnosticism. Every Catholic will read it with mixed satisfaction and regret—satisfaction at the calm logic which puts forward so clearly the rational consistency of the Church's teaching—regret at the thought that the talented author seems rather to incline to the unhappy alternative of blank unfaith.

The comparative science of religion has, in preceding numbers of the *Katholik*, formed the subject of a series of essays. The writer has occasionally qualified the admiration of Professor Müller by a few words deprecating his theories concerning the origin of religion. In the September number Dr. Lüken comes forward to show clearly and decidedly wherein the error consists, viz., that religion is not, as Professor Müller asserts, a mere production of the human mind, similar to language in its origin and elaboration, and dependent on it for its growth and development; nor are these religions originally false, since even the traditions of the heathen may be traced back to revelation. False religions are but a corruption of the divinely-revealed truth, which was preserved by the Jews, whilst others falling away from God, became godless.

Dr. Grimm is already well known on account of his *Harmony of the Gospels*, and *History of our Lord's Childhood*; we now have two volumes of his *History of the Public Life and Ministry of our Lord* brought before our notice by a brief review in the pages of the *Katholik*. The book appears to be worthy of high praise. The matter is handled in a masterly way, doubtful questions discussed and elucidated, and points of scientific or topographical interest brought into relief. A short account of the meeting of the laity of Germany held at Frankfort-on-Main last month will be read with interest. It was well attended, many of the leading Catholics of the country being present, and the greatest harmony prevailing throughout. The resolutions taken are protestations against existing evils, and exhortations to the Catholics of Germany to fidelity in the performance of the duties of their religion. Dr. Joerres, of Ahrweiler, contributes the description of a MS. missal dating from the twelfth or thirteenth century, pointing out the differences existing between the ritual as it then was and in its present form.

The opening article of the *Stimmen aus Maria Laach* for September consists in a panegyric of the seraphic St. Teresa, in view of the Tercentenary of the death of that Saint, whom the whole of Christendom has lately united with Catholic Spain to

celebrate. Rising when Spain was at the apogee of her glory, St. Ignatius and St. Teresa appear like a twin constellation, the last and most glorious of the heroes that country produced, both to devote themselves with generous ardour to stem the tide of heresy which was then inundating Europe, the one in active labour, the other in prayerful solitude. Father Lehmkuhl's pen has already several times been employed against those who endeavour to justify, or at least to palliate the crime of suicide. He now proves that self-destruction, an attendant on the increase of luxury and corruption of morals, has at all times been looked upon as an injustice and offence against the State, and as such been punishable. That it has ever been condemned by Christian law and ecclesiastical authority is well known: Protestantism has however done much towards increasing the leniency with which it is frequently regarded. Father Granderath gives the conclusion of his tour in the West of Ireland; his account is lively and pleasing, and he appears to have been well impressed by the kindness and hospitality he met with in the upper, and by the simplicity and piety of the lower classes.

The *Civiltà Cattolica* (No. 775) does not give a very encouraging report of the present condition of Italy, nor take a hopeful view of the future, either with regard to interior matters, or external relations with foreign Powers. Ever since the iniquitous occupation of Rome, Republicanism has been steadily on the increase, and the Government is impotent to check the spread of anarchy and socialism; discontent is rife amongst the people, discouragement prevails among the good, and the wicked grow bold. In the eyes of Europe, it is confessed that Italy has lost her prestige; at the Congress of Berlin her interests were ignored. Nor may it be hoped that the approaching elections will bring about the amelioration in this unhappy state of affairs, since the Catholic element will be almost entirely wanting, which alone is the salt preserving from corruption the body politic. The *Civiltà* also draws a comparison between St. Francis, the Seraph of Assisi, and St. Teresa, the Seraph of Avila, both unsurpassed in the sublime ardour of their charity, and alike in their strenuous enforcements of poverty amid prevailing luxury and corruption, in the supernatural and visible wounds inflicted on them by an angelic apparition, and in the astonishingly rapid growth of the Orders formed in the one case and reformed in the other.

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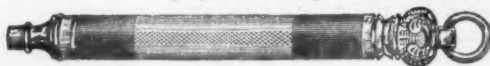
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222

THE MONTH

A Catholic Magazine and Review.

DECEMBER, 1882.

CONTENTS.

1. CHRISTMAS IN CENTRAL INDIA. <i>By M. D. O'Connell</i>	457
2. A RECENT PILGRIMAGE TO MECCA	461
3. A MODERN LAZARUS. <i>By A. M. Clarke</i>	477
4. A WORTHY SON OF THE SCOTCH SOIL. <i>By the Rev. Thomas Harper</i>	495
5. THE WARRIORS OF THE SEA. <i>By M. Bell.</i>	507
6. FROM GIBRALTAR TO ORAN. <i>By Mrs. Mulhall.</i>	524
7. THE INFLUENCE OF MORAL CONDUCT ON RELIGIOUS BELIEF. <i>By the Editor</i>	531
8. REUTER AND THE DEVELOPMENT OF TELEGRAPHY. <i>By Spencer Payne</i>	549
9. THREE ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS. <i>By the Rev. J. G. MacLeod.</i>	557
10. THE TALE OF A PUPPY. <i>By E. Randolph, Jun.</i>	565
REVIEWS	572
1. A new Life of Spinoza. 2. A very strange Eirenicon. 3. Sketches of Modern Celebrities. 4. Mr. Leslie Stephen on Ethics. 5. A comprehensive History. 6. Adventures all over the World. 7. State v. Church in France.	
LITERARY RECORD	597
I.—Books and Pamphlets.	
II.—Magazines.	

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Christmas in Central India.

How different from Christmas at home! No rain, no cold, no ice or snow on Christmas Eve, but a bright warm sun and a gentle balmy breeze.

Fortress Gwalior, where the writer spent his Christmas last year, is situated on a huge rock about one mile in length and a quarter of a mile broad at its widest part. It is three hundred feet high, and has almost perpendicular walls.

From the summit a magnificent view of the surrounding country is obtained. Around the north end and east side of the fortress, close under the walls, nestles the old city of Gwalior, now fast going to ruin. On the eastern side, but more towards the southern end of the fortress, are seen the two palaces of the Maharajah Scindia. They are very pretty buildings, with nicely laid out gardens and several small lakes. Here the Maharajah entertained the Prince of Wales when he visited India.

At the southern end of the fortress is the modern city, called Lushkur, which means an army camp. On the west of the fortress is a low range of hills on which are some pretty temples.

About four miles to the east, and buried in trees, lies the large military cantonment of Morar. Thither this Christmas Eve we pay a visit, taking with us our little ones, who have been invited to a children's party. As usual with children throughout the world, they do their best to avail themselves to the utmost of all the good things provided. Piles of cakes, sweets, fruit, &c., go down like Egyptian troops before the British lancers, till we feel a little envious of our young friends' assimilative powers. But at length they have arrived, as nearly as we can judge, at the extreme limit of their almost unlimited capacities, and we begin our preparations for departure.

The sun has set ere we leave to return to the fortress, a pleasant drive over a good road. The young moon shimmers through the trees, which shade the road three-fourths of the distance, and forms so many shadows on the ground that our

pony performs a sort of sword-dance the greater part of the way. As we approach the rock, it rises between us and the moon, and our last half mile is accomplished in comparative darkness. Soon we pass through the native town, with its badly lighted shops, and enter the lower gate of the fort. Here we alight, the ascent being too steep to drive up, and are carried up the hill in dooleys, or palanquins, each borne by six bearers, or kahars, arriving at our quarters just in time for dinner. It is now cold enough to enjoy a fire, and from the mess and all the quarters a bright cheery light flickers.

Dinner over, and the children (having first arranged stockings for Santa Claus' expected visit) gone to bed, we sit and talk a little of our friends at home. We inquire if that important article, the plum pudding, be ready for the morrow. It is now late, and we are about to retire, when a sudden thought prompts us to go forth and see an Eastern town, at night, on Christmas Eve.

It is cold, but armed with wraps we proceed. First, down the hill to the old town of Gwalior. Here we wander about a little. The few figures that we meet are carefully rolled up in blankets or any covering they possess. The lights are few and small, and the general look of the town is dilapidated and comfortless in the extreme. A straw shed, having an open door, through which a faint light glimmers, excites our curiosity. We peep in, and see on one side cows and donkeys: on the other, lying on the ground, a woman and infant. We hastily withdraw, but what we have seen is still before our eyes. Was Bethlehem like this? Surely not so desolate, so comfortless, so unnoticed by the world. What can be this mother's feelings to-night, and how dependent on her the wee babe for its very life. And that other Mother and Babe eighteen hundred years ago! A challenge from a stalwart Sepoy of the 39th N.I. startles us, the heavy gate swings open, and, passing in, we again ascend the hill.

Having reached the summit, we walk along the eastern battlement, leaving behind and below us the town of Gwalior. A large temple looms on our right. This presents some magnificent stone carving, and has recently been restored by the Government of India, under the superintendence of Major Keith, 39th, Dorsetshire Regiment. It is a Hindoo temple, and its name is Matha Devi, which sounds wonderfully familiar to our ears, especially in connection with the thoughts called up

by what we had seen just before in the shed. Again we resume our stroll for about half a mile, when we reach the extreme southern end of the fort, and take up our position on No. 1 Battery.

By daylight there is a fine view from this point. Three hundred feet below, the modern town of Lushkur extends for about two miles in a southern direction. On the left are the two palaces, previously mentioned, and the whole is backed by a low range of hills. At sunset it forms a pretty picture, but we gaze down into awful darkness now, for the moon, as usual in her youth, retired to rest early. Stars twinkle above, but the city, being so far below, is not visible. The guard bell strikes midnight, and midnight on Christmas Eve is the time when, if not sleeping, the past comes most vividly before us. Consequently we recall to mind our old home, far away in poor Ireland. Parents, brothers, sisters, schoolmates, most of them gone for ever from this world. We recall the first Christmas Eve we were allowed to sit up to hear the joy bells, little appreciating, we fear, the event they celebrated. In fancy we again hear the joy bells. Gazing down into the darkness surrounding this city, containing so many thousand Hindoos and Mahometans, it appears symbolic of their spiritual darkness. It is a sad thought, so many ignorant or unmindful of the Christian faith.

Here is no festival, no lights to symbolize the faith which animates Christians, or the charity with which they should burn. All is silent darkness. Again we seem to hear the joy bells of our youth louder and louder, until we perceive that it is not all fancy, and that out of the darkness the clang of a large bell comes. Lights appear far below on the right, and then it is remembered that there is beneath, in the midst of this city, a tiny chapel, erected for his private use by Sir Michael Filose, Prime Minister of the Maharajah. It is an exact model of the great Roman church. Here, in the midst of Mahometans and Hindoos, Midnight Mass is being offered up in the presence of a few Christians, native and European. A strange sight certainly this repetition of the Sacrifice in the midst of an unsympathizing population. We almost fancy we can see the altar and hear the *Kyrie*, *Gloria*, *Credo*, and *Sanctus*. The solemn silence preceding the Consecration follows. Just before the Elevation of the Sacred Host, the city looks even darker than before. Again the great bell rings out, and at once a bright flash

illumes the whole city, the crash of heavy artillery disturbs the silence of the night, awakening many thousands of Hindoos and Mahometans. A second follows, and others in quick succession, until we forget to count them. What can it be? Another mutiny and night attack on the fort, as a recently arrived subaltern, awakened from his slumbers, thought? Nothing of the sort. It is the Mahratta Chief, Scindia, saluting the God of the Christians, and showing his goodwill to all men. Wonderful is this thundering of artillery at midnight, while Mass is being offered up in the little chapel beneath us. Again it ceases, and silent darkness once more enshrouds the city. A sharp walk brings us to our quarters, and we turn in, and off to sleep, full of kindly feeling towards our neighbouring Rajah. At daylight we are awakened by the artillery announcing that the second Mass is being offered up, and again at 9.30 a.m., as the bell of Consecration rings once more, a third salvo announces to the city that the third Mass is being said. At this time the whole of our little garrison is at Mass or at the Protestant Service. The Church of England clergyman and the Catholic priest have come over from the cantonment of Morar, the former a fine specimen of muscular Christianity, quite capable of converting any amount of Hindoos, &c., if only it could be accomplished with a blackthorn; the latter for many years well known at Chester, who hopes, as he says, to live and die in Morar.

A bright day, with a cold easterly wind, is our Christmas Day, quite cold enough to sharpen our appetite for Christmas dinner; and as before dinner the mail arrives, bringing a friend who sailed from England a short nineteen days previously, and a newspaper with London telegrams of Christmas Eve, we retire to rest thinking what a small place the world is, and how steam and electricity, aided by such men as Edison and Cook, are making it appear smaller day by day.

M. D. O'CONNELL.

A Recent Pilgrimage to Mecca.

The following account of the great pilgrimage to Mecca is based upon a paper read before the Geographical Society at Cairo by Mohammed Bey Sadik, an Egyptian Staff Officer, who was appointed treasurer of the Caravan in 1880, and an Arabic document in which he describes the various religious rites practised during the pilgrimage. In the double capacity of pilgrim and Government official he had full opportunities of authentic information. In Mecca itself he took, at the risk of his life, a number of photographs of various scenes of interest, which have aided the compiler. Our pilgrim has been left, as far as possible, to speak for himself in this curious and interesting narrative, wherein he lifts the veil of mystery that hitherto has concealed from Christians the various ceremonies of the pilgrimage.

I.—DEPARTURE OF THE CARAVAN.

A FORTNIGHT previous to the departure of the caravan, the carpets, which the Egyptian Government sends annually to Mecca and Medina, are solemnly removed from the Citadel to the Mosque of Sayedna-el-Hussein, the Khedive and his Court being present at this ceremony in the Place Mahmoud Ali, at the foot of the Citadel. The persons belonging to the various mosques and the Mahometan corporations are represented by their Ulemas, who stand around their banners.

The hangings destined for Mecca consist of eleven large pieces of black silk damask, and are carried like palls, on litters resembling gigantic coffins. These pieces of silk are to form the exterior covering of the Kaaba at Mecca.

The carpet to be laid on the tomb of the Prophet at Medina is composed of several pieces of black silk, on which verses of the Koran are embroidered in gold letters, about two feet four inches in size. It is in the Mosque of Sayedna-Hussein that the various pieces of silk are collected and the hangings made up.

The rear of the procession is brought up by the *Mahmal*, a splendid canopy embroidered in red and gold, borne on a tall camel with magnificent housings. The *Mahmal* appears to be the most sacred and valuable thing in the whole procession.

It is the rallying-point of the caravan during the journey, and makes a solemn entry into every town through which the pilgrims pass. The hangings are renewed every year, but the Mahmal is only changed at the accession of a new Khedive. It dates from about 1250 A.D., when it formed the palanquin of the Queen of Egypt, Chagarat-el-Dourat, on the occasion of her journey to Mecca. Others assert it to be a memorial of the sacred Ark of the Jews, which was carried across the desert by that nation, with every mark of veneration.

* In the year of which we speak, 1880, the caravan started on the 30th of September, amidst a vast concourse of people who had assembled in the Plain of Abbassieh, to the north of the town, in order to witness the sight; its departure was marked by a salute of twenty-one guns. The caravan conveyed first of all the hangings, carefully folded and carried by camels; then a sum of 450,000 francs, provisions, and a great quantity of wearing apparel and white stuffs, destined to supply the wants of the pilgrims, to furnish the usual presents to the Bedouins, and to relieve the poorer inhabitants of the two sacred cities. It numbered 100 asses, 488 camels, 247 horses, and 1,103 men, the latter being soldiers or employes sent by the Egyptian Government to guard the specie and the Mahmal, besides 100 poor people who were making the pilgrimage on foot.

All pilgrims whose means allow of it go by water, in order to escape the fatigues of the overland route, which are not inconsiderable. The caravan is headed by a Pacha bearing the title of Emir-el-Hagg, who has under his command two squadrons of cavalry, twenty-three artillerymen, and two field pieces, to serve as a defence against the Bedouins.

2.—THE JOURNEY.

The caravan directed its course in the first place towards Suez, proceeding thence to the extreme end of the Gulf of Akaba, that is, to the point of the second horn of the Red Sea, leaving the Sinaitic Peninsula on the right.

Upon leaving Suez, the Valley of Wandering, where the Jewish people strayed so long, is entered. It is a vast sandy plain, intersected by heaps of shifting sand and rows of hillocks, stone pillars, from nine to twelve feet high, and erected at intervals, pointing out the route. At the end of the valley is situated the Kalaat, or Fort Nikihil, a citadel garrisoned by thirty Turkish soldiers. The Egyptian Government sends

thither beforehand provisions for the caravan, and two oxen to turn the *noria*, the machine by which water is drawn up for the pilgrims. Before reaching the sea the famous defile of Akaba, which has been celebrated for many centuries because of the difficulties inevitably to be encountered in traversing it, has to be passed; the roads there are so rough and stony that riders have to dismount and proceed on foot. From Akaba to Rabigh, three days' journey from Mecca, the caravan skirts the sea-shore, the only town of any importance through which it passes being Yamboo, the port of Medina.

Various sufferings weigh heavily on the pilgrims. The Egyptian Government has constructed wells, and erected forts for the protection of travellers, but the forts are half-ruined, and the wells have become dilapidated or filled up for want of repair, so that several times two and a half francs had to be given for a skin of water. In spite of the presents, both of money and woven stuffs, which were made to the chiefs of those tribes whose encampment happened to be situated on the pilgrims' route, life and property are far from secure. Four camel-drivers, who had strayed to a little distance in order to cut grass for their animals, were completely stripped by the Bedouins. These men are bandits of every nationality, half-clothed, bare-foot and bare-legged, destitute alike of shame and of politeness, showing no deference to their chief, but speaking all at once. They are revengeful, cheats, thieves, and assassins; and were they not restrained by fear of the Government, desire of the yearly bribes they receive, and dread of the armed force escorting the pilgrims, they would plunder and massacre at will. Woe to the unfortunate travellers, weak in strength or few in number, who are compelled to pass through their lurking-places! They are immediately stripped and put to death, no regard being paid to individual rights or human life.

Three days before reaching Yamboo it was found necessary to abandon the asses to the mercy of beasts of prey, since they could no longer struggle through the loose sand.

Other causes of discontent (we are quoting the words of our narrator) originated with some of the members of the caravan. Kourchid-Pacha Akif, the head of the caravan, forbade the *faraches* (servants) to go on before, according to the custom followed in former years, in order to pitch the tents an hour previous to the arrival of the body of the pilgrims. We were therefore compelled to wait more than an hour for our tents,

hungry, tired, exposed to wind and rain, in the midst of the frightful confusion produced by camels, baggage, and thieves, not to mention the loss of part of our furniture, which we sought in vain to find on the morrow.

The doctor of the caravan is a regular will-o'-the-wisp. If you are ill, you are told to wait until the next station is reached, with a promise that all you need shall then be sought for in the travelling pharmacy carried by one of the camels. When at length a halt is made, you think the doctor is coming to see you; vain hope! If you send for him, you are told he is asleep, and that his sacred slumbers must not be disturbed.

Then the men who keep the storehouses are very often thieves, and thus it not seldom happens that the barley sent on beforehand by the Egyptian Government for the use of the horses, fails to be forthcoming on the arrival of the caravan. The soldiers of the escort grow tired of making the pilgrimage every year, their piety is not equal to this; it is wiser therefore to refrain from appealing to them, and to defend oneself against the Bedouins as best one can. In the last place, the camel-drivers take good care the pilgrims shall feel the length of the road; they are for the most part occupied during the remainder of the year in the stone-quarries of Cairo, and only undertake the pilgrimage for the sake of the profit they gain by it. During the twenty days spent at Mecca, their camels, which are paid for by the Egyptian Government ought to rest; they, however, let them out on hire to the merchants who crowd into the city at this season, and with the money thus made, buy more camels, whom they feed on the rations of the animals belonging to the caravan. Thus, when the traveller leaves Mecca, he finds out the very first day, from the motion of his camel, that the beast gets tired remarkably soon; but the mischief is done, and there is no remedy.

The head of the caravan might easily have prevented all this, but this official, who is changed every year, is ignorant alike of the road and of what is customary; he allows his subordinates to neglect their duty, and only seeks to accomplish his own journey with the least possible amount of trouble.

3.—THE IHRAM, OR SACRED GARMENT.

The Chief Sheriff of Mecca always comes to meet the caravan as far as Rabigh. It is there that the religious duties

of the pilgrim commence ; hitherto he has heeded his body alone, but now it is time to think of his soul.

Rabigh is a village situated about three miles from the sea and commanded by a fort. Thither the Egyptian Government had sent on biscuit, butter, rice, lentils, barley, beans, &c., for the use of the pilgrims ; the biscuit was mouldy, the barley was nowhere to be found, and the keepers of the storehouse had cheated us as to weight.

After sunrise the pilgrims shave off their beard, as well as the hair of their head and all other parts of the body. They then cut their nails, and take a bath. On issuing from the bath, each one wraps himself in two pieces of white calico, two yards long and without seams. The first is rolled round the hips and covers the lower part of the body ; into it is tucked one of the ends of the second piece, which envelopes the upper part of the body, the other end being left to hang loose over the breast. This sacred garment is called the *Ihram*. The pilgrim wears sandals, and goes bareheaded ; but he is allowed to carry an umbrella. He is forbidden to wear anything in the manufacture of which a needle has been used ; should he wish to keep the leathern girdle containing his money, or any other such article, he is obliged to expiate this violation of the rule by sacrificing on the day of Beïram some extra goats or camels, according to the importance of the object he has retained. If it is a cloak, a curtain, or a sleeveless garment, he is dispensed from these sacrifices.

Women are allowed to wear their own clothes, sewn or otherwise, new or old, but they are not permitted to cover their hands. They may wear over the face a mask made of leaves of the date-palm, arranged in the shape of a fan, with holes for the eyes ; this is fastened round the forehead and falls in front of the face, which it must not touch.

This uniform attire make the true believers look like the dead, coming out of their graves to be judged at the final resurrection. They are, in reality, going to the temple of God to confess their sins in His sight, and implore forgiveness.

The pilgrim is expected, whilst wearing the *Ihram*, to lead a life more than ordinarily pure, and to show himself gentle and generous on all occasions. He is not allowed to hunt, or even point out to a companion a piece of game ; he must not kill any living thing, not even the insects he may find on his own body ; he must not scratch himself, nor use perfumes.

As soon as he has donned the sacred garment, he says his prayers, adding at the end: "It is my intention to make the pilgrimage, and in the Name of God I clothe myself with the Ihram." Then he repeats three times: "Behold me, O my God, behold me! Thine be the praise, the greatness, and the glory! There is none like unto Thee!"

4.—MECCA.

Three days after being clothed with the Ihram, the pilgrim comes in sight of Mecca. Before entering the holy city, he provides himself with a guide to acquaint him with the prayers prescribed by the rubric. He first venerates the tomb of Emina, the mother of the Prophet, and Kadijah, his first wife. Then as he enters the holy city he says: "My God, this city is Thy city, and this house Thy house. I ask Thy mercy, obeying Thy command and submitting to Thy power. I come before Thee, O my God, in the character of a criminal, fearing the punishment with which Thou mayest see fit to visit him. I beg of Thee to pardon me, to turn away Thy anger from me, and to grant me an entrance into Paradise."

The holy place in which all the pilgrims assemble is the Haram, a large enclosure 630 feet long by 430 feet wide. It is surrounded by porticoes; in the midst is the Kaaba, containing all the objects which the followers of Islam hold most sacred. Before entering the Haram, the pilgrim says: "This, O my God, is Thy Haram, and that of Thy Prophet. May my body and blood be preserved from the fire! My God, save me from punishment on the day when Thou dost cause all Thy true worshippers to rise again." He enters the Haram by the east door, and putting his right foot forward, he says: "I ask of God to protect me from the evil spirit. May God bless our Lord Mahomet, and the relatives of our Lord Mahomet! May God forgive me my sins, and open to me the gates of His mercy!"

The pilgrim beholds the Kaaba with deep emotion. It was the first temple ever raised in honour of the true God; Abraham caused it to be erected, and when it is pulled down before the end of the world no one will be able to rebuild it. It is towards this temple every good Mussulman is bound to turn many times a day when reciting his prayers, in whatever part of the world he may be; and the pulpit of the mosque whence the Sheikh says the public prayers also looks towards this temple.

In front of the temple is the stone whereon Abraham stood whilst he was superintending the workmen ; it is called the fortunate stone. At the side of the Kaaba, surrounded by a semicircular parapet, is the stone of Ismaël, the Father of the Arabs ; it covers his tomb. In the vicinity of the fortunate stone is the Zamzam, or well, which Agar discovered by a miracle, when, driven to despair at the sight of Ismaël dying of thirst, she wandered to a distance in order to avoid witnessing his agonies.

With his eyes fixed upon the Kaaba, and advancing towards the west, the pilgrim says : " My God, grant that yet more glory, greatness, majesty, and worship may be given to this house ! " And he offers to God all the humble petitions his heart may suggest. The door of Beni-Chibat is soon reached, and then he draws near to the Kaaba, which is a square tower thirty-six feet long and forty-five feet high, presenting the appearance of a vast cube owing to the flatness of the roof. It is built of large blocks of a bluish stone, the whole being covered with black silk hangings, the annual gift of the Egyptian Government. During the time of the pilgrimage, the Kaaba is in addition encircled about half way up, with a band of white material two yards wide, which corresponds to the white garment worn by the pilgrims. At the end of the pilgrimage this band is divided into small pieces, and distributed among the pilgrims as a souvenir, and at the end of the year the large silk hangings are given to the Sheikh Omar-el-Chebi of the tribe of Chiba, in whose keeping are the keys of the Kaaba.

The door faces the west ; it is hung with green satin, and reached by a wooden staircase six feet in height. The pilgrim devoutly ascends, saying as he enters the temple : " Grant, O my God, that I may enter by the gate of truth, and by a similar gate may also make my exit. Be Thou my Master and Protector. " Then he adds : " Truth has come and falsehood has vanished ; yea verily, falsehood has vanished. "

The whole of the interior is hung with red satin, on which these words are embroidered in white silk : " Honour to His Divine Majesty. " The terrace rests on three pillars of porphyry ; and valuable gifts, evidences of the piety of various Caliphs, are suspended from the ceiling. In the corner to the right of the entrance, a small staircase leads to the upper terrace, the door which gives access to it being termed the door of repentance. Here the pilgrim pauses to form the pious resolution of going

as is prescribed seven times round the temple; then quietly, without jostling any one, he turns to the left, to reach the black stone; the stone, that is, which falling from Heaven with Adam, was concealed by the Angel Gabriel during the universal deluge, and given by him to Abraham when the latter built the Kaaba. This stone, twice given by Heaven to man, was originally white, but has become black and been gradually hollowed out through being touched by sinners. It is now enclosed in a silver case, in which a round opening is left about eleven inches in diameter, in order that it may be seen and touched. Happy indeed is the pilgrim who succeeds in touching with his hand this sacred stone! he kisses his hand, exclaiming: "God is great!" If the crowd is so dense that he is prevented touching the stone, he contents himself with extending his hand towards it, afterwards kissing his hand as if it had touched it in reality.

On leaving the temple the pilgrim has the north on his left and the south on his right; this is the reason why Mussulmen give to the north and south the names of left and right respectively. He immediately begins his seven-fold circuit of the temple, following the course of the planets by going, that is, from the east to the north, the west, and the south of the temple, his route being marked out for him by a marble pavement. He walks round the *Hatim*, a semi-circular erection three feet high, and about four and a half feet broad, situated to the north of the Kaaba; he adores the tomb of Ismaël as he passes it, completes his circuit and re-enters the temple, where he again salutes the black stone before commencing the second circuit. Whilst thus walking round the Kaaba, the pilgrim recites the prayers his guide suggests to him. If he has no guide, he utters the following ejaculations: "Praise be to God! Thanks be to God! There is no God but God; God is great! Power and strength belong to God alone; God the most high, and God the most mighty!"

On touching the stone for the last time, the pilgrim's prayers are such as his own devotion may dictate. After having completed the seventh round, the pilgrim repairs to the fortunate stone, where he prays and prostrates himself twice; then he goes to drink the waters of Zamzam which rise from a depth of thirty-six feet.

When these ceremonies are gone through in the evening, the place is lighted by a quantity of lanterns suspended in a circle round the Kaaba from iron rods resting on pillars. This kind of

gallery runs alongside of the marble pathway round the temple and is called the *Moutaf*.

A great number of pigeons may be seen flying fearlessly about amongst the worshippers in the Haram; their boldness is owing to the fact that shooting is forbidden within the Meccan territory, within the district, that is, where the Ihram is worn.

The pilgrim leaves the Haram by the gate of Purity (El-Safa), and betakes himself to a small oratory bearing the same name, exactly opposite, on the other side of the roadway. This oratory is raised six feet above the surface of the ground and measures eighteen feet in length by nine in width. After ascending a small flight of stairs, the pilgrim, turning towards the Haram, declares his intention of making the seven rounds prescribed, from El-Safa to El-Marouat and thence back again to El-Safa. El-Marouat is a second and similar oratory about four hundred and forty-five yards distant from the first.

The round is made after this manner. The true believer starts from El-Safa, following the roadway which skirts the Haram; he walks at a moderate pace, reciting the prayers of the ritual as he goes. After proceeding about seventy-five yards he notices upon the walls which shut in the road on either side two patches of a blue colour to the right and the left; thereupon, dropping his hands by his side, he sets off running as if the ground beneath his feet were burning sand; seventy-five yards further there are two more blue patches, after passing which he resumes his former pace until El-Marouat is reached, reciting prayers all the time. The same rule is observed on the way back to El-Safa. The pilgrim who has been seven times round the Kaaba, and seven times from El-Safa to El-Marouat has accomplished the duties of the pilgrimage; he remains at Mecca, doing a little business if he likes on his own account, and waiting until the feast of Be'ram comes, and the caravan starts for Medina.

It is lamentable, says our narrator, to see so many men in the pay of the Egyptian Government engaged to escort the Mahmal, spending their time at Mecca not as pilgrims but as mercenaries, careless of what the rubric enjoins, profiting nothing as far as religion goes, but in that respect returning to their country much as they left it. Nevertheless they make a point of affixing the title of pilgrim to their name, and are eloquent about the hardships they underwent on the journey.

5.—THE FEAST OF BEIRAM.

At length the feast of Beiram, or sacrifices, draws near ; it is always kept on the 10th day of the month Zi-ed-Hegga (which on this occasion corresponded to the 13th of November) and must be celebrated upon Mount Arafat, which is situated about twelve miles to the north of Mecca. It was upon this mountain that the Angel asked Abraham if he remembered the rites which had been taught him, and was answered by the Patriarch with the words, I know them (*aaref*). So at least runs the legend, and according to it every Mohammedan venerates this mountain as the spot where Heaven first made known to man what was to be the outward ceremonial of worship.

At eight o'clock on the morning of the 11th of November, the procession bearing the Egyptian Mahmal set out from Mecca, leaving Gebel-el-Nour (the mountain of light) on the left. About ten a.m. it arrived at Menna, a village consisting of nothing but a single street of shops, situated between two mountains ; it is only inhabited at the time of the pilgrimage. Beyond this village, in the direction of Mount Arafat, stands a mosque, the cupola of which is erected over the self-same spot where the Prophet was seated when God dictated to him the Morsolat, or chapter of the Koran relating to his Apostolate.

As one passes through the village, near the entrance, to the left, may be seen an angle formed of two walls ; this is called the great devil's place (*Eblis-el-Kebir*) or in the liturgical books, *the live coal of chastisement*. One hundred and fifty yards further, to the left of the road, there stands a building denominated the second devil, or second coal ; fifty yards further is a round basin, and beside it a square building which is termed the third devil, or third coal. We shall presently give an account of the ceremonies observed at these places.

At half-past one the procession reached the boundary-marks, two small erections about one hundred yards apart, which divide the sacred territory of Mecca from that of Arafat ; thence in three quarters of an hour Arafat itself is reached. It is a vast plain surrounded by mountains ; to the west is a large mosque, to the east a hill formed of the solid rock, nine hundred feet long and ninety feet high ; this is the *Gebel-Arafat* of the pilgrims, although its real name is *Gebel-el-Rahma*, mountain of mercy. It is climbed by means of a flight of steps hewn in the living rock ; half way up is an oratory where the Prophet is said

to have prayed, and at the top stretches a plateau sixty feet square, in the midst of which rises a second and smaller plateau. At one corner of this latter stands a square pillar, which when seen from the foot of the mountain, has the appearance of a lighthouse. A canal brings the water of a neighbouring spring to the base of the mountain.

The next day, Friday, November 12, the grand ceremony took place. Nearly one hundred and fifty thousand pilgrims were assembled in the plain at the foot of the hill of which mention has been made, the two Mahmals from Egypt and Syria being both there. At 4.30 p.m. the orator who was to address the crowd took his place upon the rock; beside him a red banner was planted, and a pilgrim stood by, who kept waving his handkerchief to call together such Mussulmen as were still lingering among the tents. From time to time the preacher interrupted his discourse to utter ejaculations such as these: "Behold me, O Lord, behold me! There is none like unto Thee! Behold me! To Thee our thanks are due. From Thee all good things come, and all the kingdoms of the earth are Thine! There is none like unto Thee!" Thereupon the Egyptian waved his handkerchief afresh, and all present responded: "Behold me, O Lord, behold me!" &c. &c., sighing and weeping as in a season of public calamity. For a long time they went on praying after this fashion to the God who by the mouth of His prophet has promised to show Himself merciful and forgiving as long as the sun rises and sets in its accustomed course.

My pen, says the narrator, is quite inadequate to describe this grand day, these impressive ceremonies. Towards sunset, a rocket announces the termination of the solemn prayer of Arafat; the soldiers form in two lines to the right and left of the Mahmals, and the caravan starts for Menna in perfect order, whilst the bands play their most inspiring airs, guns are fired, and the sky is lit up at brief intervals by the coruscations of rockets. The tents were pitched at Menna.

In former years things used not to go on as well. Each body of pilgrims wanted their own Mahmal to get ahead of the other, and this emulation gave rise to much confusion and unseemly strife, which was by no means to Allah's honour.

On returning from Arafat, at about three miles distance from Menna, the pilgrims make a momentary halt at a spot called the Holy Hermitage, marked by two walls erected on

each side of the way. Here they all pick up forty-nine pebbles, which they wash seven times, and the next morning going to the end of the village, they throw seven stones one after another against the first *coal*, in evidence of the hate they bear the devil, exclaiming as each stone is cast: "God is great!"

Then the pilgrims return each man to his tent, where he shaves, exchanges the Ihram for festive apparel, and goes forth to visit anew the Haram and city of Mecca; on his return to Menna he sacrifices lambs, sheep, and camels. The ground is ere long strewn with the remains of these animals; by evening the entrails and blood thrown away behind the tents becomes very offensive, and by the next morning the stench is unbearable. Were the pilgrims to remain another day in the place some serious epidemic would infallibly break out. The Turkish Government did, it is true, cause pits to be dug near Menna to bury what is left from the animals slain; but the only result of this was to enable the Governor of Jeddah to pocket one hundred thousand francs, the proceeds of a tax of two and a half francs levied in consequence on every pilgrim landing at that port. The Sheriff of Mecca, who was present at the sacrifices, could not prevail on the people to make use of the pits; the offal was left lying at the very door of his tent.

The next day, November 14, all persons of any distinction call on the Grand Sheriff of Mecca, to whom all the Arabs from Yemen to Medina are subject, to wish him a happy feast. In the afternoon, every pilgrim, after praying and prostrating himself twice, goes to cast seven stones at each of the three *coals*, beginning at the third, and observing the ceremonial described above; this goes on till sunset. A display of fireworks closes the day.

On the following day the Mahmal is carried through the bazaars of Menna, accompanied by the pilgrims who again throw their seven pebbles at each of the *coals*; then all return to Mecca. Before starting for Medina, the pious pilgrim again takes a few turns round the Kaaba.

The managers of the caravan are compelled to give some substantial proof of gratitude towards the inhabitants of the town, and especially to the Bedouins, who, if they have rendered us no actual services, have at any rate abstained from putting us to death, and for this kind attention a pecuniary recompense is certainly due. Indeed they only paid us a visit at Mecca in

view of the presents they hoped to get from us. A *douceur* too must be given to the notables of the town.

In order to come to a decision as to the route the caravan should follow on the journey to Medina, a council was held in which all the principal pilgrims took part, the Governors of Mecca and Medina and other authorities being also present. The imperial route was not to be thought of, the caravans from Egypt have avoided it for the last seventeen years, as being too much exposed to the depredations of the Bedouins. The only hesitation was between the eastern route and that which leads straight across the desert; finally the latter was chosen on account of being the shorter.

6.—MEDINA.

On the 12th of December, after an uninteresting journey of thirteen days, the caravan reached Medina. With solemn pomp the Mahmal, escorted by the authorities of the caravan, the officials of the town, and a guard of soldiers in double file, is borne from the encampment to the Eastern Gate. There every one alights; some of the principal personages take hold of the cords attached to the tent containing the sacred carpet, one of their number being chosen to lead the splendid camel which carries it, and which, like a newly-married bride, advances amid clouds of incense, greeted on the way by the acclamations of the people.

When the procession arrives at the door of the Haram, called the Gate of Peace, the camel is made to kneel, and the carpet is removed and deposited near Mahomet's pulpit. Thereupon the Agas, the guardians of the tomb of the Prophet, approach arrayed in white, and reverently take up the precious carpet, which for a whole year has lain on the sacred tomb, and place it within the Mahmal on the camel's back.

By the same gate, the Gate of Peace, all the pilgrims enter. The Haram is not unlike that of Mecca, it is 380 feet in length, and 240 in width; all around there is a portico, the pillars of which are of stucco, painted to imitate marble, which is very rare in these parts. It has five doors and five minarets; in the centre is the cell. This was formerly a room in the house inhabited by Ayesha, Mahomet's favourite wife, and the body of the Prophet, who alone intercedes for his faithful followers, now reposes here. Over the principal door of entry, through which the Prophet frequently passed on his way to the temple, are

inscribed some lines to this effect: "He who has habitually accustomed men to receive His favours, who has crowned all nations with His benefits, will see the crowds who hasten to His gate. All love to assemble around a pleasant fountain."

Before entering the cell and visiting the other holy places, the pious pilgrim provides himself with a guide, who will acquaint him with the ceremonies and prayers prescribed by the ritual. On his entrance into the cell, the magnificent hangings embroidered with gold, suspended over the tomb, attract his admiring gaze; above them is the precious star, consisting of a diamond as large as a pigeon's egg, and weighing ninety-two carats, with an emerald of enormous value. It is the custom in Medina for mothers to bring their children of either sex, forty days after their birth, and place them beneath the tapestry, just as the mothers of Mecca are wont to lay their new-born babes on the threshold of the Kaaba.

When the pilgrim has finished his prayer, he approaches the central window, and there adores the four angels; Gabriel, the messenger of God to man; Michael, the patron of the Jews; Azrael, the angel of death; and Israfil, at the blast of whose trumpet the dead shall arise. He furthermore adores the spot where will be interred the Prophet Jesus, the son of Mary, who will come—for He still lives—at the end of the world to wage war against Antichrist, and suffer death. He then goes to see the tree-trunk on which the Prophet stood to preach, before a pulpit was provided for him, and prostrates himself before the Mihrab, the pulpit looking towards Mecca.

The next thing to be inspected is the Book of Osmani, one of the original MSS. of the Koran which came down from Heaven. On the volume may yet be seen traces of the blood of Osmani, whom God Himself put to death. Only in times of great public calamity is this book opened with much solemnity, and some passages read from its pages. The pilgrims also visit the garden of Fatima, Mahomet's daughter, in the precincts of the Haram.

The caravan stays ten days in Medina, during which time the true believer, besides going to the Haram, does homage at the tomb of Abdallah, the father of Mahomet, and at those of his daughters, his sons, his favourite wives, his principal apostles, and that of his nurse. Finally he goes to the first temple ever consecrated to Islam, at the south of the city, and at the tomb of the martyrs of Ahd, situated at its northern extremity.

The inhabitants of Medina appear to be descended from the Turks and Hindoos; the ancient race of Ansars, who so materially assisted the enterprise of Mahomet, has disappeared. The town contains a considerable number of Dervish monasteries, and an Egyptian hospice, where at the time of the pilgrimage as many as six hundred are received and fed. Wells, usually so scarce in this country, are fortunately very numerous here.

7.—THE RETURN TO CAIRO.

The journey back to Suez takes a whole month, and there the caravan is frequently detained by the Governor, in order to pass a few days in quarantine. The arrival of the caravan at Cairo is attended with much festivity; the pilgrimage opened with a religious ceremony, and it is right that a similar ceremony should mark its close. This consists in depositing anew in the Mosque of the Citadel the carpet which was carried to Mecca in the preceding year. On the appointed day guns fired from the fort give the signal to the crowds who, flocking from all sides, fill the Place Mehemet-Ali, notwithstanding its vast size. The procession starts from Abassieh, makes the circuit of the northern portion of the town, and defiles into the avenue leading to the railway station, preceded by the band, whose joyous strains resound afar. His Highness the Khedive, in his state carriage, with an escort of cavalry, bows affably to right and left; his younger brother is seated beside him, and two of his Ministers occupy the front seat of the carriage. The highest civil and religious dignitaries follow in other equipages.

Presently his Highness alights and enters a splendid tent open in front like a marquee; the troops march past, and then all await in silence the coming of the sacred carpet. At length the standards of the Prophet make their appearance, and after them the most venerable and venerated Sheikhs of Islam, each of whom receives an ovation, being enveloped in clouds of incense, and greeted with loving salutations.

The approach of the Mahmal calls forth a burst of enthusiastic acclamation. Imperturbable in its calm dignity, the camel which bears the precious burden advances with slow and majestic step, as if conscious of the blessings it brings with it from the tomb of the Prophet. The men throng around it, esteeming that one happy indeed who does but succeed in touching the sacred tabernacle! The greeting of the women consists in uttering piercing and tremulous cries.

After the carpet came all the pilgrims seated on their camels ; the fool of the caravan, a big man in a state of semi-nudity, who invariably accompanies the pilgrimage, attracts universal attention. The musicians and singers, who mark the cadence of their songs by incessantly beating large tambours, bring up the rear.

The Mahmal halts in presence of the Khedive, and a small portion of the carpet is presented to his Highness, which he respectfully kisses. The festival is then at an end.

Soon all are gone, the Princes with their splendid equipages, and swift outriders, the Princesses in their transparent veils, the Vice-Queen, who smilingly acknowledges the salutations of the by-standers. And the more fervent of the true believers as they pass by the Franks who have mingled in the crowd, ejaculate in a low voice : " How good is the faith of Islam, the religion of the heart ! "

A modern Lazarus.

"Et erat quidem mendicus."—*St. Luke* xvi. 20.

ENGLISHMEN have an instinctive hatred of dirt. "Cleanliness is next to godliness" is a proverb essentially English, a little overstated, perhaps, but tending to excellent results if understood with all due restrictions. But the worst of it is that so, vast number of educated Englishmen are not content with the subordinate position their proverb gives to cleanliness; they do not practice they declare, and in their inmost souls they are inclined to think, that cleanliness is in many respects superior to godliness; or at all events, that a little ungodliness is pardonable in a man of very perfect cleanliness. They would be ready to forgive a man many venial sins on the strength of regularity in the performance of his morning ablutions, and a good many peccadilloes would be compensated for in their eyes by the unspotted whiteness of his linen. On the other hand, their hatred of dirt amounts almost to a mania. They urge it as an objection to the Catholic religion, that the poor of Italian cities are so devout and so dirty—as if devotion were quite incompatible with dirt.

But Englishmen have also another pet aversion. We are not going to quarrel with their instinctive dislike to mendicancy any more than with their dislike to dirt. The mendicant is never a very attractive object, and it must be confessed that the ordinary beggar of our streets is generally worthless, and too often an absolute impostor. But here again they exaggerate, and are too sweeping in their censures. They most unreasonably urge against the Church of God the fact of the countless beggars who under the enervating influence of a southern sky haunt the traveller in Naples or in Rome. When the two repulsive characteristics exist together, then, indeed, their aversion amounts to an utter repugnance, contempt, loathing, and disgust. A beggar might be forgiven if only he were clean; a

man deficient in cleanliness might be pardoned if the deficiency were owing to his life of toil—but a dirty beggar! Has not the very name become a term and proverb of utter contempt? What then will Englishmen say when we put before them as a saint of God one who begged his bread, able-bodied man though he was, and one who at the same time lived continually in a condition of filthy squalor? What will they say when they learn that the Church has raised to her altars one who was repulsive to every sense, whose life of vagrant mendicancy the political economist would have punished with imprisonment? What will they say when we tell them that Benedict Joseph Labre was one of the heroes of Christianity, and did a great work for God? That he was very dear to Jesus Christ, and full of the spirit which He loves to see in those who follow Him? Yet such was the case, and if they will hear me patiently, I hope to convince them that there is such a thing as dirty sanctity; that the modern Lazarus may be no less a saint than he who was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom!

Benedict Joseph Labre was born at Amettes, in the diocese of Boulogne, on March 26, 1748, and was the eldest of fifteen children. His parents belonged to a humble class of society, and earned their bread partly by cultivating with their own hands a small farm which they owned, and partly by the profits they derived from keeping a linendraper's shop. But, however many were the claims on their time and attention, they found time to instruct their little son in the things of God, and from his earliest infancy he showed himself a marvellously ready pupil. Jesus, Mary, and Joseph were the first words his baby lips strove to utter; and as soon as he acquired the power of speech, he applied himself to prayer. It is surprising at what an early age the fear of God became the ruling principle of his heart; and his dread of sin was so intense that when he, being quite a child, was one day playing in a barn and chanced to pick up some trifling object, and the priest of the parish happening to pass, playfully called him "a little thief," the distress of Benedict was perfectly inconsolable, especially as his reverence for priests gave double importance to a reproach uttered by consecrated lips.

His first schoolmaster was one of his uncles, himself preparing for the priesthood; and who, perceiving the remarkable dispositions of his nephew, strove to expand and develop them, while not neglecting to impart the ordinary routine of learning. Benedict certainly ran no risk of being what is

commonly called "spoilt" by his uncle ; and the unvarying meekness and good temper with which the future Saint submitted to the severe discipline he underwent, were a subject of constant edification to all who witnessed them. For careless spelling, for some trifling forgetfulness in school-hours, the boy was made to kneel with his arms stretched out for a considerable space of time, or to remain in some other wearisome and fatiguing posture ; and these trying punishments were not only submitted to with patience, but welcomed with joy. His self-control was so perfect, and his mastery of himself so complete, that when employed in gathering fruit, he never, even when quite a child, tasted the smallest portion of the tempting produce.

One day, when he was busy picking strawberries, a little girl asked him to give her some. He said that he would willingly have done so, but could not without his uncle's permission, as the fruit belonged to him. The other child persevered in her request, adding that it did not matter about the uncle's leave, as he would never know anything about the affair. Whereupon Benedict answered that God would know, and proceeded gently and gravely to reprove his youthful companion, telling her she must accuse herself, when next she went to confession, of the evil suggestion she had made to her neighbour. Not content with a single admonition, he repeated his good advice more than once, saying that he felt really anxious about the little girl.¹

Already could it be said of Benedict, *diffusa est gratia in labiis tuis*, for his words carried consolation as well as instruction to those to whom they were addressed.

Having noticed that a little orphan girl, about nine years old, had left off going to school, he asked her the reason of this. She burst out crying, and said that the relatives who had charge of her refused to allow her to go any longer. Benedict tried to console her, and begged her to come with him to the church ; the doors however being closed, they could not enter, so he made her kneel down with him upon the doorstep, and they recited together a *Pater* and an *Ave*, afterwards repeating three times, "Thy will be done," in order that the orphan might learn obedience and resignation. Benedict then enjoined upon her not to persist in her wish of attending school, but to be patient, and obey those placed over her ; he promised to pray for her, and after having made her recite three times, *Adoremus in æternum sanctissimum*

¹ It is from the biography of St. Benedict Joseph Labre, by M. Léon Aubineau, that the passages quoted in this sketch are taken.

sacramentum, he left her resigned and consoled, as she herself said many years later, when the process of his beatification was going on (pp. 17, 18).

After Benedict had made his first Communion, his progress in the path of holiness became even more surprisingly rapid, so that his virtues attracted the attention of all with whom he came into any contact. Already he would spend hours before the Blessed Sacrament, absorbed in contemplation, and his whole conversation was in Heaven; in the eyes of men he appeared marked out for the priesthood, but God judged otherwise, and whispered to his servant that such was not his destiny, so that Benedict never seemed to fall in with the suggestions his uncle—now himself a priest—and other members of his family made to him on the subject, though he continued to prosecute his studies in the direction they desired, even whilst mere human learning was but a weariness to him. When he was about eighteen, he felt that the time to speak out had come, and announced his intention of retiring into a monastery, adding that the order of La Trappe was the one to which he deemed himself called, and that he desired to enter it without delay. Some time, however, elapsed before he was able to carry out his design; at length, the various obstacles having been removed, and his parents consent obtained, he set out, full of joy, which was destined soon to be changed into sadness, and of hope which was destined ere long to give place to the keenest disappointment. Yet who that saw Benedict on his road would not have deemed him to have been indeed a true vocation? Had he not all the qualities which make a good religious? Or rather had he not already, young as he was, attained a degree of perfection which it generally takes long years to reach, whether in the world or the cloister? He was patient and humble, mortified and meek, docile and obedient; indeed, whilst still under his father's roof, he practised this last virtue of obedience in a manner so perfect as to be a model even for those who have bound themselves by vow to its exercise. The following incident will illustrate the subject:

Upon one occasion his father sent him to turn over a field of mown barley, which required to be thoroughly dried before being stacked. Benedict immediately repaired to the field and set to work; but hardly had he commenced his labours when the rain began to fall in torrents. However, he took no heed of this, but continued his task, and did not

return home until all the corn had been conscientiously turned. When his father saw him come in dripping wet, he forthwith gave him a good scolding, first because he had exposed himself to the risk of taking a severe cold, and secondly because he had wasted his time and trouble in so absurd a manner. His son merely replied, "You told me I was to do it" (p. 55).

But God, who seeth not as man seeth, and who willed that His servant should wander through this world with a pilgrim's staff in his hand, in the most literal sense of the words, subjected Benedict to a series of fruitless attempts and unsuccessful efforts in order that by these repeated and humiliating failures self-will and self-love might be annihilated within him, before his true vocation was revealed to his soul. At one monastery he was refused because the poverty of the house precluded all idea of receiving more postulants; at another, because the rule forbade any one to be admitted under the age of twenty-four; and thus he went from Trappists to Cistercians, and from Cistercians back again to Trappists, bearing all these varied repulses as only a saint knows how to do. Finally, however, after a journey which took him a month to accomplish, and which he made on foot, subsisting on alms by the way, he arrived at the monastery of Sept-Fonts, near Moulins, belonging to Reformed Cistercians of the strictest observance; there, to his great delight, he was permitted to take his place amongst the novices. He now fancied—oh, how vainly!—that he had at length reached the long-desired and long-sought goal, and he began to breathe more freely. A few months however after he was clothed, all his joy vanished, and his soul became overwhelmed with darkness, which his humility induced him to consider as the result of some negligence on his part, so that he was continually accusing himself of faults which had no existence except in his own imagination; and to such a point did he carry his self-reproaches, that he abstained from Communion for six weeks, and was at last only induced to approach the Holy Table by an express command from the Master of Novices. This latter, much as he admired Benedict's virtues, was already beginning to feel many scruples as to professing him, when God was pleased to manifest His will in a manner which could not be mistaken. When Benedict had been six months in the monastery, he fell dangerously ill of fever, and was moved to the hospice outside the inclosure, which had been erected for the poor, in order that he might there be supplied with food of a

more nourishing nature than the rule allowed of within the convent walls. As soon as he had recovered his strength in some measure, the Superior told him that he was not considered a suitable subject for profession. Benedict clasped his hands, raised his eyes to Heaven, and said, *Fiat voluntas tua*. Nor did he suffer himself to utter one single expression of vexation, or even of regret, at this absolute and total overthrow of his cherished hopes, although his grief was so acute, notwithstanding all his resignation, that when he had to take final leave of the Abbot, and receive a parting blessing, he could not restrain his tears. He had been six weeks in the hospice, and had given the greatest edification to all who approached him; indeed, the Brother Infirmarian used to consider it a privilege for any of the religious to be permitted to visit the invalid. "Labre is a saint," he would say, "you may well like to go and sit with him."

He was twenty-two when he left Sept-Fonts, and embraced that wandering life which God destined him to lead during the greater part of his remaining years on earth. He had no doubt as to this being his true vocation; to all objections he had but one answer: *Dieu le veut*. And who shall say what mysterious communications had been made to his soul during the weary weeks he had passed on his sick bed, or what heavenly voices had whispered to him as they did to St. Ignatius before him? The name of the director who first approved and encouraged Benedict has not been preserved to us; we only know that the intending pilgrim wrote to his parents a touching letter of farewell; this letter, with one he had previously addressed to them from Sept-Fonts, being the only two he ever wrote. In this letter he mentions his wish of going to Rome, and hints at a vague possibility that he may once more try his vocation in one of the religious houses of Italy; but he probably intended this as a consolation for the father and mother who were never again to embrace their son on earth, nor indeed to receive in future any definite intelligence concerning his movements. He tells them that he will let them know as soon as he is settled anywhere; but even while he penned the soothing lines, he was doubtless fully aware that he was destined never to call any place by the name of home until he should have reached the eternal and glorious abiding-place of all God's saints. *Hic non habemus civitatem permanentem*, has indeed ever been the motto of all Christ's true followers, but it was destined nevertheless to be his watchword in a very special and peculiar manner.

From this date, 1770, the roving existence of Benedict Labre may be said to have fairly begun ; and he was for several years constantly engaged in wandering on foot from sanctuary to sanctuary, from one place of pilgrimage to another, with no means of subsistence except such chance gifts as charity might bestow, or such coarse and primitive nourishment as he could gather by the wayside. He heeded neither cold nor heat, rain nor snow ; toiling over rugged mountains and along stony by-paths, sleeping sometimes under hedges, sometimes in ruined cottages or deserted outbuildings, with no protection from the elements save that afforded by his scanty garments. A wallet which hung around his neck contained his sole possessions, namely, a breviary, which he never failed to recite with the utmost exactitude ; a copy of the New Testament, and two or three other religious books. Whenever provisions were offered him on a scale which he considered too abundant, he only accepted what he judged to be strictly necessary for his sustenance ; or, if the kind donors would take no refusal, he invariably gave away what he did not use to others as poor as himself, any delicacies being always reserved for the sick. We cannot attempt to trace the course of his wanderings for the next seven years, during which he seems to have prayed by turns at all the shrines of Europe, paying an annual visit both to Rome and Loretto. It was always with extreme reluctance that he traversed the Protestant portions of Germany or Switzerland, and his biographer tells us that

He had a great repugnance to enter them, and thought nothing of the fatigue incurred by the most wearisome *détour* if he could avoid traversing them. He never felt at ease when once he had crossed the frontier of such provinces, and passed through them as quickly as possible ; never, if he could help it, accepting any alms from the inhabitants, or engaging in conversation with them. He had that wholesome horror of heresy and heretics which appears in our own day a thing utterly incomprehensible, but which St. Louis strongly recommended to all, and which will for ever remain, whether men understand it or not, an infallible test to distinguish all real lovers of the truth (p. 131).

His miraculous powers soon began to develop themselves ; the earliest miracle we find definitely recorded was worked in a small town of southern Italy, as he was returning from a pilgrimage to Naples and Monte Cassino, in the spring of 1772. Overcome with fatigue, he sat down to rest on a bench in front of a wayside inn ; and the landlord, struck by his exhausted

appearance, brought him out a glass of wine, which Benedict accepted with gratitude as a charitable gift. The innkeeper, however, had no such kind intention ; and, seeing, that payment was not forthcoming, he began, first to revile the pilgrim, and then to curse God. The Saint was unmoved by the taunts which had reference to himself, but the blasphemous expressions pierced his very soul ; he raised his eyes for a moment to Heaven in silent prayer, and the empty glass become once more full of wine. A little later, upon Holy Thursday, Benedict, needing, as he said, no food for himself that day, collected twelve of his brethren in poverty, in order to distribute among them such provisions as he happened to have, consisting, according to the testimony of an eye-witness, of a small quantity of bread, and a handful of peas. Yet the twelve invited guests not only ate their fill of this simple fare, but each one carried away in addition enough to fill a small bowl, thus leaving no shadow of doubt as to the miraculous multiplication of the food. There repeatedly occur lengthened periods during which every attempt to trace the footsteps of the Saint has proved unsuccessful ; leaving gaps, so to speak, in his biography, which no effort of research has been able to fill up. Every where it was true of him *pertransivit benefaciendo* ; and it is wonderful how much good the penniless wanderer found means to effect by consoling, instructing, encouraging, and cheering those with whom he had occasion to hold converse, as well as by the silent teaching of his example, and the courageous rebukes he never failed to administer to vice and impiety. He always held aloof from forming anything like a special friendship with anyone, and invariably refused all requests as to opening a correspondence. Yet he ever showed himself deeply sensible to kindness, receiving it with a touching gratitude founded on a profound sense of his own unworthiness.

We have said that he made a point of paying an annual visit to Loretto ; while there, he used to sojourn under the roof of a worthy couple named Sori, who kept a shop in the vicinity of the Santa Casa, and thought it no small honour to lodge him in their house, and offer him such simple hospitality as he would accept. He was certainly not an expensive guest ; he took but one meal a day, and was not content until his hostess, much against her will, allowed him to eat principally the leavings of the rest of the family ; pieces of broken bread, and the like. He daily drank a small quantity of wine, out of obedience to

his host, as he used to say ; but always declined to receive at parting money which would have enabled him to purchase the refreshments for himself. "People so poor as I am have no business to want wine," he would say ; "water is good enough for them." The husband and wife entertained the Saint in the most disinterested spirit ; but their kindness was rewarded even in this life. When first he entered their dwelling their affairs were the reverse of prosperous, for trade was slack, and their customers were but few. He brought temporal blessings with him as well as spiritual ; and by the time he had visited them for several consecutive years, their business had become a flourishing one, and enabled them to live in the greatest comfort.

The conversation of the Saint, to judge from the specimens of them which have been preserved, must have been in itself a sufficient compensation, to those who knew how to appreciate it, for any amount of hospitality. He strove to inspire others with the fear of Hell, which he kept constantly before his own eyes. "If but one soul is to be lost," he used to remark, "ought not each one of us to tremble lest he should be that one ?" During a journey in the north of Italy he had occasion to rest a whole day in the parlour of a convent of Poor Clares, having been entrusted by a Priest with a letter to the Abbess. The Sisters offered him a slight refreshment, consisting of bread and wine ; of this he thankfully partook, as he was faint with hunger ; and one of them, filled with compassion at the sight of his worn countenance and threadbare raiment, could not refrain from giving vent to her feelings. "Those alone," replied Benedict, in an accent of gentle reproof, "are really to be pitied who are in hell, and have for ever lost God." Another admirable saying of his was that "we ought to have three hearts instead of one : the first, of burning love to God, should make us constantly speak and think of Him, act for Him, and above all bear with patience the trials He is pleased to send us. The second heart should be of flesh, leading us to help our neighbour to the utmost of our power in all his needs, whether spiritual or temporal, and to feel the intensest pity for sinners, entreating God to bestow on them the grace of true repentance, and entertaining the liveliest compassion for the souls in purgatory. The third heart should be of iron, should cause us to exercise severity towards ourselves, to resist especially sensuality, self-love and self-will ; to chastise our bodies and strive to overcome all the evil tendencies of our corrupt nature."

None of the saints led a life more entirely mortified than that of Benedict Labre ; and no one was ever more watchful over his senses. But sanctity can only be won at the price of many bitter struggles, of one kind or another ; and if Satan even dared to tempt the King of Saints, can we wonder that he spares not any of those who strive to follow Christ ? The subject of the present sketch was no exception to the common rule in this respect, since the foul demon of impurity, who often takes an insolent delight in assailing those whom he almost despairs of causing to fall into sin, was most ruthless and unsparing in his attacks upon Benedict. Night after night, when the latter had stretched his emaciated frame upon the bare earth, which frequently served for his place of repose, he was distinctly conscious of the presence of the evil one close beside him, and the struggle with temptation took the form of definite physical effort. Benedict rolled over and over on the ground to free himself from his tormenter ; he crossed himself, he implored the help of our Lady, he called to mind the Passion of our Lord, and never was the enemy able to discover the least consent to any of his insinuations. Indeed those competent to speak upon the subject have unanimously declared that he preserved his baptismal innocence unstained until his death.

With the exception of an annual visit to Loretto, he dwelt continually at Rome during the latter years of his life. This was no doubt partly because the privations and fatigues he had undergone had reduced him to a condition which made it almost impossible that he should any longer drag his enfeebled frame from one place to another ; especially as painful sores, the result of insufficient and unwholesome food, had broken out upon his legs. But another and higher cause is to be found for his altered manner of life, since it was doubtless ordained by Divine Providence that he should remain stationary at Rome, in order that his marvellous sanctity and supernatural powers might thus be more plainly perceived and definitely remarked than they could possibly be whilst he continued to journey almost incessantly from shrine to shrine, generally alone, and for the most part unnoticed. His abode at Rome was the Hospice of St. Martin, which had been established for the accommodation of twelve poor pilgrims during their stay in the eternal city. The rule allowed each to remain there only three nights ; but the priest who had the direction of the house made an exception in favour of Benedict, who slept there every night,

spending his days in the churches, which he only left at noon to take a scanty meal of soup, with a crowd of other beggars, at the door of some convent. He was ever most scrupulous in conforming to all the regulations of the hospice, making a point of being present at the instructions given to its humble inmates, never missing the evening prayers, and avoiding everything that could possibly tend to distinguish him from his companions; thus showing himself to be a faithful imitator of that Queen of all Saints, for whom he ever cherished so deep and true an affection, and who herself so punctually conformed to all the observances prescribed by the ceremonial law. But God, who loves to exalt those who abase themselves, was pleased openly to honour His servant even in spite of himself, and during the latter years of his sojourn on earth more especially, the gleam of the aureola destined for him might be distinctly seen amid the darkness of this lower world. Both at the commencement of his career and throughout the whole course of it, all the priests to whom he manifested his interior held him in the highest esteem and reverence; and though in the beginning of their acquaintance with him, they might have raised, as was but natural, objections to his strange and apparently unoccupied manner of life, they never failed to end by acquiescing in his simple and oft-repeated protestation: "I am doing the will of God."

Yet it must be remembered that the number of those, whether priests or lay-persons, who thus understood and appreciated our Saint, was, after all, exceedingly limited, bearing no proportion whatever to the numbers of those who silently despised, or openly insulted him, and in whose eyes he was merely a beggar, even more filthy and repulsive than beggars generally are, by reason of the loathsome vermin which swarmed over every part of his person and clothing, forming, as one of his directors said, a living *cilice*. And surely no instrument of penance that asceticism ever devised, could be so repugnant to nature, so humiliating, and so distressing by its continuity as were the terrible insects which day and night tormented this modern Lazarus! Not unfrequently he was pelted with stones, or hooted as he passed along the street, and persons would refuse to kneel next him at the holy table, or take the place he had just vacated outside the confessional. In all these things he truly rejoiced, for he was ever glad when others treated him as if he were the vile and contemptible creature he sincerely considered himself to be, and

no insult was ever able to ruffle his calm and placid serenity. Indeed, he was ever quietly cheerful, though always grave, and singularly destitute of any love of humour. No vivacious sallies are recorded of him; and the only instance on record of his having said anything which could be termed droll is the following. On one occasion, when he was preparing to depart for Loretto, his shoes were in so dilapidated a condition that he found himself compelled to solicit the gift of another pair. Zaccarelli, the friend to whom he addressed himself, and of whom we shall have more to say presently, would have been delighted to buy the pilgrim a new pair; but he knew they would be rejected as too good, and he therefore proposed to take Benedict to a second-hand clothes shop, where he might choose for himself. But the Saint said he would prefer to have a pair of Zaccarelli's own cast-off shoes; and as these proved to be really unfit for use, the services of a cobbler were called in, in order that they might undergo some rough repairs. At last they were ready, and Benedict Labre accepted them with gratitude; whereupon Zaccarelli immediately proceeded to offer him in addition a felt hat somewhat the worse for wear, to replace his own, which was broken and full of holes. Benedict thought the gift much too good for him, but accepted it out of obedience to his kind benefactor, and putting it on his head said with a smile: "You have made me look quite a fine gentleman!"⁴

More and more frequently during the closing years of his life upon earth, were persons of all kinds impressed by a conviction of his marvellous sanctity. "He is a saint," was often whispered by those who had seen him at prayer, and who might well feel convinced that he was no ordinary Christian, for again and again was he raised above the ground in an ecstasy, and from time to time a brilliant light shone from his countenance. Indeed, on one occasion, a woman who saw this illumination irradiating his head, and to whom the idea of a supernatural flame did not occur, was terrified, and turning to one of her companions, exclaimed: "Do look at that poor man, he is on fire!" Another time a priest, entering a church in order to adore the Blessed Sacrament, perceived Benedict absorbed in contemplation, with shining rays emanating from his head and face, which seemed to be one blaze of fire, a shower of sparks appearing to fall upon the floor of the church.

⁴ N'ai-je pas l'air d'un mylord !

Some, who were not witnesses of anything so surprising as this, believed that the seeming beggar was really some person in disguise; perhaps a nobleman, doing penance in accomplishment of a vow, or a Jesuit priest, as the Society was at that time suppressed; and one simple peasant, attracted by the beauty of his face, declared that he could be none other than our Lord, returned to earth once more.

And verily our Saint possessed gifts which God rarely deigns to bestow upon the creatures of His hand. He had the power of reading the thoughts of others, and penetrating the secret places of their soul, and he repeatedly made use of it to rebuke men for sins known only to themselves, or to admonish them concerning something affecting their spiritual welfare, as the following instance well serves to illustrate.

A pious and charitable person, named Jacqueline Bombled, who lived at Rome, was one of the warmest admirers and staunchest defenders of Benedict Labre. Being herself French, she was very proud of the virtues of her countryman, whom she always maintained to be a Saint, and whose necessities she relieved as often as he would permit her to do so. One morning she had been hearing Mass, and was just about to leave the church, when Benedict, who was kneeling in front of her in his usual place, turning round, fixed his eyes on her with a peculiarly searching expression. She had never seen him look at any one in church, yet she felt no inclination to reflect upon the unwonted action, for the glance of the Saint seemed to penetrate into her inmost soul, and she remained rooted, as it were, to the spot she had been in the very act of quitting, and kept wondering what message the servant of God had intended transmitting to her. Whilst her thoughts were thus occupied, he again turned round, and looked at her in the same manner as before. She now felt convinced that he meant to rebuke her, and when at length he turned his scrutinizing gaze upon her for the third time, a sudden light seemed to shine into her soul, enlightening some dark recesses which she had neglected to search, and bringing to remembrance a fault which she had not hitherto noticed. Like the erring Apostle upon whom our Lord looked with such tender reproach, Jacqueline burst into tears, nor could she recover calmness of mind until she had seen her confessor and told him the occurrence. The result was the happiest possible one, for she set courageously to work to overcome the fault which had been discovered to her in so remarkable a manner, and cherished ever after a sentiment of liveliest gratitude to the Saint, who had thus repaid with a valuable spiritual gift the temporal alms she had from time to time bestowed on him (pp. 432, 433).

He was also able to predict future events, not only in the lives of individuals but of nations, as he proved by foretelling the grievous troubles about to come upon his country at the period of the French Revolution. He, moreover, repeatedly cured sick persons in a completely miraculous manner; and, what is more uncommon still, he was repeatedly seen in two places at the same time. God graciously granted him this privilege, reversing in his behalf the laws of nature, in order that he might be able to satisfy his ardent desire of adoring our Lord in the Most Holy Sacrament as often as possible without absenting himself from any of the regular devotions at the Hospice, or remaining out of doors after the time had come to close and lock the gates in the evening. Numerous eye-witnesses have testified to his repeatedly spending the night in prayer in some church during the Exposition of the Quarant' Ore, or assisting at the Midnight Mass on Christmas Eve, and yet all those who in succession lodged at the Hospice while he was an inmate of its walls, affirm that he was, without exception, never absent from his place when evening came and night prayers were recited. Upon one occasion a pious young man, who was a son of Zaccarelli, the benefactor to whom we have already referred, saw the Saint praying in some church whither he had himself repaired for purposes of devotion, and upon leaving it and entering another, in order once more to honour our Lord, he again beheld Benedict Labre, absorbed in contemplation, though the Saint had not left the former church when Zaccarelli quitted it, and the street which led from one to the other was so narrow that no one could have passed him on the way unperceived. The young man had walked, moreover, at the vigorous pace natural to his twenty-four years and sound constitution; and it is all the more impossible to call in question the truthfulness of his statement, because the occurrence took place in broad daylight, and because he was a singularly unimaginative and matter-of-fact person, following his father's unromantic calling of a butcher.

But the time was fast approaching when Benedict Labre was to be removed for ever from the earth which his saintly feet already seemed to touch so lightly; and about Easter, 1782, we find him paying his last visit to the Santa Casa. When he was taking leave of his confessor, the latter asked him how often he had been at Loretto; and then added: "You will come this time next year, I suppose, as usual?" "No," replied

the Saint, "I shall have gone home." "But shall you not pass through Loretto on your way to Amettes?" inquired the priest, who naturally thought that his penitent was intending to revisit the parents, of whom he had no tidings for so many years. "No, Father," answered Benedict simply, "I must go home." It was not of an earthly home he was thinking, as after events proved, and there is no doubt God had already revealed to him that his next Easter was to be spent in Paradise, and that when he should again sing *Regina cæli lætare*, it would be with the angels.

During the last year of his life, which he spent as usual at Rome, all those who saw him were struck with his excessive pallor and evidently increasing weakness, though he ever cut short, courteously but firmly, all enquiries addressed to him about his health. The winter of 1782-3 was both longer and more severe than a Roman winter usually is, but the Saint would take no precautions against the cold, though his bodily strength was fast ebbing away. One day he presented himself at the confessional of the Abbate Marconi, his ordinary confessor, in a state of most unwonted excitement. "Never," said the priest, "had I seen him in such violent agitation. He stated that he had just been witnessing his own obsequies, and that crowds of people had assembled, and paid signal honour to his corpse." His confessor proceeded to put some questions to him, which elicited the further statement that the Blessed Sacrament had been removed, and that the honours prepared for It had been shown to his own body. His description was so extremely vivid that the astonished listener seemed to behold the whole as in a vision, though he was unable to find any clue to its meaning, the substitution of the corpse of his penitent in the place of the Blessed Sacrament appearing especially incomprehensible, and he felt persuaded that the whole affair was the work of the devil, and a temptation against humility. Marconi accordingly consoled Benedict as well as he could, and told him there was no sin in all this, but that such things were but mere vain imaginings, since in the Blessed Sacrament the very Son of God Incarnate is adored, while he himself was but a wretched beggar. Ever ready to welcome humiliations, the servant of God bowed his head in silent acquiescence and left the confessional. The priest had, however, been more impressed than he chose to own, and consulted several Doctors of the Roman College, one of whom was acquainted with the Saint. None

of them, however, could elucidate the mystery. At a subsequent period both Marconi and also Natalis del Pino, the aforesaid Doctor of Theology, separately arrived at the same conclusion, and understood the vision perfectly, as we shall in due time proceed to explain.

We have said that the Saint changed nothing in his manner of life, refusing to make the slightest concession to physical weakness, and so complete was in this case the mastery which the spirit had gained over the flesh, that, although his death cannot be called a sudden one in the usual sense of the term, since it was preceded by months of slow decline, he yet had no last illness, properly so called, but went about as usual up to the very day when he expired. On Tuesday in Holy Week, 1783, he was in church, as was his wont, absorbed in contemplation, and looking more like a corpse than a living man. In the evening he could hardly get back to the Hospice of St. Martin, and immediately upon his arrival there begged permission to go to bed at once, instead of waiting until the usual hour. It was the first time he had ever asked for any exception to be made in his favour; and the next morning he rose at the appointed time, though he looked so extremely ill that the Superintendent of the Institution sent some one with him to the Church of Notre Dame des Monts, whither he persisted in repairing. He assisted at several Masses on this Wednesday morning, but about nine o'clock a sudden faintness came over him, and he was compelled to leave the church in order to breathe a little fresh air. His staggering gait, and the ashen pallor of his wasted countenance excited universal compassion, especially as he had no sooner got outside the church door than he sank down exhausted on the steps. A crowd gathered around him, every one was anxious to express sympathy and render assistance, and many were the kind offers of food and shelter which he gratefully and gently declined. At last Zaccarelli, the pious butcher who had so often befriended him, chanced to pass, and was distressed to perceive his condition. "You look dreadfully ill, my poor Benedict," he said, stooping over him; "I wish you would let me take you home to my house." "To your house," rejoined the Saint faintly—adding in a moment: "Yes, I will come with you." Good Zaccarelli was both grieved and glad; he lifted up his friend, and took him by the arm, in order that thus supported he might be better able to walk. But the sufferer was unable to drag

himself along, so Zaccarelli called his sons, and they half-led, half-carried him until he was laid upon a bed in their father's house, where the various members of the family vied with one another in doing all that was possible for him. He drank a little broth, but it soon grew apparent that his hours on earth were numbered, and a priest was at once sent for, who administered the last rites of the Church. The dying man shortly afterwards became unconscious and remained motionless on his bed, his eyes and mouth closed, his arms crossed over his breast, uttering from time to time a succession of faint sighs, whilst several Fathers of Penance watched beside him, besides the whole household of Zaccarelli. At length as evening grew on, it became evident that the end was close at hand, and one of the Fathers saw fit that the Prayers for the Departing should be recited, and commenced them accordingly. At the words *Sancta Maria, ora pro eo*, an unearthly paleness spread over the features of the expiring Saint, and in a moment more he breathed forth his soul, and was carried by the Angels into the presence of that Lord, whom to adore had been his sole delight and almost only occupation even here on earth, and whom he now rejoices to praise continually with Angels and Archangels and all the army of Heaven.

We cannot close this sketch of Benedict Labre without relating the fulfilment of his remarkable and prophetic vision. Nothing could exceed the honour which was paid to his corpse during the time which it remained in the Church of Notre Dame des Monts, previous to its burial there in a vault which was prepared in front of the high altar on the epistle side. Crowds constantly thronged the building, and thus the first part of the prediction was accomplished, as both Marconi and Dr. del Pino at once perceived. But they were still as much in the dark as ever touching the second part, that namely which had reference to the substitution of the mendicant's body in the place of the Blessed Sacrament. However, after he was buried, people kept on pouring into the church in no less numbers than before, so that it was judged prudent not to hold the usual forty hours' Exposition there on the 25th of April, for which every preparation had been made, but to have the adoration in another church, that of Tor di Conti; nor indeed to leave the Blessed Sacrament in the church at all, and the sacred species were consequently placed for greater safety in the sacristy. Marconi's eyes were at once opened; he saw that the honours prepared for the Master

were indeed being shown to the servant instead, and hastened to the college in order to acquaint Del Pino with his discovery. But the latter had his own story to tell ; for that very morning, happening to pass the Church of Tor di Conti, he had entered it, and had found the building almost deserted, although the Blessed Sacrament was exposed there, whilst at the very same hour Notre Dame des Monts could scarcely contain the crowds which were thronging to pray beside the grave of Benedict Labre ; and thus had he too seen the fulfilment of the prophecy.

Quis sicut Deus noster, qui in altis habitat, et humilia respicit in terra, de stercore erigens pauperem, ut collocet eum cum principibus, cum principibus populi sui ?

A Worthy Son of the Scotch Soil.¹

Of biographies, as of histories, there are two sorts. The one kind is a sham, in which the author tells much about himself and his own crochets (philosophical or political or social or æsthetic), but next to nothing about his professed subject; the other kind is real and, however great or small its other merits, has this at least to say for itself, that it is a picture of the man whose name appears on the title-page, not of the painter. In our days biographies of this latter class are far too rare to allow of our passing them by, when they appear. Froude's biography of Carlyle, to which attention has been called in our September number, affords one admirable instance. The biographer is nowhere; Carlyle is before us from first to last. The same may be said with yet greater emphasis of Mr. Hughes' *Memoir of Daniel Macmillan*. The life itself is a poem, on the whole an elegy; and the author of *Tom Brown's Schooldays* has embalmed the relic in sweet and simple music which, as all such music should be, is a true accompaniment of the theme and does not drown its articulation.

In the earlier part of the present century there appeared in London three Scotchmen, children of the people,—nay, one may say, veritable children of the soil,—each with a work yet how different before him, each with a message of his own to the generation and to the kingdom that owned him: one a poet, the second a philosopher, the last an apostle and reformer of a special type. These three were the Ettrick Shepherd, Carlyle, and Daniel Macmillan. The first cannot claim our attention here, because he is outside the focus; but there is so close a parallel, and a contrast so pronounced, between the history and developed life of Carlyle and Daniel Macmillan, that each helps to throw light upon the other. Both were brought up in the tenets and practices of a rigid Presbyterianism, both claimed relationship or friendship with dissenting ministers of various sorts,—both

¹ *Memoir of Daniel Macmillan*. By Thomas Hughes, Q.C. Macmillan and Co.

struggled on towards the accomplishment of their destined work amid diverse discouragements and pecuniary straits, baffled for a time and as if half-despairing,—both conquered in the long run, and saw their purpose accomplished before they died,—both were subject to a chronic disorder that, like another sword of Damocles, hung ever suspended over them,—both broke through the trammels of the sect which claimed them at their birth, and escaped, yet by paths how widely different and towards cities of refuge how strangely opposite! But the contrast between the two is more marked than the parallel. The latter exists in the fortune of their outward lives; the former, in their inner lives as revealed to us in their mode respectively of dealing with these similarities of circumstance. Both these Scotchmen were confronted, as we have seen, by the same difficulties; but one ungraciously yielded, the other with calm but steadfast predetermination breasted and overcame them. Carlyle is ever wincing under his poverty, sometimes even growling. He appears to convert even his marriage into a method of escape, and barter with his wife before and after their union for a costless residence at the desolate farm at Craigenputtock with a brother established there as farmer of the property. He groans over the failure of his first essays in literature, is ready to be a tutor in a family, professor at a university, editor of a magazine, translator of German works, or anything else which will pay, as soon as he sees a chance; and grows irritated with himself and all mankind when unsuccessful in his endeavour. Daniel Macmillan was the exact reverse of all this. He too in his younger days had occasionally dazzling dreams of money-making, but these lower incentives did not permanently seduce him. As his brother Malcolm, then the master of a school at Irvine, could not save up enough to send his younger brother to a university, Daniel bound himself to a bookseller with the wage of eighteen pence a week the first year, with a rise of a shilling a week for each of the remaining years. His apprenticeship is ended; and Mr. Hughes thus sums up the situation:

The marvellously few pounds which seem to be sufficient to maintain a Scotch lad at a Scotch University were not forthcoming in his case; and at the age when he should have been tramping to Glasgow to enter himself as a student, Daniel had already served his apprenticeship and was in full work at his trade.

He was then in his eighteenth year. Meanwhile his brother Malcolm had become a Baptist minister at Stirling, and wanted Daniel to accept a situation in that town. Daniel gently though unwillingly yielded, but a guiding Providence practically confirmed his instinctive aspirations. As his biographer tersely puts it: "The place was too small and the boy too big." But the reader shall have Daniel Macmillan's own account:

When I had finished my apprenticeship I set off for Stirling, where Malcolm had found a situation for me. I had not enough to do and found the place dull. I wished to go to Glasgow or Edinburgh, or some large town, where there would be more room and better chances of rising. My brother was anxious that I should remain with him. I did not wish to oppose him, but still the thing worried me. I felt "cribbed, cabined, and confined." The result was a most violent brain fever.

With youth on his side he quickly recovered, and then he found his wish accomplished. He now appears as a shopman under Mr. Atkinson, a bookseller in Glasgow, with hopes of eventually becoming a partner. But his young hopes were again to be frustrate. His incessant labours to succeed and excel developed the seeds of that malady to which he eventually succumbed:

I hoped for a partnership in the business [he writes in a letter written twenty years after]. I worked hard and closely, from early till late. . . . The upshot, as was natural, was the most wretched health. It appeared to every one that I was dying. I would not allow myself to think so. . . . A fortune seemed glittering before me. I was full of hope. I strove with all my might against the weakness of my body. It was no use. I could bear up no longer.

But he was not to be beaten. A visit to the Isle of Arran restored him to comparative health, and awakened within him a new impulse that would guide him to the destined field of his life-work. His biographer has thus touchingly painted this momentous epoch in the young man's history:

The first wrestle with his life-long enemy was now over. He was well again, and anxious to go back to work. Even during his illness he had been preparing the way for a new departure, and this time he will if possible set his face southward.

Such was Daniel Macmillan's way of breasting poverty and disease in the prosecution of his end, even though the true end was not as yet consciously present to his thoughts. And this is a

young man who has not yet attained his majority and has already within him the developed seeds of consumption! Once more: Carlyle constituted himself an apostle of reality and of humility and of reverence towards those who are above us. A sermon, however, without the preacher is but a barren tree pregnant neither of blossom nor of fruit. Carlyle canted against cant and shammed against shams. His reverence, if such it may be called, was reserved for such as revered him; and his hero worship was exclusively directed towards the reflection of his looking-glass or of the burnished mirror of some fanatical disciple. Towards the highest and noblest of his coevals he was either vituperative or unwholesomely compassionate. In these respects Daniel Macmillan showed himself the very opposite. All that his biographer has handed down from his letters and from the habits of his life evince his reality, humility, and reverence;—his reality, because his convictions were the measure of his life; his humility, because his God was ever present to him and he recognized (as he believed) in his chosen heroes the impress of a Divine commission; his reverence, forasmuch as reticence is reverence's chosen garment. He hated cant, as he tells us; but he did not denounce it to every stranger that passed by. His "impetuous" energy was devoted to construction, and became destructive only as an inevitable consequence of the former. How far his strivings reached the desired goal, will be seen presently.

There is yet one other marked instance of parallel and of contrast between the lives of the two men, which shows itself in their social relations. If there is one redeeming feature in the character of Carlyle, so far as Mr. Froude has at present revealed it, it is to be found in his devoted attachment to his own family and particularly to his mother. This, indeed, is the only palliation for his expression of orthodox Presbyterianism in his letters to the mother and brothers; while in his inner consciousness he had ceased to believe in Christianity as a historic fact and a divinely revealed creed, and had formed to himself the idol of a god unknowable and unapproachable, whether personal or otherwise does not clearly appear. Daniel Macmillan shared to the full in this characteristic of love for his family. His enthusiastic devotion to, and appreciation of his mother, as revealed in a letter to his brother, it is impossible to withhold from the reader:

Of my mother [he writes] I can speak what I do know. I know her as well as ever a son knew a parent, and my persuasion is that she is the most perfect lady in all Scotland. With so little knowledge derived from books, with so very little intercourse with the higher ranks of society, with so very little care or thought on what is most pleasing in external conduct, was there ever a lady who, so instinctively, so naturally, did what was right, acted with so much propriety in all cases? She has such high and noble notions that no one ever heard her say, or knew her do, a mean thing, no one could ever venture to say an impudent thing to her, or talk scandal in her presence. If any one did so once, it never was repeated; some quietly spoken but most bitter and biting saying put an end to such garbage. Few appreciated her, but no one could despise her. . . . I think she has one of the *finest*, I mean the most refined, minds I ever came into contact with, and yet she is far from being deficient in strength—a most strong and deep nature, yet a woman's nature. No one could be more deeply religious than she is, and yet how little she talks about it! . . . The end of the whole matter is, that I think there is nobody like mother in the whole world. If ever I saw any one with the same tenderness, strength, and calmness, the same joyousness of heart, with the same depth, I should instantly fall in love with her, that is if there was any chance of its coming to anything! But at present a grave seems the most likely place for me.

Happy the mother who could be thus enthusiastically appreciated by such a son; and happy the son who in his youth possessed a model of womanhood in such a mother! When he does marry, we may divine that it will not be the hap-hazard result of an unreasoning passion, sudden to come and sudden to go, but the deliberate resolve of an affection for all that is purest, most refined, and most ennobling in our nature. This brings us in view of the most painful contrast between Carlyle and the subject of the present notice. The conduct of the former towards his spouse even before his marriage, and still more after, was simply revolting. He thwarted his wife's wishes in everything. She was a refined and highly intellectual woman belonging to the upper class of society, sensitive and fragile. He imprisoned her in that desolate property of hers, morally forced her to do the drudgery of a maid of all work (possibly with the idea of putting her on a level with his family), and habitually left her alone while he set out on his solitary rambles. She had sacrificed herself to an imaginary ideal, vainly hoping that she might be of service to the genius in his literary labours. She craved for a partnership in his thoughts and hopes; and was rigorously excluded from both. And so she toiled on, a

veritable beast of burden. Carlyle saw her gradually fading, like a bruised flower rudely torn from its stem, before his eyes,—she all patience, he all exaction ; she feeling the more because of her degrading isolation, he occasionally venting upon her the overflow of his morose dyspepsy,—till the place that once knew her, knew her no more. Such was not the courtship or the married life of Daniel Macmillan. Everything about himself he confides to his betrothed, even the circumstances of a former unsuccessful proposal.

I fear you will think [he writes] that I am very tiresome with these long letters. But the fact is I am anxious that you should know all about me. I think it best that I should speak out all I know of myself, all that would help you to understand me, with ease and freedom. . . . If we clear the way as we go along, and see the way as we go along, it may be plainer, more tedious, less like a flowery fairy-land ; but it is likely to be more substantial, freer from swamps and pitfalls.

And his confidence seems to have been amply repaid.

Once more : Carlyle could never keep a friend. No past and present obligations could retain his spleen in presence of an asserted equality. Worship or war, these were the only alternatives. There is not a distinguished man of his time whom he has not befouled with the rancour of his arrogant temper. Daniel Macmillan, as may be seen in his Memoir, was cautious and select in his choice of friends ; but, the choice once made, he buckled them to his heart with bands of steel. His treatment of those from whose opinions he felt obliged to disagree may be best understood from the following fragment of a letter :

With regard to Scott and Newton, whose writings you recommend, if I have said anything *against* them I am sincerely sorry. I should think it very wrong to do so. They have done much good. I dare not say anything *against* them. *That* would be very foolish ; it would be very irreverent. Yet I really do feel that their theology though not a false—thank God—is but a theology that is confused, entangled, imperfect, gloomy. At any rate it entangles me, it confuses me, it makes me gloomy.

Another instance is still more striking and illustrative. At the time that he was gradually being weaned from the religious traditions which he had been taught from his childhood, he appears to have been in the habit of attending the ministrations of the well known Independent minister, Dr. Binney. The Anglican Establishment had begun to attract him by its show

of ritual and orderly worship, in proportion as he became repelled by the nakedness of the dissenting forms and by that apparently inseparable cant which through life he held in abhorrence. At length he felt it incumbent on him to break the news touching the change in his religious views to his pastor; and this is the way he does it.

I did compose a longer letter, explaining in as clear and simple a manner as I could the reasons which have made me determine never to go to the Weigh House again [this building was Dr. Binney's meeting-house], but after looking over it, I sent it to the winds, imagining that it would be wrong and foolish to take up your time with the difficulties of so unimportant a person. . . . Dissent and Dissenting systems have been for a long time very hateful to me, so extremely repulsive that I kept them out of my mind as much as possible. Even at your communion service this came over my mind so painfully that I could scarcely bear it. It was only my great admiration and love for you that kept me so long; but as I felt that my whole nature revolted from the thing, that it really injured my health, physical and spiritual, I resolved to leave. I have quite made up my mind thus far; what the next step will be is not so clear to me; it is daily becoming clearer.

Nothing could be more ingenuously open and plain spoken than this announcement; yet accompanied with what lowliness of spirit and affection expressed for the recipient of his letter! The burden was upon his soul, and he must use strong words against the false system; but his heart is formed for reverence and love, and he must employ terms as strong to express his kindly feelings towards the representative to him of the system.

Here we must perforce close our exposure of the likeness and unlikeness of these two great men, and return to the life of Daniel Macmillan and the salutary lessons which that life teaches. There are three characteristic traits which stand out prominently in the portrait which Mr. Hughes has so skilfully and faithfully painted. These are, his deep religiousness and ever present sense of the Divine Providence over him; his tender sympathy with, and anxious endeavours on behalf of, the humbler classes of society; in the last place, the high and noble idea that he had set before him of his labours in his business. But these will be made more manifest and be more easily realized, if we go back again to the history of his life.

We left Daniel Macmillan in Glasgow with his face turned southward; and shortly after we find him in London, seeking a resting-place for the soles of his feet but without success. See

him mounting to the top of St. Paul's that he may take a bird's eye view of that modern Babylon ; and listen to his impressions :

What a sight ! To see all London, even its highest spires, under one's feet, to think of the many thousand souls that are busy in that mighty mass of brick : . . . the numbers who are dying : the numbers who are just entering upon life. To think of those who are enduring pain, and those who are enjoying pleasure : of the villains, and the saints : the active and the indolent : the virtuous and the vicious : the pious and the profane : the prodigiously rich and the miserably poor : the noble and the mean, who inhabit or infest that marvellous and mighty place, improving or injuring its morals, saving or destroying its souls. It is awful beyond description. I can hardly bear it.

These burning words are a token of the, perhaps unconscious, presence of the one idea that would eventually rule his life. He is seized with a yearning to do a work for the big metropolis. To this end he applies here and there for a situation in some known firm. His applications are unsuccessful ; "But I still had a hankering after London." He tries again and again, only to meet with fresh disappointment. Of one of these occasions he gives us the following touching picture :

All the way from Stationers' Court to Goswell Road was sprinkled with tears. They were a relief to me—these and prayers—such half articulate prayers as I could give utterance to. At that hour the passers-by could not notice me. I certainly did not notice them, except when I was stopped and spoken to by the poor and unfortunate. These I could have taken and pressed to my heart. Ah me ! what a world we live in !

At last, though sorely against his will, he closes with an offer of employment at Cambridge. His determination is thus beautifully revealed to his brother William in a letter giving an account of his London efforts :

Therefore, you see, I must go to Cambridge. . . On the whole, I really do think Cambridge is best for me—will be best for me ultimately. I did not wish to go there. God knows best. I ought to feel quite submissive, quite pleased, deeply grateful for all that He hath done for me, and cheerfully go where He leadeth me. It is strange to see how few things turn out as we design them, but doubtless they are all designed and projected by One infinitely wiser than we are. I ought to rejoice that it is so.

He was right ; for the gracious Providence of his God was leading him to the final land of possession.

So here we see him, not yet of age, pale and fragile, settled down as a shopman to a Mr. Johnson, a bookseller, at £30 a year, and remaining with his master for three years, working from half-past seven in the morning till seven at night. Soon he became known to the studios of the University, more particularly the youger members, who would pass the principal's desk and take counsel with, and receive information from, the young assistant at the back among the shelves. Is it now that he first becomes conscious of his influence over others? At all events the motive force is there; but where is the determining object? Already has the young bookworm suggested an answer for those who have ears to hear. Oh! those thousands upon thousands who infest our great towns, injure the morals, destroy the souls therein. Is there no work here for the true bookseller? But this was evidently brought home to him with intense distinctness, when he left Cambridge and was detained in his native land, whither he had gone for a holiday, by a return of his complaint brought on through undue exposure during his voyage.

The poor men [he writes] the mechanics, weavers, and the like in our towns, care not one farthing for the Covenant, or for those deeper matters of which the Covenant was a symbol. They know nothing about duty, or faith, or God; they care only about their rights; they talk only about reform, universal suffrage, from which they look for justice and deliverance from oppression. They do not look up to God for help in the old-fashioned way. This may be a "progress of humanity," and all the rest of that jargon, but I, for one, cannot admire it.

Excellent and most true; can no one find out some antidote?

Meantime the probation of our hero is not yet complete. He leaves Cambridge and settles in London. "I was glad to get back to London," he writes. "London seems more of a home to me than any other place." Yes, but it is not the final place of work. Nevertheless, he goes on with his old energy amid constant pecuniary straits, engaged in the service of Messrs. Seeley; though smarting under the sense of continued dependence and filled with anxious cares about his struggling kindred. It was during this period that the important change in his religious opinions took place, to which allusion has been already made. He bade a final farewell to dissent, and became a member of the Anglican communion under the intellectual influence of what is known as the Broad Church party. *The Kingdom of Christ* by Mr. Maurice seems to have been as the opening of a

new world to him; and his opinions were matured by his personal intercourse with Archdeacon Hare. For about six years he worked on as a subordinate; but at the end of that time he purchased a business in Aldersgate Street. Here, however, his ardent aspirations were far from being satisfied.

I have more books than I have time to read. This *time* I feel the sorest want. The best of my hours are spent in the merest drudgework; which, however, becomes dignified when I look on it as DUTY.

In February, 1843, he had made this purchase; and in the October of the same year he becomes the owner of a small business in Cambridge through the aid afforded him by Archdeacon Hare. His aspirations and the designs of Divine Providence in his regard are about to be realized. He has at length settled down in the scene of his future labours. The incident that led him, retiring as he evidently was by nature, to make himself known to the Archdeacon, is interesting not only by reason of the results, but because it relates to us with sufficient clearness the purpose of his mind and the motive which made him long to be a publisher as well as a bookseller. He had come across some publications of Archdeacon Hale which, like those of Mr. Maurice, seem to have made an extraordinary impression upon him; and it struck him that these and writers like these, if they could be induced to combine their efforts, might supply the masses with an antidote to the irreligious and immoral garbage provided for them in the cheap literature that all but exclusively circulated amongst them.

The state of the persons I speak about [he writes to the Archdeacon] lies on my heart like a burden. I often try to forget them and their dangers but cannot. It would be much more comfortable for me to go on in my own way, reading what would be good and pleasing to myself, and never giving a thought about others, but I cannot. Every book I read, which shows anything like an earnest desire for the good of man, makes me think of them. . . . Wherever one goes Sunday newspapers are sold. You find them in the hands of most poor men that can read. You often see who *can* read sitting with half-a-dozen listeners around him, while he reads a word in season. Here is an influence at work, which our churches labour feebly to counteract. Could the Church not lay hold of this instrument and use it more wisely?

Daniel Macmillan evidently inclined to the idea of starting a good journal for the purpose; the Archdeacon and his friends were in favour of issuing tracts. Neither plan seems to have

been practically adopted; but the new publisher nevertheless cherished the ideal of his responsibility.

We booksellers [he writes to another bookseller, an old friend of his], if we are faithful to our task, are trying to destroy, and are helping to destroy, all kinds of confusion, and are aiding our great Taskmaster to reduce the world into order, and beauty, and harmony. Bread we must have, and gain it by the sweat of our brow, or of our brain, and that is noble, because God-appointed. Yet that is not all. As truly as God is, we are His ministers, and help to minister to the well being of the spirits of men.

Nor, though unable *directly* to heal the plague among the people or to satisfy the charity of his heart, did he altogether fail. Indeed, how could he with such noble views and high resolves? His influence in the shop, his discrimination in the books chosen for publication, the enthusiastic teaching of his correspondence,—are they not still living?

But we must hurry to the end. He has seen the business established. He must have taken pleasure in the thought that, whatever might happen to him, the work would be in good hands and be carried on with the same noble ends in view. He had married and become the father of a family. His time is come. The sentinel of death is at his door, in the shape of a return of his old complaint, under an aggravated form. At the comparatively early age of forty-four he lay upon his bed in expectation of the end, with his children playing softly in his room, with an affectionate wife and steadfast brother watching the ebb of life and assiduously doing service round his pillow. To his sorrowing wife he said as articulately as his weakness would permit, "Oh, I should like my children to have a beautiful home, to speak gently to each other, and to help in every way to spread the kingdom of God." To his sister-in-law he said, holding her hand, "Good-bye, we shall meet again under other circumstances, though these are not bad. God has been so very kind to us all—God bless you." A few days more; and the last grains were falling in the hour-glass of life. Gazing on St. Mary's spire that he could see through the window, he exclaimed, "How beautiful to float up there! I am so tired, tired! Oh God, sure to deliver." A little longer, and he passed away.

What shall be said of him? Why, that he was a hero of a sterling type,—a God-fearing, God-loving man, with high aims and higher resolves,—with a sympathizing heart ever yearning

over his fellow-men and anxious to deliver them from the mystery of iniquity in their midst. Though external to the Body of the Church, who could deny that he was united to her Soul? What Catholic is there, then, who would hesitate to say for him that prayer so consoling, *Requiescat in pace*? He wrote no books, contributed nothing to the periodicals of his day, occupied no place of mark on the world's platform. His life-dream came apparently to nought. Yes, all this is true. The stone sinks unheeded into the bosom of the stream of time; but it leaves on the surface ever widening ripples circling round the central spot where it was lost to sight,—ripples swelling onwards till they melt upon the bank. It may be that the devotion and high energy of Daniel Macmillan will live and bear fruit in others, when the works of his still famous compatriot—spite of the mosaic of deep truths which they exhibit in the midst of much that is pitifully little—will have long since passed away into the limbo of unrealities. In conclusion, thus much must be said; that no one can rise up from the perusal of this memoir without at all events *feeling* himself a better man. This of itself is great praise of a work in our nineteenth century.

T. H.

The Warriors of the Sea.

AMONG the curiosities in the museum of Stonyhurst College is a huge crab holding a crucifix between its outstretched claws. It belongs to a species common upon the coasts of the Indian Ocean, and its strange burden commemorates the miracle in the life of St. Francis Xavier when his crucifix, which had dropped by chance into the sea, had been brought safely to land by a friendly crab. The uneducated Catholic visitor sometimes concludes that it is the identical animal, captured and sent back to Europe by the Saint in return for its restoration of his treasure. The scoffing Protestant laughs at the story as a silly piece of superstition. But the fact remains, and gives to every admirer of St. Francis Xavier a special interest in crabs. To crabs, therefore, we will first introduce our readers, joining to them, however, their first cousins, the lobsters, and we shall afterwards have a word to say of the little fairies who flit around these more solid denizens of the deep—the elegant prawn and the familiar shrimp.

The heavy armour-covered crab and lobster are among the most remarkable of all the insects of the sea. On account of their jointed limbs they are called *arthropoda*, or jointed-footed animals. According to Linneaus they are insects, because in common with prawns and shrimps their bodies are cut into divisions, but modern naturalists chiefly give this term to those which have also, in one or other stage of their development, wings and legs. The armour which covers the whole body of these animals is often called, though not very correctly, an external skeleton. It contains a large amount of calcareous matter—carbonate and phosphate of lime—being therefore in its substance intermediate between shell and bone. The substance called *chitine*, which they form in their bodies out of their food, somewhat like horn, is spread in the outer layer of their skin, covering not only the body, but the eyes, antennæ, and legs. Within this firm covering the soft animal lives comfortably,

enclosed in his jointed shield, which as it grows soon becomes too small for its body, and has therefore to be cast off very frequently. In this *moulting* or casting of the shell, the crab divests itself of its covering, not in separate parts but in one piece, including the coverings of the limbs and of the antennæ; in doing so the membranes which connect the hard plates are split and torn.

The sixth and largest division of the animal kingdom is called *crustacea*, from the crust or shell covering the animals of this class, to which belong the shrimp, the prawn, the crab, and the lobster.

A curious change or metamorphosis takes place in all the crustacea. When a crab is first hatched from the egg he appears with an outstretched jointed tail, and peculiar spine projecting from his back very unlike a crab. But after having swum about for a week or ten days, casting his coat several times, the spine drops off, the back grows much broader, and he becomes a tailed crab. Then after having swum about for a few weeks, and moulted several times, his tail folds under, and he sinks to the bottom of the sea, a perfect walking crab. He lives on the sea floor, generally in deep water and in the holes of rocks, fighting bravely among his companions in self-defence. Some three or four times a year, while he is still young, he finds himself in a sickly feeble state, and creeping into a dark hole he throws himself upon his back and swells out his body, till the armour covering breaks open, and with much effort and pain he creeps out of it. His claws, being larger than the joints through which they have to be extricated, are frequently much cut and wounded in the process. Having thus cast his shell the animal waits patiently in his hole till a new layer of chitine has formed, before he dare venture out again. After attaining full growth he rarely changes his shell, indeed from the mollusks and other animals often found adhering to the shells, it is certain that these are often worn for years. There is a specimen now in the British Museum which was found on our own coast, covered with oysters, some of which are four inches long, and must have been growing six years. The crab when taken was in perfect health, but such incumbrances would not suit all the species—the little broad-claw crab for instance, who brushes and cleanses himself with his hind pair of feet as diligently as the prawn.

The different kinds of crab vary considerably in the form of the back, which in some is nearly orbicular; while in others it is

much broader than it is long ; in others again it is prolonged into a kind of beak. It differs also in its smoothness, or roughness, in the hairs, tubercles or spines, in the length of its legs, &c. The eyes are compound, and are generally elevated on short stalks, though in some few these are lengthened, and have also the power of motion, so that their eyes turn in different directions. The first pair of limbs are not used for locomotion, but they serve as claws or pincers. Some crabs have the last pair of limbs expanded at the extremity into a broad blade for swimming, and some have all the four pairs of limbs intended for locomotion expanded. Though these limbs are clumsy looking things, the crab can wield them with great activity and neatness, and they rarely miss what they clutch at, so that boys taking advantage of this, drop into the stream a common bit of string of which the crab seizes hold and goes to the bottom to examine his prize, but before he has time to ascertain that it is not edible, the boy whips him up on to the land.

A species with very long legs is known as the *spider crab*. Crabs are inhabitants of almost all seas, many, however, having their limbs formed more for walking than for swimming, are found chiefly near the coast, while some inhabit deep water, and others abound in places left by the receding tide in the rock pools and among the moist sea-weeds. In warm countries some kinds of crabs inhabit fresh water ; the land crabs live among moist herbage or burrow in the sand or earth. The hermit crab always retains the long tail which all young crabs have when they are born, and the skin which covers his abdomen is quite soft, thus affording a tempting morsel to hungry sea animals. The way in which it adapts its tail to its home while preserving all the ordinary parts of a crab is very remarkable. One of his claws being much larger than the other, closes the aperture of the shell as soon as the rest of the body has been drawn in, so as to effectually bar the door against intruders, except the fiddler crab, which often contrives to thrust in his fine pincers through the door and pinch the unfortunate animal to death. The hermit's first ten feet are strong and pointed, able both to take a firm grasp on the sand as he walks, and to support the weight of the shell. The two remaining thin pairs serve to shift its body about in its house. His swimmerets being no longer required become stunted, while his soft abdomen always follows the winding of the shell he may happen to have chosen. The tail-fin ceasing to be broad and flat, becomes a sort

of grappling hook which grasps so firmly that the crab can hardly ever be dragged out alive. As the hermit crab grows, it passes through the same features of moulting which characterize the crustaceans generally. The shell which it has chosen for protection, has of course no power of growth, and has to be abandoned when the hermit crab gets too big for it; it then wanders about in search of another house a little bigger than the one that it is discarding. It is said that it does not always content itself with the empty shells that strew the beach, but has been seen attacking a live snail, and eating it for the purpose of occupying its vacant shell: it never leaves its old home till it has found a new one.

Professor Agassiz gives some interesting particulars of the ways of some young hermit crabs, which he had reared from their earliest stages, when they were first presented with the shells of mollusks:

A number of shells, some of them empty, others with the living animal within, were placed in a glass dish with the young crabs. Scarcely had the shells reached the bottom before the crabs made a rush for them, turned them round and round, invariably at the mouth, and soon a couple of the crabs decided to venture in, which they did with remarkable alacrity. The crabs which obtained for their share the shells still inhabited by living mollusks, remained riding round upon the mouth of their future dwelling, and on the death of the mollusk—which generally occurred soon after its captivity—began at once to tear out the animal, and having eaten it, proceeded to take its place within the shell.

The *velvet-fiddler crab*, so common on our shores, has broad and flat hind feet, and swims merrily along when the ordinary crab can only creep. The *oceanic crab* takes to the open sea and swims for days without resting. This is a species which builds nests to contain its eggs; this nest is on the form of a hollow cone, built upon sea-weed and composed of fine thread-like material closely interlaced. These nests, says Mr. Bates, are evidently used as a place of refuge and security, in which the parent keeps her brood of young until they are old enough to be independent of the mother's care. Among the land crabs there are several curious kinds. The *racing crab* of Ceylon outstrips the swiftest runner and burrows in the dry sand. Strange to say, it dies if held under water, though it enjoys having its gills always moist. In fact most of the land crabs visit water daily for this purpose, and some of them actually

keep water enclosed within their shell, and freshen it with air. Others use the water till it is exhausted, when they raise their carapace or shell, and breathe like land animals.

The *frog crab* of the Indian Ocean climbs on the roofs of houses, and the *robber crab* of the Mauritius lives in holes at the root of the cocoa-nut palm tree, which it lines with cocoa-nut fibre. This cocoa-nut eating crab grows to a monstrous size. The front pair of legs terminate in very strong and heavy pincers, and the last pair are fitted with others much narrower and weaker. It seems difficult to imagine a crab being able to open a strong cocoa-nut covered with the husk. It begins by tearing the husk fibre by fibre, and always from that end under which the three eye-holes are situated. As soon as this is completed the crab commences hammering with its heavy claws on one of the eye-holes till an opening is made. Then turning round its body it extracts, by the aid of its narrow hind pair of pincers, the white albuminous substance from the nut. These crabs accumulate surprising quantities of the picked fibres of the cocoa-nut husk, on which they rest as on a soft bed. The great *Norway crab* has a very short tail and a shell not exceeding six inches in diameter, though its feet measure actually twenty-four inches in length!

The *violet crab* somewhat resembles a man's hands, cut through the middle and joined together, for each side looks like four fingers, and the two nippers or claws resemble the thumbs. The rest of the body is covered with a shell bunched up in the middle, on the forepart of which there are two long eyes of the size of a grain of barley, as transparent as crystal, and as hard as horn. A little below is the mouth, which is covered with a sort of barb, under which there are two broad sharp teeth as white as snow, which are not placed crossways as in other animals, but in the opposite direction, rather like the blades of a pair of scissors. With these teeth they can easily cut leaves, fruits, and rotten wood, which is their usual food. But their most powerful instrument for cutting and seizing their food are their nippers, which catch such a hold that the animal loses the limb sooner than its grasp, and is frequently seen scampering off, having left its claw still holding fast upon the enemy, and oftentimes the faithful claw still performs its duty by keeping for about a minute still fastened upon the pursuer's finger while the crab is running away.

The *calling crab* has club-shaped eyes and unequal claws,

sometimes the right, sometimes the left, being much larger than the other. This disproportion answers a very useful purpose, for, retiring into its burrow, the crab closes the entrance with the great claw, which prevents intrusion, and is also ready to seize any passing prey. They have the habit of holding the large claw in the air, in front of their body in a ludicrous manner, as if beckoning to some one—whence their name. This probably is an attitude of defence. They attack carrion in crowds, disputing possession even with vultures. Towards winter troops of them leave the sea-shore and march inland, till having arrived at a convenient spot they dig deep holes, vast numbers of them congregating in one burrow, which they close for three months, and on the return of spring, animated by the warm weather, they emerge from their dormitories and retrace their steps to the sea-side and set about repairing their old dwellings.

The *white crabs* of the Antilles live chiefly in woods, digging very deep holes and wandering about at night. They are also found plentifully in Pondicherry and other inland parts of India. Heber describes these crabs as running with considerable swiftness, even when encumbered with a bundle of food almost as big as themselves. This food is either grass or the green stalks of rice. "It is most amusing," he says, "to see them sitting, as it were, upright to cut their hay with their sharp pincers, and then waddling off with the sheaf to their holes, as fast as their side-long pace will carry them."

The *land crabs* of the West Indies not only live together in a kind of orderly community in their retreats in the mountains, but regularly every year march down to the sea-side in a body of some millions at a time. Choosing the months of April or May to begin their expedition, they sally out by thousands from the stumps of hollow trees, from the clefts in the rocks, and from the holes which they dig for themselves under the surface of the earth. The sea is the place of destination of this band of adventurers, and to that they march with right lined precision. No geometrician could direct their course by a shorter route, for they neither turn to the right nor left whatever obstacles intervene, and even if they meet with a house they will scale the walls to preserve the unbroken tenor of their way. But when their course is intersected by rivers, they wind along by the stream. The procession sets forward from the mountains with the regularity of an army under the guidance of an experienced commander. They are usually divided into three battalions, of

which the first consists of the strongest and boldest males, who, like pioneers, march forward to clear the route and face the greatest dangers. The main body of the army is composed of females, who do not leave their homes till the rainy season has set in, and then descend in regular companies, being formed into columns of fifty paces broad and three miles deep, so closely following each other as almost to cover the ground. Three or four days, later the rear-guard follows, a straggling undisciplined tribe, consisting of males and females, but neither so robust nor so numerous as the two former. They generally travel by night and rest during the day, unless it rains, when they continue their journey in their slow, uniform manner. But as soon as the sun begins to shine hotly upon the surface of the ground, they make a universal halt and wait till the cool of the evening. If they are alarmed in any way they turn and march back in a confused manner, holding up their nippers, with which they boldly attack any man who obstructs their path, and after tearing off a piece of his skin leave the weapon where they inflicted the wound; or they try to intimidate their enemies by clattering their nippers together as if to threaten those who disturb them. While they thus strive to make themselves formidable to man, they are much more so to each other, having a most unsocial habit of cannibalism. If any of their companions are so maimed by accident as to be incapable of proceeding, the rest fall upon and devour it on the spot, and then resume their march. This march often occupies three months. Frequently they enter houses as they pass, making a noise like that of rats, and in the gardens cause great havoc, destroying fruit with their powerful claws. When after a fatiguing journey, having overcome many dangers, they arrive at their destined port, they immediately prepare to cast their spawn. Rushing eagerly to the edge of the water, they allow the waves to wash over their bodies two or three times. This seems to be as a preparation for bringing the spawn to maturity, as they then withdraw immediately to seek a dwelling place upon land, and after a few days they again seek the shore and shaking off their spawn into the water, leave their young ones to their fate. Whole shoals of hungry fish are there waiting by the shore, in expectation of this animal supply—in fact the sea is said to be black with them to a considerable distance, and about two-thirds of the crabs' eggs are generally devoured immediately by these rapacious adversaries. The eggs that escape are hatched on the sand, and soon after millions of tiny

crabs may be seen quitting the shore and setting out slowly to the mountains accompanied by the old ones. The latter, having accomplished the grand object of their journey, begin their march in the like order as they came, guided by the same mysterious and unerring instinct which had directed them before. But they are much less active in returning, having become lean and feeble till they can hardly creep along, and their flesh at that time changes its colour. Many of them indeed are so weak that they are obliged to remain in the flat parts of the country till they recover their strength. They therefore make tunnels in the earth, covering them at the mouth with leaves and dirt to prevent the air entering. There they throw off their old shells and remain naked and almost motionless for about six days, when they become so fat as to be delicious food. As soon as their new shell is hardened they resume their journey, which is generally accomplished in the space of six weeks, but thousands of them die under the fatigues of the double journey.

Among the land crabs there is a species of the lobster kind, which annually descends from the mountains in like manner, for various and important purposes. Its descent is not only to produce offspring, but to provide itself a covering; not only to secure a family, but to furnish itself with a house. This soldier crab has, when divested of its shell, some similitude to the lobster. It is usually about four inches long, has no shell behind, but is covered down to the tail with a rough skin terminating in a point. But it is armed like the lobster with strong, hard nippers, one of them as thick as a man's thumb, which pinches most powerfully. Nature having denied this creature a shell, it very soon provides itself with one, and taking possession of the deserted shell of some other animal, it dwells in it, till, having outgrown its domicile, it is under the necessity of making a change. It is a native of the West Indies, and descends every year from the mountains to the sea-shore, both to deposit its spawn and to supply itself with a new shell. This is a busy time with the crab, as it has various matters to look after. Its first care seems to be the providing for its offspring before it attends to its own wants, and it is supposed to deposit its spawn in small empty shells for protection, diligently searching about till it has found the requisite number. Having accomplished this task, it is next seen looking about for a larger shell for itself; meantime a part of its naked body is often to be seen at the mouth of its present shell, which has become too

small to contain it. To find a shell large enough to cover the whole body, and yet not so large as to be unwieldy is no easy matter, and the little soldier is seen busily parading the shore, dragging its old inconvenient house at its tail, apparently unwilling to part with one shell till it can find another more suitable. It is therefore seen stopping first at one shell, turning it over and passing it by, then going on to another, and after contemplating it for awhile, perhaps slipping its tail from its old shell to try on the new one, and if this one is not found to fit, it quickly returns to its old one, till at last it finds one sufficiently roomy and commodious, to which it adheres, though sometimes so large as to hide completely the body of the crab, claws and all. It is not, however, till after many trials, and many *combats* also, that the soldier crab is completely equipped, for there is frequently a contest between the two of them for some favourite shell, for which they are both obstinately striving. Each one determines to seize possession; they strike with their claws and bite each other, till at length the weakest is obliged to yield, when the conqueror immediately takes possession, and parades himself in it backward and forward upon the beach before his discomfited antagonist. The soldier crab when it is seized utters a feeble cry and endeavours to grasp its enemy with its nippers, and will sooner die than quit its hold. These wounds are extremely painful and not easily cured; for this reason, and also because its flesh is not much esteemed, it generally succeeds in getting back safely to its old retreat in the mountains, where it quietly remains till the next year.

The *swimming crabs* which inhabit the ocean rarely approach the shore. Their hindmost feet are curiously dilated into a thin oval plate, fringed at the edge, which serves as a fin, and the shell projects at each side into a long sharp spine. Mr. Gosse says their motions are very diverting. Having one day caught one he put it with some sea-weed into a basin of water with some little shrimps.

One of them swam quickly towards the crab, which instantly seized it with his claw and held it firmly, while with the other claw he proceeded very deliberately to pick off small portions (beginning at the head), which he put bit by bit into his mouth; he continued to do this, in spite of the struggles of the poor shrimp, sometimes shifting it from one claw to the other, until he had finished. He picked off all the members of the head and legs before he began to eat the body, chewing

every morsel very slowly, and seeming to eat it with great gusto ; when nothing was left but the tail, he held it up, and scrutinized it a moment, then rejected it, throwing it from him with a contemptuous jerk.

Crabs are generally found together in pairs, male and female ; many of the species live on animal food, and are exceedingly voracious. The nervous system of crabs agrees generally with that of insects, and they appear to possess all the five senses. The most powerful organ of locomotion in many crabs, as in the lobster and shrimp, is the abdomen, which terminates in a fan-like appendage, and by bending the abdomen suddenly down under the chest, they dart backwards in the water.

The crab is caught in various ways. The children of fishermen often take small ones on a rocky beach at low-water by inserting a hooked stick into the crevices ; the angry crab grasps the intruding weapon with such tenacity that he is dragged out. But the crab fisher uses pots or creels made of wicker with an opening on the top, baited with pieces of fish, which are loaded and sunk on a rocky bottom. The unsuspecting crab rushes eagerly in and finds himself a prisoner, lobsters, prawns, &c., sharing his captivity.

According to F. Buckland, catching crabs is sometimes dangerous work. He relates in the words of a trustworthy old sailor the following fact :

A few years ago a man was killed by a crab at the back of the Isle of Wight. He was down among the rocks at low tide, and he saw what they call a "pound-crab" going into a hole in a rock. He had not got a gaff or a crooked nack on a stick with him to fetch him out, so foolish-like he puts his hand in to him, and the crab felt his hand and scrumpted up all his legs together, and jammed the man's hand into the hole. The poor fellow holloed and holloed, but there was nobody nigh to help him. He could not break the crab's shell with his fingers, and the crab kept his legs scrumpted up at the hole, till at last the tide came in and the unfortunate man was drowned. When the tide went down they found him quite dead, with his hand still fast in the hole along with the crab.

The *lobster* is an animal of so remarkable a form that many might mistake the head for the tail, though it moves with its claws foremost, and the part which plays within itself by joints like a coat of armour, is the tail. The two great claws are the lobster's instruments of provision and defence. The head is

between the two great claws, it is very small and furnished with eyes that seem like two black horny specks on each side, and it has the power of advancing them out of the socket and drawing them in at pleasure. The mouth opens the long way of the body and is furnished with two teeth for the grinding of its food, but as these are not sufficient, it has three more in the stomach, one on each side, and the other below. Between the two teeth there is a fleshy substance in the shape of a tongue. The intestines consist of one long bowel, which reaches from the mouth to the vent; but that in which the lobster differs most from other animals is that the spinal marrow is in the breast-bone! It is furnished with two long feelers or horns, which issue on each side of the head, and seem to make up for dimness of sight by apprising the lobster of its danger, or its prey. But the jointed tail is the grand instrument of motion, with which it can raise itself in the water.

However different in figure the lobster and the crab may seem, their habits and conformation are nearly the same. Endowed with the voracious appetites of fishes, they are condemned to lead an insect life at the bottom of the sea; and though pressed by continual hunger, they are often obliged to wait till accident brings them their prey. Whatever they seize upon that has life is sure to perish, however well defended. They are most pugnacious creatures, and have continual battles among themselves, in which limbs are often lost, but the mutilation is speedily repaired by the growth of another limb, rather smaller however than the old one. These creatures are known even to devour each other, and in fact may be said to eat themselves, as they change their shells and their stomach every year, and their old stomach is generally the first morsel that serves to feed the new.

The lobster breathes in the water by means of gills, which are attached to the base of the legs and are concealed on the sides of the thorax by the carapace which covers them. Under it the gills may be seen; the space containing them might be termed the gill chamber, and the water flows into it passing under the edge of the carapace at the back of the big claws, and out of an opening near the mouth. The currents of water flowing into the gill chamber are induced by a stiff appendage attached to the base of the second pair of maxillæ, called the *flabulum*, and which swings backward or forward as it scoops the water into the chamber. Like crabs, *lobsters* also frequently

change their shelly covering, and for a short time before their moulting, are generally languid and inert. Their growth takes place with extraordinary rapidity during the period when the shell is soft. The female does not cast her shell the same year that she produces eggs, or is "in berry." When the spawn first appears the eggs are very small and deep black, but as the time of the exit of the young draws nigh they become brown and as large as elderberries.

Lobsters display wonderful activity in retreating from danger, using their powerful tails for swimming or springing from the water, and thrusting themselves into holes of the rock which seem almost too small to admit their bodies. They are usually more vigorous and voracious than crabs during their moulting season. Instances have been known in which, enticed by the bait, lobsters about to cast their shell have entered into fishermen's creels, and on the men beginning to handle their prize, the animal has slipped away, leaving its empty husk in the grasp of the astonished fisherman. Under a similar circumstance Mr. Couch obtained possession of a very perfect shell, when the creature, to the annoyance of the fisherman (who thought he had caught a lobster of unusual size), made its escape. In this specimen the cases of the antennæ and palpi were perfect to their minutest extremities; the stalk also and the transparent covering of the eyes were uninjured; the segments of the body and limbs were all joined together, without any intervening membrane.

Vast numbers of lobsters die both in youth and age, yet the multitudes never diminish, for one lobster alone will produce twenty thousand eggs, which she patiently carries for six months under her abdomen, fastened together by gluey threads. Even after she has broken open the eggs by the movement of her tail, and released the baby lobsters, she carries immense numbers of them till their coat is hard and firm, and only then leaves them to wander alone. The crab and the prawn, on the contrary, turn their little ones out at once to swim, when scarcely visible specks in the open sea, where they feed and grow till they have undergone all their strange changes.

The common lobsters are found in great abundance on the rocky coasts of Britain, and most parts of Europe. They sometimes attain such a size as to weigh twelve or fourteen pounds when loaded with spawn, though a lobster of only one pound weight is deemed fit for the table. It is calculated that in

London alone upwards of twenty-five thousand lobsters are sold in one day!

Thus we find the lobster to be an animal without inside bones, yet furnished with a stomach capable of digesting the hardest substances, the shells of muscles and oysters, and even its own; an animal gaining a new stomach and a new shell at stated intervals; without red blood circulating through the body, and yet most vigorous and active! And, stranger still, an animal endowed with a vital principle, that replaces such limbs as have been cut away, and keeps it continually combating, and constantly repairing its losses to renew its engagements.

The crustaceans are a far more intelligent group of animals than is usually supposed. In *Notes by a Naturalist on the Challenger*, Mr. Mosely says: "In the tropics one becomes accustomed to watch the habits of various species of crabs which there live so aerial a life. The more I have seen of them the more have I been astonished at their sagacity," and he gives the following instances:

The *rock crabs* were very abundant, running about all over the rocks, and making off into clefts at one's approach. I was amazed at the keen and long sight of this species. I noticed that some made off for their hiding-places at full speed the instant that my head showed above a rock, even fifty yards distant. . . . At Still Bay, on the sandy beach of which a heavy surf was breaking, I encountered a land crab which was walking about, and I got between it and its hole in the dry sand above the beach. The crab was a large one, at least three or four inches in the breadth of its carapace. With its curious column like eyes erect, the crab bolted down towards the surf, as the only escape, and as it saw a great wave rushing up the shelving shore, dug itself tight into the sand, and held on to prevent the undertide from carrying it into the sea. As soon as the wave had retreated, it hastened to the shore. I gave chase, and whenever a wave approached the crab repeated the manœuvre. I once touched it with my hand whilst it was buried and blinded by the sandy water, but the surf compelled me to retreat, and I could not snatch hold of it for fear of its powerful claws. At last I chased it till, hard pressed, it ran into the surf in a hurry, and being unable to get proper hold in time, it was washed into the sea. They very soon die when kept a short time beneath the water.

Darwin, in *The Descent of Man*, states that a trustworthy naturalist, whilst watching a shore-crab making its burrow, threw some shells towards the hole. One rolled in, and three others remained within a few inches of the mouth. In about five minutes the crab brought out the shell which had fallen in,

and carried it away to the distance of a foot; it then saw the three other shells lying near, and evidently thinking that they likewise would roll in, carried them to the spot where it had laid the first. "It would," says Darwin, "be difficult to distinguish this action from one performed by man by the aid of reason."

In the Rothesay Aquarium a short time since, a lobster was seen to attack a flounder that was confined in the same tank with him, and after devouring a portion of his victim, he buried the rest beneath a heap of shingle, over which he mounted guard. Five times within two hours was the fish unearthed, and as often did the lobster shovel the gravel over it with his huge claws, each time ascending the pile and turning his bold defensive front to his companions.

It is a curious fact that any violent shock to the nervous system will cause the lobster to throw off its claws. They fear thunder exceedingly, and are apt to cast their claws on a loud clap, or on the firing of a great gun, or when suddenly plunged into hot water.

That lobsters have affection for their offspring is proved from the following facts communicated by Mr. Peach: "I have been told by the fishermen of Goran Haven, Cornwall, that they repeatedly see lobsters surrounded by their young ones even till they are six inches in length; this I have heard not from a solitary observer, but from many at different times, and quite unknown to each other. So large was one taken by a fisherman's boy that it was put into the store-pot to be sold to the crab merchant when he came round, but owing to a hole in the wicker work, the old lobster escaped, and has been since seen lying with its head extended, and the young ones playing close round it. And when danger was near the old one rattled its claws till the young ones had sheltered themselves under the rock, followed by their parent."

Most remarkable cases occur of *commensalism*—that is, union of a non-parasitic kind between two animals—among certain crabs and sea-anemones. There are two different species of crabs which have the habit of firmly grasping a sea-anemone in each claw and carrying them about for the purpose, it is supposed, of securing some benefit to themselves. A curious account is given by Mr. Gosse of the species of anemone which lives on the shells tenanted by hermit crabs. He found that on his detaching the anemone from the shell, the hermit crab always took it up in his shell for the space of about ten minutes at a

time, until the anemone was fairly re-attached by a good strong base. Dr. K. Ball observed that when the common *sagartia parasitica* is attached to a stone and a hermit crab is placed in its vicinity, the anemone will leave the stone and attach itself to the hermit cell !

But among all the warriors of the sea, there is none more beautiful than the delicate, transparent prawn, as he may be seen paddling gracefully along in a sea-pool, or through the still water of an aquarium. His clear, glass-like, horny skeleton appearing like crystal ; the formidable toothed saw which protects his head being hardly visible in the water, and the curiously fragile antennæ look as if the slightest touch might injure them.

There are many species of prawns, some of which, inhabiting warm seas, attain a large size ; most of these semi-transparent creatures exhibit very fine colours and are extremely active and voracious. The common prawn is not more than three or four inches long, is abundant on the British shores, and is generally found in the vicinity of rocks at a little distance from the land, but not in rock-pools.

The prawn has ten legs in the front of his body, and little hairy swimmerets under the hinder feet and abdomen, which serve to row him along, and when alarmed he, with a few strokes of his fan-like tail, quickly darts backwards. He has long antennæ, or *antennules*, each bearing three branches, which move gently like oars through the waters. There is in the last joint where it touches the head, a little bag covered with hair, containing a thick fluid and some tiny particles of sand. This is the ear of the prawn, whence a nerve passes to the main nerve-mass in the head. And as the fairy-like creature moves the antennæ in the water, he can listen constantly to all the sounds that pass through it. Above these organs a pair of gleaming eyes stand out upon short stalks. By the aid of a microscope the eyes are found to be composed of a number of six-sided *facets* in a semi-circle, thus enabling the prawn to keep a sharp look out on every side. It has no less than six pairs of jaws ; the outer pair seem to be altered feet, which are folded over the others, so as to cover them effectually. Under these lie two more pairs with tiny feelers attached to them, and under these again are two other pairs somewhat differently shaped, and next to these a pair of jaws with sharp edges, suitable for biting, and a surface adapted to grinding food. These jaws which, instead of working up and down, move from side to side like those of a bee, are most useful

to the prawn in tearing its food. No sooner has he scented or caught sight of his prey—whether it be a morsel of dead flesh or a living shrimp—than he darts upon it and seizes it with his second pair of feet, which are furnished with pincers, and, holding it fast, picks it to pieces with his mouth and claws, almost like a child eating a biscuit held in his two hands.

Before many days have elapsed the young prawn begins to be restless and uneasy, and ceases to care for food. He then wanders about the rocks on the very tips of his toes, looking for some particular spot to hide in, because he is growing fast, and his armour-covering has become too tight for him; this occurs nearly every fortnight till the prawn is full grown. As soon as he finds a suitable spot he grasps the ground firmly with his feet, while he sways to and fro till he has lessened the body inside his horny covering, when a slit gradually opens between his armour and the skin of the abdomen, and his head and shoulders back out, bringing with them antennæ, eye-stalks, legs, and feet, all apparently quite perfect, with even their tiny little spines and hairs upon them, and with a sudden jerk he leaves behind him a clear, transparent shell with antennæ, eye-stalks, legs, and feet, yea even the lining of the stomach and digestive tube, looking much as if the actual living prawn stood there! His soft body, however, now lies helplessly rolling about in a most defenceless state, and if any animal should seize him at this moment he falls an easy prey. But he usually manages to steal into some sheltered nook, while his inner coat, which has for some days been forming, hardens. And now he comes forth again a valiant mailed warrior, clean, bright, and beautiful, and takes every care to remain so, being often seen to brush himself carefully, for he is most particular about his toilet. His front claws, which are delicate and fine, have the tips furnished with little brushes. Hence the prawn may frequently be observed standing on his hinder legs, with his tail tucked under him, brushing his swimmerets with his front pair of legs, and then passing them through the front jaws to comb the dust off the brushes!

The shrimp, which is so largely consumed in this country, swarms in immense hosts on most sandy beaches. As it crawls about among the weeds under water, the body looks like a mere chain of bony rings with legs hanging on to them. The little bag-like flaps, which hang down where the legs join the body, are its breathing gills, in which the colourless blood of the veins

takes up oxygen as they lie bathed in the water. Animals without back-bones do not breathe through their mouths, but through their sides. So numerous are these little creatures that it would be impossible to reckon up the myriads of shrimps and prawns which are daily caught in England, but these are nothing to those that remain behind. Dr. Paley says that walking by the sea-shore on a calm evening upon a sandy beach with an ebbing tide, he frequently remarked the appearance of a dark cloud, or rather very thick mist hanging over the edge of the water to the height perhaps of half a yard, stretching along the coast as far as the eye could reach, and always retiring with the water. When this cloud came to be examined it proved to be only so much space filled with young shrimps in the act of bounding into the air from the shallow margin of the water or the wet sand.

But enough of the warriors of the sea, great and small. We hope that we have said enough to increase our readers' interest in the curious creatures, some of which he will constantly encounter as he strolls along the sea-shore ; while others he has full opportunity of investigating at breakfast or luncheon.

M. BELL.

From Gibraltar to Oran.

I.

THE first glimpse that we obtained of the coast of Africa was from the fortress of Gibraltar, which is the best starting-point for a tour in Barbary. Dark and scowling is the aspect of the mountains of Morocco that overhang the Spanish settlement of Ceuta, and little promise is held out to the traveller of a pleasant sojourn in the land of the Moors. Memory evokes a host of romantic associations as the eye falls on yonder ruined tower of Gebel Tarik, from which Gibraltar takes its name. The hill of Tarik marks the spot where the Moorish invader won his "Battle of Hastings," and the little rivulet at its base, on that evil day of Spanish destiny, ran red with the blood of King Rodrigo and the chivalry of his Gothic kingdom.

Looking to the signal-staff on the summit of the rock above us, we see the flag of Britain waving over the greatest fortress of ancient or modern times. Every portion of the rock bristles with artillery, there being over eleven hundred pieces of cannon in the various batteries, and the garrison in time of peace averages seven thousand men, with ten years' supply of provisions and unfailing springs of water. The hill-side is completely covered with scarlet cactus, which has a most brilliant effect.

It was our intention to go from Gibraltar to Tangier, but we found the ports of Morocco were closed (November, 1878), owing to an outbreak of cholera at Mogador. We were therefore compelled to take steamer for the Spanish fortress of Melilla, not far from the Moorish city of Tetuan, and abandon all idea of visiting Morocco. Bad weather caused our little steamer (the *Roi Jérôme*) to make slow progress, and to roll most alarmingly, until after two days we reached Melilla, and cast anchor under its battlements.

A file of camels descending the mountain side was the only sign of life in the dismal panorama of barren rocks and desert

sea-board. All this country had belonged to the Sultan of Morocco, Muley-Hassan, who was said to be half an Irishman, his father having married an Irish widow, whose first husband, named O'Mahony, was a bandmaster at Gibraltar.

Muley Hassan had just died a month or so before we came in view of his late dominions, and his early death (at the age of forty-five) was most unfeelingly spoken of by the captain of our steamer, who heaped maledictions on the Moors for not having a single lighthouse on their dangerous sea-coast from the frontier of Algiers to the Pillar of Hercules.

While observing the string of camels and Moors descending to the fortress, I noticed a number of white stones at regular distances, which I was told served to mark the frontier between the dominion of King Alfonso and that of the Moorish monarch. It seemed to me less than cannon shot, unless the artillery of Melilla be of the smallest kind. The intermediate space is hardly sufficient to afford pasture for a dozen horses, owing to the sterility of the soil.

So dangerous is the landing-place that steamers can only approach when the wind is almost due south, which was happily the case this time. We found the inhabitants somewhat uneasy, because the Spanish mail steamer from Malaga had not come for ten days, and the supply of provisions was beginning to run short. They had no kind of vessel that could make the run over to Spain, the whole tonnage of Melilla consisting of two little boats, one which leaked badly while the one-eyed boatman pulled us ashore, and another that was employed getting out the packages of kerosene, mustard, and onions from the forehold of the *Roi Jérôme*.

Melilla boasts a very mixed population, mostly convicts, the rest being made up of the garrison and some camp followers or civilians. It is one of the *présidios* used by the Spanish Government for the worst class of criminals, many of whom would probably prefer death itself to so dismal a residence for life. The garrison varies according to the course of politics in Spain or the temper of the Moors. When the latter are unfriendly it is sometimes as high as six thousand men. About a year ago the place was besieged by twenty thousand Moors, and as there was for some time no means of begging succour from Spain, it was in much danger. Finally peace was arranged, through the friendly offices of the Shereef of Tangier. The said Shereef is held in high esteem among all foreigners who visit Morocco,

being, moreover, married to a Yorkshire lady, who takes every opportunity of showing kindness to English and other strangers.

In the middle ages, and in the later days of Algerine pirates, Melilla was doubtless a place of value, from the strength of its walls, which enclose a quadrangle of several acres in extent, flanked by bastions, demi-lunes, and other works in the style of Vauban. But at present it is more of an incumbrance than an appendage to the Spanish crown, and costs a heavy annual outlay to the treasury of Madrid. The sea beats on a desert shore, and the dash of the waves is the only sound that breaks the silence of desolation.

From the Arabs on board we heard that a sailing vessel had left Melilla two days previously, with four hundred Hadjis, or pilgrims, *en route* for Mecca, paying two silver dollars per head as far as Alexandria or Port Said. The Hadjis carry their own scanty stock of provisions, and endure such hardships and hunger on these self-imposed pilgrimages that a large number perish, especially on the homeward journey. The victims in such cases are supposed to be transferred direct to Mahomet's paradise, and when they die, in fives or sixes, aboard vessels at sea, the bodies are thrown overboard every night. The captain is not astonished on reaching port if he finds that of four hundred passengers, who have paid their passage and are down in his books, only three hundred survive to go ashore. As they usually travel in the steerage and keep in the fore part of the vessel, they do not incommode the cabin passengers. The few Arabs we had aboard lay about near the funnel, as if already over sensitive to the first breath of winter.

Having taken aboard a dozen Arab passengers, our steamer left Melilla for Oran, and as we passed in view of the Razeef Islands we could discern their bold outline. A few hardy fishermen are the sole occupants of these inhospitable rocks, which are so destitute of fresh water that the Spanish Government has to send a supply at stated intervals from Alicante or Malaga.

Steamers at all times give a wide berth to the perilous rocky coast of Morocco. Dark ranges of hills in endless variety of shape succeed one another, without a house or other sign of human life, almost without a tree, unless the stunted brushwood be worthy of the name.

II.

The sun was setting behind the gloomy Sierra that marks the limit between Morocco and the French province of Oran as our vessel entered the roadstead of Nemours. The inhabitants crowded on the beach, but showed little disposition to send off a boat, as there was a heavy swell towards the shore, the surf breaking with violence against the lighthouse rock. A pier or breakwater is much needed here, as the captain observed, not merely for the trade of the district, but also to afford a harbour of refuge on so dangerous a coast. Even the French steamers of the Valery Company touch here only when the weather is fine, and the inhabitants (as we afterwards learned) had been several days without knowledge of the outer world at the time of our arrival, there being no high road overland to any other part of Algeria.

At last a boat was pushed through the surf, and the vigorous strokes of four oarsmen soon brought her safely alongside, the man at the helm wearing the dress of a French man-of-war sailor. The latter had the mails and papers from the Port Captain, and informed us that several steamers had passed recently without attempting to communicate with the shore.

Nemours presents a pleasant view from the sea. We could see some of the people sitting under the trees in front of the coffee-house, while others issued from the little church after Vespers (it being Sunday evening), and formed a group to look at us in the principal square of the village. The population is under two thousand, chiefly French, and the commerce is confined to wheat and Sparta grass, which the colonists produce in large quantities. Its fortifications date from the last war with Morocco, in 1844, and are of sufficient strength to guard against a surprise by the mountain tribes of the vicinity. The Moorish frontier is twenty-two miles distant. The nearest French head-quarters is at Tlemcen, sixty miles inland, accessible only by mule paths across the Djebel Tafna.

Four of our Arab passengers went ashore at Nemours, or Razouat, as they call this place, which was the name of the ruined village on the rock that commands the roadstead, the home of many generations of the most daring pirates on the sea-board of Barbary. The remains of their castle attest the former importance of Djama Razouat, or the Mosque of Pirates, for those dreaded sea robbers gloried as much in the

name of pirates as a Spanish contrabandista still does in his profession of smuggler, or a Sicilian brigand in his contempt for law and society.

"Observe," says M. Verdalle, "the sharp outline of Djama Razouat against the clear blue sky. The position seems chosen as the eyry of a bird of prey. The massive walls and flanking towers recall the splendour of the fourteenth century, when this Mosque of Pirates was one of the outposts of the royal city of Tlemcen."

Nemours possesses historical recollections of the highest importance for Frenchmen, since it was in sight of this place that the gallant and ill-fated Abd-El-Kader surrendered his crown and liberty to the victorious General Lamoriciere, in December, 1847. It was stipulated that the fallen Emir should be permitted to leave Algeria and take up his abode in any other part of the world, but Louis Philippe broke the engagement, and detained him a State prisoner at Amboise. He was, however, released by Louis Napoleon in 1852, and then fixed his residence at Damascus, where he rescued three hundred Christians, some years later, from an infuriated populace, and received the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour, as well as the thanks of various European Governments. The field of Sidi-Braham, six miles from Nemours, is shown to visitors, where Abd-El-Kader alighted from his black Arab steed and presented it to General Lamoriciere, saying—"Take the last war-horse that I shall ever mount. May it bring you happiness." Silent and mournful, says the historian, did the last of the Emirs gather up the folds of his white burnous, and prepare to bid adieu for ever to the land of his forefathers, in which his destiny no longer allowed him a home, not even a grave.

It is impossible not to regret the overthrow of the Arab kingdom, so successfully revived for an interval by the genius of Abd-El-Kader. In his palace of Kaschrom, among the orange-groves, where he had passed his early years, he devised plans for a monarchy which seemed destined to rebuild the Moorish glories of Tlemcen, and to inaugurate an epoch of arts, sciences, and letters that would recall the golden age of the Caliphs of Cordova in the twelfth century. Everything seemed to favour his design, for the French made a treaty with him as monarch of the Kingdom of Tlemcen and Maskara, but an insane ambition urged him to proclaim a "holy war" against the French, and hence his ruin was not the result of French

aggression, but of his own unwise patriotism, or perhaps the fanaticism of his councillors.

From Nemours to Oran is a voyage of ten hours. At sunrise we were already in sight of the latter place. I observed the Arab passengers were in prayer, with their faces turned eastward, towards the Prophet's tomb at Mecca. The forts and batteries of Oran, at various points of the *barranca* or bluff, were imposing, for this is one of the strongest places in the African continent; the towers and steeples of the city, which was only partly visible, gave promise of great importance and activity. Scarcely did we drop anchor within the commodious and secure harbour, when numerous Arab porters, chattering French, rushed aboard to offer their services for getting our luggage through the custom-house.

The territory of Oran, now a department of the French Republic, was not comprehended in the original conquest of Algeria, most of its present area (about the same extent as England) forming a portion of Abd-El-Kader's kingdom of Maskara until 1847. Its population is at present something over half-a-million, of whom three-fourths are Arabs. It extends southwards as far as Sahara, and is traversed by numerous *djebels* or hill ranges. The points of most interest to travellers are the city of Oran and the ruined capital of Tlemcen.

Oran, the second city in the vice-royalty of Algeria, has about forty thousand souls, and is a place of great activity. As soon as you have ascended the steep *barranca* by a zig-zag road, you find yourself in the centre of a bustling population, made up of divers races. Shops worthy of Paris, coffee-houses crowded with customers, streets full of soldiers, Arabs, civilians, &c., give a peculiar character to the scene. Even the buildings are as varied as the people: on one side a church, on the other a mosque; in front you see a synagogue, and further on an Anglican chapel.

Above us is the summer sky and glorious climate of Algeria, soft and balmy as Madeira in the present season of mid-winter, although, within forty-eight hours of us, the railways of Nice and Marseilles are interrupted by the heavy snow-falls, as we learn by this morning's telegrams.

Few places have changed masters oftener than Oran. The Spaniards held it for two hundred and fifty years, from the sixteenth to the end of the eighteenth century, and there are

still many vestiges of their domination. Notwithstanding the terrific earthquake of 1790 the line of forts built by Cardinal Ximenes is still intact. The Arab records show that Oran was founded by a band of Andalusian sea-rovers under Aby-Ben-Abdoun, A.D. 902. It was twice burnt, and as often rebuilt. Its trade grew to such importance in the fourteenth century that the marts of Venetian, Genoese, and Catalan merchants attracted customers from all parts of the world. The Spaniards were forced to surrender the place in 1792 to Mohammed Kebir, after whom eight Beys ruled Oran till its capture by the French under Marshal Clauzel in 1831, when Hassan Bey retired to Mecca, and died, some months later, of a broken heart.

M. MULHALL.

The Influence of Moral Conduct on Religious Belief.

ONE of the most curious facts of human nature is the power of the will to influence the decisions of the intellect. "The wish is father to the thought" does but partially express the almost incredible amount of authority possessed by the will, exercising a strange usurpation over a faculty which ought, at least in theory, to be entirely independent of it. Even the most upright and conscientious men go about giving decisions with a bribe in their pocket. I go even beyond this and assert that practically it is impossible in nine cases out of ten where an intellectual verdict has been given, to pass a sentence entirely impartial.

Take a familiar instance. Some one whom we dislike has some serious charge brought against him, with a fair semblance of probability. The case is reported to us, and it is impossible altogether to suspend our judgment. We no sooner hear the evidence than the impulse to condemn rises up within us. The accusation is just what we should have expected. Our instinct had always told us that there was something wrong about the accused. We had ourselves observed in them certain suspicious tendencies, and our suspicions are now amply justified. But let the charge be brought against some one who has earned our affection, shown us kindness, won our hearts by generosity or sympathy, and how different is our language! The charge is a cruel calumny; virtue is always misunderstood by those who are not themselves virtuous; the accusation must have arisen from jealousy or petty malice, and would only rebound upon those who unjustly brought it. Or to take another case. A man has certain political, I will not say convictions, but tendencies or opinions. But a friend of the opposite camp, with great kindness and at the cost of much personal trouble, obtains for the son of the somewhat

indifferent politician a good position under Government from his party, which is then in power. It is strange to see how often under such circumstances political opinions will be—not changed perhaps—but at all events softened and modified. There is no conscious dishonesty, in fact no dishonesty at all, but yet the gratitude for the service rendered will insensibly induce the ear to listen favourably, not only to the benefactor himself, but those who think with him in political matters.

Similar cases occur every day to all of us. How is it that we judge so partially the book or picture written or painted by one whom we love? Why is it that the mother never beheld a child so beautiful as her own darling, though to the impartial visitor he seems a very ordinary little being? How is it that a woman so often sees no comeliness in her successful rival, and is honest in her expression of amazement how one so unattractive can steal away the hearts of men? In all these cases, and a thousand more, the will, almost without our knowing it, warps the judgment, and the intellect takes its cue from the will and then passes sentence, not altogether in accordance with the uncoloured facts of the case.

This unfortunate tendency of human nature appears at first sight a very serious obstacle to the attainment of truth. If we take this interested, narrow, personal view of things, how can we hope in the delicate questions of right and wrong, in the intricacies of philosophical opinion, above all in the supremely important convictions of religion, to judge unbiassed between good and evil, between truth and falsehood? Must we not fall back on subjectivity and subjective truth, and say that that is true to us which, given our circumstances, education, teachers, the influences around us, the persons who are representatives to us of this or that creed, of this or that philosophy, is the best conclusion at which our fallible intellect can arrive?

This solution of the difficulty seems to be confirmed by another curious consideration. Why is it that theologians and religious teachers urge so much on searchers after truth the indispensable necessity of a *pia voluntas*, a loyal will inclined to believe? Is not this conceding the whole matter, and allowing that the intellect is not to judge impartially? Are not they on their side equally culpable with those who start with a sceptical inclination to disbelieve? If the latter are to be condemned for their aversion from this or that dogma, why not the former for their propension to it? If you say

that men who lose their religious belief cease to believe because their will drags them away from religion, and herein lies their guilt, why should you not say that men of intense religious convictions believe because their will drags them towards religion, and that therefore they as well as their opponents are not to be acquitted of a sort of intellectual dishonesty?

None, I think, will question the importance of the difficulty. It is one of universal application. Every one must have opinions, religious, or anti-religious, or non-religious. How is he to ensure their truth? or is it impossible to ensure it? On the one hand he hears the invitation: "If any man will do My will he shall know of the doctrine;" and the warning: "Take heed that the light that is in thee be not darkness." On the other hand, he desires to be perfectly and absolutely impartial in his choice, to choose truth for its own sake, and not because of any affection or attachment to this or that system which professes to be an embodiment of the perfect truth, or to this or that person who proclaims himself a teacher of truth. Still less does he wish to be scared away from truth by any sort of aversion or dislike, based, not on intellectual convictions, but on prejudice, or ignorance, or fear of the consequences which may befall him if he accepts the truth, or on the condemnation which he fears may be passed on his own practice by truth's authoritative teaching.

The proposition with which I set out is, that perfect impartiality in religious questions and all those which abut on religion, directly or indirectly, is simply impossible. It is quite impossible to start on the quest without some sort of leaning in one direction or the other, either for or against. This is true not only of religious questions, but of all those the solution of which affects us in some way pleasantly or painfully. In purely abstract matters, which are to my mind apart altogether from any results which have a practical bearing on my own feelings and my own conduct, I can afford to be perfectly impartial. No one is liable to be influenced by his will if he has to decide whether the ratio of the circumference to the radius of a circle can be expressed in definite numbers, or whether dx , d^2x , d^3x , d^4x , are more properly called vanishing or infinitesimal quantities. No one is liable to start with a prejudice for or against the claim of Sicily to be an island larger than Sardinia, unless indeed his fondness for old Herodotus and belief in his geographical accuracy make him

an enthusiast for Sardinia. No one carries into the field preconceived notions respecting matters botanical, unless he has some pet theory which he desires to see verified by facts. No one who begins the study of astronomy is in danger of a bias of reading his own explanation into the celestial system, unless any antiquated prejudice make him dread lest new discoveries should upset his cherished belief. In all matters such as these, if a man is not impartial, it is only accidentally and by reason of his own personal history, not because of anything in the questions themselves which throws a weight into one scale rather than the other.

Not so in matters which touch what we conceive to be our own interests, or which chime in with or runs counter to our affections. I have already adduced one or two instances at the outset of the present paper, and the fact is so patent that it needs no proof. Once convince us that the acceptance of some opinion or belief will promote our interests, and it is already in possession of the outworks which guard the citadel of our intellectual convictions. Once persuade us that the adoption of it will compel us to a course of conduct prejudicial to us, and in spite of the strength of its onset, a well-directed fire from those same outworks renders it a difficult task indeed for it to storm the citadel and establish itself among the inmates of our intelligence.

Such is the influence of interest moving the will to favour or to oppose the doctrine presented to us; of affection the power is far greater even than that of interest over our minds. If once we are tied by the firm bonds of love to one who claims authority over us and demands our intellectual submission, we find it easy to obey and submit. It is not hard to obey when we love that which is commanded—are the words of one who had a very deep insight into human nature. If on the other hand we have a well-founded or ill-founded aversion to one who presents himself, or is presented to us, as our ruler, we find ourselves at once unable as well as unwilling to recognize his authority over us, and the principles of his government are not less distasteful to us than is the code of laws which are the logical conclusions from them.

To apply this to the case of religious beliefs. When reason first begins to dawn within the childish mind, it necessarily encounters a number of rules and laws which control and check

its action. It is not permitted to indulge its every wish ; it is sometimes compelled to do what is distasteful to nature and costs it a struggle. These rules and laws are partly external, partly internal. The external finally resolve themselves into and are based upon the internal. The duty of obedience to parents is based upon an instinct within, which somehow tells it that he ought to obey. The non-conversion of *tuum* into *meum* is based upon another instinct which protects the property of others. I am not concerned at present with the origin of these instincts ; they may be, for ought I care, the result of long experience which has gradually developed that hereditary combination of various instincts to which we give the name of conscience. But the fact is undeniable. No one can say that the only source of moral approval and condemnation within the childish breast is the effects which have accrued to itself from various courses of conduct. All must allow that it starts with a stock-in-trade, inherited or otherwise, and that the voice of approval or disapproval makes itself heard from the beginning. This voice is often directly opposed to the more immediate interests of the child. The desire for some forbidden dainty within its reach has opposed to it a secret warning within which says, Touch not. On each side there is a weight in the balance—on the one the sweetness of the forbidden fruit, on the other the sweetness of the approving voice within. Not that the child realizes all this, or could explain the struggle going on within, but yet struggle there is. There are two contending elements, of which one must conquer and the other submit.

All this happens not once or twice, or twenty times, but times innumerable. A day never passes and scarce an hour without some instances of this continually repeated struggle. When the voice within prevails the child is what men term good ; when the bait of pleasure or self-will carries the day, the child by common consent deserves the opposing epithet of condemnation.

Now as the struggle goes on, often with varying fortunes, there is nevertheless a preponderance of victories on one side or the other, and the defeated combatant has to withdraw from the field, or at all events to hide his diminished head. The moral instinct or the instinct of momentary self-gratification gets the upper hand, and there is developed in the developing nature a *habit* of obedience to the moral law or of revolt against it—of

control exercised over the appetites or of submission to their demands.

Thus the child grows up from infancy to childhood and from childhood to youth and perhaps from youth to manhood, the combat ever going on between the two forces—in some a continual war of conscious and undying enmity, in others a war in which one side or the other has from the beginning so far prevailed that its rival utters now but a feeble protest against the position of subjection in which it finds itself, revolting now and again against the dominion exercised over it, but yet, on the whole and in the long run, sinking more and more into a sort of acquiescence and acknowledgment of its subject condition.

Now, at some time or other, there is presented to the mind of the child or youth an external code of laws which corresponds, with more or less exactitude, to the dictates of that voice within, and he is asked to give his intellectual assent to their authority, and to the truth of the principles on which they are based. Perhaps there are a large variety of versions of these laws, which differ widely in some respects, while others they have in common. One of them approves a spirit of dependence, another condemns it; one declares polygamy lawful, another forbids it; one is in favour of that suppression of self which is known by theologians as humility, another praises an honest pride; one declares the end of man to be the harmonious development of every faculty, another lays down as one of its most essential principles the subordination of every other faculty to one which is to reign supreme; one points to welfare in this present scene as the object at which we should immediately aim, another speaks of a life far away in the distance, and enjoins preparation for it, independently of all immediate consequences, as life's true business.

When these various codes present themselves before the mind, and urge their claims to be accepted and obeyed, he whom they summon to give his assent and obedience cannot regard them with impartiality. Already there is in his mind an inclination or aversion to each and all, or perhaps in each he finds certain enactments which attract, others which repel him. There are within him certain habits, formed or forming, which demand to have a voice in his decision. If, for instance, the voice within which prompted abstinence from some gratification of sense has been deliberately and constantly disobeyed, a code

which forbids certain pleasures and preaches mortification of the desire for them is at once rendered distasteful. If, on the other hand, the instinct which forbade indulgence has been obeyed, then the consequent approval has become sweet to its obedient subject, and the attractions of the appetite have faded into the background and lost their attractiveness. If the voice within, prompting obedience to parental or other authority has met with continual opposition, if enforced obedience has only induced rebellion, a code which insists on obedience at once is feared and disliked, and another, which gives free liberty as far as is possible to the individual to follow his own guidance, is welcomed and approved by reason of the superinduced habit of liberty which the constant effort after freedom has produced or fostered. If the voice which prompted to generosity and liberality to others, to the relief of distress, to the support of those in need, has been listened to, then a code which praises widely-opened almsgiving is sure to be acceptable; if, on the other hand, the accumulation of treasure has led to the setting aside of the love of giving, then the principle of the blessedness of poverty and the power of almsgiving to raise the soul are sure to be unpopular in the extreme. Just in proportion as each innate instinct has been obeyed in the same proportion will its possessor lean to the system which exalts that instinct and declares its importance to mankind. Just in proportion as it has been disobeyed, will there be an interior repugnance to whatever asserts its authority and threatens with penalties those who refuse to obey.

The application of this to our religious opinions is obvious enough. Every system of religion contains dogmas and precepts. The precepts are based upon the dogmas. He who is drawn towards the precepts cannot fail to love the dogmas on which they rest, and he is drawn towards the precepts just in so far as he has obeyed them from childhood, and thus formed habits which are in unison with them; he is repelled from them, and consequently from the accompanying dogmas, just so far as he has disobeyed them, and thus has formed habits which are at variance with them. If I have ever striven for the mastery over my fellows, and have battled for the upper hand even when the voice within told me that I had no right to be master, the "masterful" habit becomes a part of my nature, and no religious system has any chance with me unless it leaves me free in my masterful propensities. If I have never allowed myself to submit

ex animo, but have always reserved to myself the right to assert my independence, a system which tells me that non-submission will thrust me down to eternal misery is inexpressibly distasteful to me; one which tells me that intellect and will alike must bend not merely before One who is far away, and whose voice I can interpret according to my own judgment, but also before one who can enforce upon me unpleasant truths which I cannot ignore and unpleasant duties which I cannot explain away, rouses in me an instinct of inexpressible repugnance, and I exclaim that I cannot and will not obey. Have I not long since practically asserted my freedom from control by acting as one who is free, and am I now to confess that I culpably sinned against an authority which had a right to command me, and outraged the claims of one whose supremacy I was bound to acknowledge? Such a confession would be not only a humiliation against which my spirit eagerly rebels, but it will compel me, if I am to be consistent, to obey for the future a law which opposes my interests and hampers my liberty, forbids my favourite pleasures and condemns me to what I regard as a life of intolerable slavery. As the drowning man grasps at the straw, so will such an one grasp at any excuse, however trivial, for rejecting a system so abhorrent to him.

But this is only half, or rather less than half, the story. If we are influenced by our interests, there is a stronger motive power present to us in our affections. Affection will generally carry the day against interest, and many a man who is fond of money or of pleasure will joyfully forfeit the one or the other to indulge his affection for one he loves, or sometimes to gratify his feelings of hatred or revenge towards one who has incurred his enmity. Now, in the formation of our religious opinions, our affections take a part no less than our interests. When a child first begins to distinguish right from wrong, what the voice within approves from what it forbids, the law which it recognizes is in its mind necessarily connected with a personal legislator who enacts the law. I do not say that this conclusion is a correct one, for to do so would be to assume the very point at issue between myself and my opponents, but the fact is undeniable, explain it as you will, by the feebleness of childish intellect or the imperfect stage of its early development, or how you please. The child regards the moral law within it as the voice of a lawgiver who has a right to command. It personifies (if my adversaries will have it so) its hereditary instincts, and the

person thus constructed it calls God. Now when any one exercises, or is thought to exercise, authority over us, if we bow before his authority, acknowledge it in our actions, follow its dictates, put ourselves in harmony with his wishes, look to him for guidance in our actions, acquiesce joyfully in our relation to him as subject to master, we gradually more and more feel a pleasure in the recollection of him and of his authority, have a comforting assurance of his approval, acquire an increasing affection for him, welcome him in the details of our life. If, on the other hand, we resist his authority, refuse to submit to it in our actions, act independently of him, object to his commands as unreasonable and to his regulation of our lives as unwise, wish as far as we can to shake off his authority, there arises gradually within us an intense dislike of him.

So it is in respect of God. If we have been obedient, faithful servants, we rejoice to think that in Him we live and move and have our being, that we are wholly dependent on Him, that He has created us to serve Him on earth and to enjoy the vision of Him in the eternal beatitude of Heaven. If, on the other hand, we have been unfaithful and disobedient, the thought of Him is a painful one. We have a guilty consciousness that our relations to him are not what they should be, the dread of impending punishment comes in, we wish him away, try to forget him, thrust him as far as we can out of our daily lives. We have long practically declined to acknowledge him as our king, and after a time we think it would be a very comfortable thing if we could find some basis for our refusal—if we could for instance discover that the conception of him presented to us were liable to certain serious objections, if the idea—the only possible idea that could be formed of him—were to contain certain implicit contradictions which should justify us in denying him in theory as well as in practice. If he exists at all we say he must be Infinite and Absolute and the First Cause, but these three ideas are incompatible, and therefore he cannot exist at all. If this in its turn leads to a contradiction, then, if we have to grant his existence, we must avoid the difficulty by supposing that he is unknown and unknowable, and when we have thus happily thrust him out of sight, and with feigned humility bewailed our ignorance and the weakness of our feeble sight, we shall be free to act as if he did not exist. We can leave him to his eternal self-contemplation, well away from this world of ours, and set to work to build up a system of our own, which

shall give free play, not to our lower desires—for these we cannot well approve, experience teaching that their indulgence, at least to excess, is undesirable—but to that love of self-asserting independence which, in middle life and advancing age, follows upon and replaces the vicious pleasures of an ill-spent youth, or perhaps has itself been the key-note of a life pure and proud, which has not indeed stooped to the mire, but, at the same time, has ever carried out its own will independently of any superior speaking with *a priori* authority.

Here we have the extreme case, absolute rebellion claiming absolute independence. But there are a thousand modified forms less culpable than this, supposing that they are culpable at all. I may, in the first place, not banish God altogether, but I may regard Him as the Author and Ruler of the universe, who, however, has set it going, and then left it to fulfil its own destiny without any personal interference on His part, taking an interest in the machine He has set a-spinning, or in the rational beings He has placed upon it, but cutting off all personal relations with Himself except so far as He is Primeval Legislator, the Author of certain laws, obedience or disobedience to which entail certain reward or punishment on His part, so that the idea of prayer moving the Heart of God, or of the special inspirations of grace, would be mere debasing subjective fancies utterly unfounded. Or perhaps I may not go so far as this, I may believe that God does constantly interfere in the world with special graces and helps to men; that He has from time to time set aside natural laws at the prayer of His faithful servants—nay, that He Himself came down to suffer and to die—but that now miracles and miraculous powers are matters of history, and we have to choose for ourselves one among the various Christian sects, and having chosen, we have to conform outwardly to its customs, Lutheran, Anglican, Presbyterian, whatever it may be, retaining to ourselves within certain limits the right to accept or reject according to our own independent judgment what seems to us to be true. Or, last of all, I may give myself up wholly and without reserve to the Church which Christ came to found, receiving her dogmatic teaching not because each separate dogma approves itself to my intelligence or my moral sense (though this is always the case), but simply because the Divine Teacher pronounces it to be true, and that is enough for me.

Thus at one end we have absolute unbelief, accepting no

God at all because He is such a very inconvenient Being, always running counter to our propensities, and proving so continual an obstacle to our unbridled liberty that we hide our heads in the sand, and then declare that the enemy who was pursuing us has somehow vanished from our sight. Or if this is too violent a process, if we are not sunk so low as to deny God altogether, we make a compromise, and accept a modified God who will give us a certain amount of liberty, and will not ask too much of us. He may be an illogical kind of Being, but is it not the glory of Englishmen that they do not allow logic to override common sense? He is a good, worthy Deity who does not interfere with our amusements, but gives us a brilliant prospect of "making the best of both worlds"—one who does not force upon us the unnatural theories of self-abnegation and mortification, and the superiority of a religious life and the necessity of certain uncomfortable practices such as confession and fasting, or such uncomfortable virtues as humility and a love of dependence. Or else we take the Catholic God, and find in Him and in the teaching of the Catholic Church all that satisfies the cravings of our souls and the longings of our higher nature. From time to time indeed our lower nature raises a voice of protest, if not of rebellion, but throughout the struggle that voice within which we have sought to obey whispers to us words of encouragement, "*Euge bone serve et fidelis*. You have chosen the path of obedience and submission, and sometimes you toil wearily over the rough and broken ground up the steep and narrow path, but courage! You have what none else have, a brilliant prospect; not the empty phantom of a subjective immortality, not the degrading promise of a sensual Paradise, not the vague unrealities of a Heaven which consists chiefly in negatives, in the absence of pain rather than in the presence of pleasure, in the removal of sorrow rather than in the possession of perfect joy, but a Heaven which shall unite together and multiply a thousand times, and intensify a thousand times, and raise to a higher order, and offer in a nobler, purer form, all possible earthly pleasures, adding to them countless pleasures beside, which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive."

And all this is the natural outcome of obedience to that internal voice of which I have spoken, and which men call conscience, and of a consequent affection for and devotion to that

Personal Being whom men call God. The habit of obedience to conscience begets the habit of affection for Him whom we cannot avoid, at least in the morning of life, from regarding as the source whence that voice proceeds, and thus it becomes to us a pleasant thought not only to believe in His existence, but to acknowledge our complete dependence on Him in all things. This it is which constitutes the necessary bias which all men have towards religion if they have been always obedient to their conscience. Impartiality is impossible. The good man turns to Truth as the hungry man turns to the food which will satisfy him ; the bad man turns away from it because he knows it will involve duties which are distasteful to him. The good man leaps at the idea of God as the good child leaps with joy at the sound of his father's step ; the bad man hears the step, and persuades himself that it is but the habitual creaking of the boards which strikes his ear. He cannot afford to believe in a God. The good man has placed before him the doctrines of the Church of Christ, and his heart goes out to them with a mighty bound, and he cries out, *Ecce requies mea*, "Here I will dwell, for I find delight therein ;" the bad man, the proud man, the disobedient man, the sensual man, turns with aversion from an authority which exacts the uncompromising submission that his heart loathes, and he begins to babble about the tyranny which paralyzes liberty and destroys honest independence, or proposes some compromise which shall secure him his freedom without compelling him to disown the historical Christ.

But I must not push my point too far. It will, perhaps, already have occurred to my readers that the doctrine I am propounding would stamp all those outside the Catholic Church with the stamp of disobedience and infamy, that it is a narrow and untenable theory inconsistent with the acknowledged virtue and excellence to be found in members of every creed and every denomination. Yes, it would, if to all Catholic doctrine were to be clearly and unmistakeably proposed ; if all had a fair chance of knowing what it is she teaches ; if the inculpable prejudice of early years could be at once removed. But there are hundreds, thousands, who are outside the Catholic Church, who hate the Pope and Popery with a vigorous hatred, who have an intense aversion to her doctrines as known to them, and to her practice such as they conceive it to be, and yet are not only good and highly-principled men, but are endowed with supernatural virtue, and have the grace of God in their hearts,

and perhaps have reached a high degree of holiness. This seems strange, but a moment's thought explains the difficulty. What all good men outside the Church hate is not the Church, but the Church such as they in their ignorance imagine it to be ; it is not the Spouse of Christ that they dislike, but a distorted caricature of her that has been put before them. It is from this that they turn away, it is this that in their own language they condemn as a soul-destroying heresy. It is true that there must be ever strange anomalies in their own creed, but happily for them they perceive them not. It is true that the logical consequences of their confused dogmas, muddled up with a freedom of judgment incompatible with the acceptance of dogma as such, is absolute unbelief ; it is true that they are full of self-contradictions, and that the internal warfare of which they are unconscious, or only half conscious, mars the beauty of their character, and renders even their virtues less attractive. But all such are Catholics at heart. Their wills are right, if their intellect, through no fault of theirs, is quite astray.

But how far does this go ? Is the Pagan sometimes excusable—the Jew, the Mahometan, as well as the schismatic Greek and the heretical Anglican ? Yes, it may be so. Under certain circumstances, and under certain limitations, it may be that each of these beliefs includes some who have obeyed that voice of which I have been speaking, and have a loyal attachment to the Author of that voice, and perhaps have never broken away from Him. But can we go further still ? Can we include in our catalogue of the possible objects of mercy the agnostic and the sceptic ? Is it possible that they may be searching after God though they have, through no fault of their own, lost their way ? Can it be that they serve Him, though unconsciously, and that their patient waiting for light may be rewarded by a blaze of Divine light compensating for earth's darkness ? No, it cannot be so. Protestants may be excusable, Jews may be excusable, Mahometans may be excusable, Deists may perhaps be excusable. But here we must draw the line. While any one who believes in a Supreme Being who rewards obedience and punishes disobedience may be in good faith and in the grace of God, not so the unhappy professor of unfaith. Not so any one who does not acknowledge from his heart as a truth certain and indefeasible, certain as his own existence and certain as the existence of the world around him, that there exists also a Supreme Being above all and before all, who rules the world,

who is the rewarder of the just and the punisher of the wicked. None can deny this unless they have previously destroyed their power of intellectual vision by deliberate and serious disobedience to the voice within, by a deliberate choice of evil instead of good, whereby they have been invited to wish that there was no God, until the will overcoming the intellect and persuading it in spite of its better self that the matter was at least doubtful, has in the end induced a kind of moral self-delusion. They have contrived to convince themselves, or fancy that they had convinced themselves, that there was no God, or else that the Supreme Being, the Ultimate Reality, the Infinite, the Absolute, was far above out of our reach, unknown and unknowable, and therefore non-existent as far as we are concerned. Whether the conviction of the agnostic or the atheist is a sincere conviction; whether the thought in his heart corresponds to the words upon his lips when he says there is no God, is a point I hope to discuss in another paper. That there are some who say it in their hearts we know on the testimony of Holy Scripture, but they are not there numbered among men of even earthly wisdom. Whether it is possible for a man of sound intelligence to surrender the belief in theism when it has grown up with him, is a question requiring more careful consideration than I can give it in the space still remaining to me.

But there is another difficulty that I must not leave unanswered in my present paper. If you tell me, says the objector, that a man's power of appreciating and grasping truth when presented to him varies in proportion to his obedience to the moral law, how do you account for the conversion to Christianity and to Catholicity of many whose morality had been notoriously bad, and whose lives had been a scandal to those around them. How is it, for instance, that the teaching of Christ had such an attraction for Mary Magdalen while still a sinner? And on the other hand, how do you account for its rejection by many men of spotless lives and unblemished moral character, men brave, honourable, benevolent, unselfish, just? Must not your theory be at least one-sided, and must not other elements exist which ought to be reckoned among the forces which result in conversion?

This difficulty is a serious and a very practical one. No one can deny the fact. It seems at first sight to militate against our theory with irresistible force. But not in reality. In the

first place it proceeds on the false assumption that we are capable of judging of the degree of guilt of our fellow-men, of estimating their position in the sight of God. There may be a thousand palliating or aggravating circumstances, of which we are completely ignorant, which diminish or increase culpability in the sight of God to an almost indefinite account. One sinner has a good and pious mother, is trained to virtue, reared amid examples of the holy fear of God, shielded from harm in early life. Another has a debauched and vicious mother, or no mother at all, is trained up to evil, reared amid examples of every kind of wickedness, exposed to the contagion of vice from childhood. How utterly different is the guilt of the same act done by these two persons respectively! Beside this, it is not the grossest sins that are always the greatest sins. The worst sin of all has no grossness in it at all, and other sins derive their degree of guilt from the greater or less element of this sin which enters into them. The sin of pride is so subtle, often so specious, that it is not always easy to distinguish it from a lofty degree of virtue. Men admire it and call it self-respect, or self-reticence, or high principle, and the foul thing stalks about as if it were a thing of beauty worthy of admiration instead of deserving contempt and hatred. It has a Proteus-like power of hiding itself under the disguise of every virtue—it takes the shape of self-denial, generosity, chastity, nay even of humility itself: it mars the natural good qualities of its possessor to hide its own loathsome ugliness. If one desires to know the Divine estimate of pride, let him study the tone of our Lord in speaking of and to the Pharisees. They were law-abiding, excellent, moral men, yet he denounced them in terms which we should be inclined to call exaggerated and intolerant had they not proceeded from the mouth of Him who was *Veritas ipsissima*, the model and pattern of all truth. They were hypocrites, serpents, a generation of vipers, blind guides, for whom it was so difficult as to be almost impossible that they should escape damnation. Woe after woe is heaped upon them, and their practices externally so respectable are denounced with what we may almost call fierce animosity and unsparing vehemence. Simon the Pharisee is contrasted with Magdalen the sinner. A Pharisee who offers our Lord hospitality is met with a fierce denunciation of the class to which he belonged. The disciples of Jesus Christ are warned again and again against these men, simply because they were wrapped in pride. Pride is so hateful to God, that while

we are told He looks with longing eyes of mercy on all other sinners, He fights against the proud and shrinks back from them with a Divine horror.¹

It is this sin of pride in some shape or other which is the almost invariable obstacle to the attainment of truth. Pride hates to submit, and hence has grown up that hatred of submission which bars the way to the region where Truth dwells. Pride hates to be in a position of inferiority, and the position of man when brought face to face with God must be a position of inferiority, and therefore Pride, more than any other sin, wishes God out of the way, ignores Him as far as possible, refuses to acknowledge Him, and persuades its ill-fated possessor that perhaps after all He does not exist or lives far away in the hyperborean region of the Unknown and Unknowable. Other sins give men a distaste for religion chiefly because they induce pride. It is not so much that they will not give up forbidden pleasures or their immediate interests, but that they will not submit, they will not give up pride.

But I have no desire to write a treatise on pride, I only desire to impress upon my readers what my own experience attests, confirming what theology teaches *a priori* must be so. It is possible, though it is rare, for a man to be pure as an angel and as proud as a devil. Thus it was that the Archbishop of Paris explained the rebellious obstinacy of the convent of Port Royal, and thus it is that we must chiefly explain the fall of England from the faith. True, lust and greed of gain helped their captain pride, but it was the English dislike of submission to external authority which was, I believe, the chief agent of the English Reformation, and it is for the most part pride in some form or other which directly or indirectly hinders those who are searching or professing to search after Truth from finding that which is the object of their only half-hearted quest.

But there is another element to be taken into account in analyzing the history of the search for Truth. It is one that I have purposely ignored in the present paper, as it would have disturbed my estimate of the balance of forces which produce the resultant that we call a man's religious opinions. I have been merely considering the forces which are at work in the natural order—or to speak more correctly in the normal and regular order—of God's dealing with men. This force, this mysterious force, which I have left out of sight, is the grace of

¹ St. Matt. xxiii. passim; St. Luke xi. 37, vii. 44; St. James iv. 5; 1 St. Peter v. 5.

God, that gratuitously bestowed supernatural impulse given to the intellect to perceive what is true, and to the will to desire the possession of it with an effective and firm desire. Whether this force is subject to certain definite laws which regulate its power, determine the character and amount of grace given, is beyond my present purpose to enquire. But I should be leaving a sad gap in my subject if I were not to point out my omission and to let the reader know the reason of it.

My object has been to show how a man's own actions dispose him for the acceptance or rejection of religious dogma—how obedience prepares him for a love of Truth, how disobedience paves the way for a hatred of it and of Him who is its author, to show how all sin and above all pride, as being the quintessence of all other sins, poisons the soul, destroys its power of assimilating truth, blinds it to the distinction between the light of God and the darkness of error. Given a man's habit of obedience or disobedience resulting from obedient or disobedient acts, and we can tell his capacity for truth under ordinary circumstances, and as far as his own share in the attainment of it is concerned. But beside this internal element which he himself contributes to his own success, there is also that supernatural mysterious influence which God gives to each according as He pleases, to all sufficient for their guidance, and more than sufficient, but yet in very different amount to different men. To some He offers His grace once and again, but always liberally, and when they have once and again rejected the offer, He does not offer it again. On others He bestows a larger and more frequent amount of this supernatural gift, so that they are driven on towards truth by an impelling hand; others He seems to pursue with grace in such astonishing degree, and in spite of such repeated unfaithfulness, that they can scarce resist, and are carried along almost against their will. They can scarce help themselves or withstand His Divine efforts to win them over, or if they resist He seems determined to win them over by His unlimited generosity and love.

Now this grace, so varying in its force, so entirely beyond our power of discerning why it is given, now more now less, depends, it is true, to a great extent on man's acceptance of it, but yet has so many other sources whence it flows that it is impossible to take it into our calculations of the causes which lead men to Truth, all important though it be. But this at least we know that it is given only to men who are either already

men of good will, or in whom God sees the initial promise of a good will to be hereafter developed. The disobedient or proud have no share or lot in it, and though it modifies not a little the influences which lead to Truth, yet we may fairly leave it out of sight and lay down as a proposition universally true that in proportion as a man is obedient to the voice within, in the same proportion is he qualified for the attainment of religious truth. It is this proposition which it has been my object in the present paper to *explain* and to *examine*. It is a proposition which it is not easy to verify *a posteriori*, because we do not see the hearts of men, but all can verify it in their own case, and to a certain degree in the case of others also, though none can read the inner thoughts of other men, or analyze their motives with sufficient accuracy to be able to decide with certainty why it is they have or have not availed themselves of the guidance of that Divine Light which lighteneth every man that comes into the world.

R. F. C.

Reuter and the development of Telegraphy.

THE dimensions which the daily press of this country is attaining, through the spur of competition, and the Yankee-like enterprise of newspaper proprietors, seem likely to necessitate an addition to the education of the student of political events in the shape of some manual or guide which will show him how to read his morning paper and what to believe of its contents. Whether the time devoted to newspaper reading is well spent, and whether the world would not be better off with fewer telegrams, one leading article a month, and no police reports, is a question which is practically not worth discussing. The fact exists that seven large morning papers are published daily, that editions of the afternoon and evening journals are issued at a rate which baffles calculation, and that the streets, as well as the railway trains, steam-boats, and omnibuses, which must convey some millions of people in London daily, present a perpetual spectacle of human heads, old and young, immersed in four pages of closely-printed matter, reading, reading, reading, as if life had no greater duty or afforded no other pleasure.

It is not in London alone that this increase of newspaper reading is apparent. The daily press of the great provincial cities almost rivals that of the Metropolis; every small town supports its daily sheet, and the county paper penetrates far and wide through the agricultural districts. Ten years ago the inhabitants of an English village never saw a newspaper, unless it came as the cover of a parcel of grocery or was sent to the old people by the ne'er-do-well who had enlisted, or the young hopeful who had tramped up to London to better his condition. That same newspaper, no matter how old its date, would pass from hand to hand, or be read by the more learned to a gaping group of rustics at the village inn, and perhaps do service for many a mile round, till its tattered and begrimed pages were no longer legible. But *tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis*. Every little hamlet is now posted up in the events of the week, the

inmates of the loneliest cottage hear of events occurring in the least known of continents, and in bye roads in which one might think that civilized man never set foot may be seen the flaming advertisements of *Lloyd's Newspaper* or the *Weekly Dispatch*.

It is impossible not to feel some admiration for the enterprise of journalism in the present day. To realize the progress that has been made let any one take the file of the *Times* of some twenty or twenty-five years ago and compare it with the *Times* of to-day. Telegrams were then in their infancy. The intelligence from the Continent came from Paris by mail; the news of great events in India and America consisted of extracts from New York and Bombay journals. One day in October, 1859, the only telegram in the *Times* was from Rome. It said: "The Pope has ordered the Sardinian Minister to receive his passports." It might be interesting to follow the progress and development of the large London papers during the last quarter of a century, but the effort would be as laborious to the compiler of the story as the mass of matter which they furnish in the height of their maturity is overwhelming to the bewildered reader of the present time.

It will be in some respects a simpler task to give a slight sketch of one of the most prominent and at the same time least understood factors in this great development of the supply of news, namely, the institution which furnishes intelligence under the title of Reuter's Telegrams.

The founder of the enterprise is a very remarkable man, and if he is one of the few among us who have been in the habit of keeping a diary, his biography may some day reveal to the world a career as extraordinary as that of any hero of romance. His struggles and vicissitudes, his failures and triumphs, the intrigues and temptations through which he has fought his way to his present independence, would in the hands of a Froude make a long chapter not only in the history of journalism but in that of many Courts and countries.

We can only venture to record such bare facts as are necessary to our sketch. Paul Julius Reuter was born in Cassel in 1818. In 1849 the first telegraph line on the Continent was opened between Berlin and Aix la Chapelle. At the latter place Mr. Reuter established an office and a service of carrier pigeons to and from Verviers. On the arrival at Verviers of the mail despatches giving the prices of the Paris Bourse and other

items of intelligence they were carried by pigeons to Aix la Chapelle and thence telegraphed to Berlin, anticipating of course the advices of all the great bankers. The news was forwarded from Berlin to other cities further east, and in like manner news from Germany, Austria, and Russia was transmitted to the West of Europe. In time, however, the telegraph was further extended, and the office in Aix la Chapelle became superfluous. When the line to Paris was complete with the exception of a short stretch, namely, from Quievrain to Valenciennes, Mr. Reuter filled the gap by a system of couriers. But with time this space was also bridged over and in 1851, when the first submarine cable was laid between Dover and Calais, the indefatigable German boldly transferred his business to London. His correspondents in Berlin, Vienna, Paris, &c., telegraphed the tones of the Bourses and the movements in prices, for early intelligence of which speculators on the London Stock Exchange readily subscribed.

It will easily be understood that many difficulties had to be overcome even at this early stage. The Rothschilds, Cohens, and Barings of course received their own telegrams, and the value of Reuter's bulletins depended upon their being first on the market. The absolute accuracy of the quotations was also essential, and above all it was necessary to inspire the commercial world with confidence in the integrity of the channel through which they were transmitted. Like Cæsar's wife, Mr. Reuter had to be above suspicion. If he or his *employés* had ever made use of the news for their own advantage, the edifice he was erecting would have been shattered to the ground. Gradually this service was extended so as to include the Bourses and produce markets of all foreign and even colonial centres. But this was only the stepping-stone to the great achievement upon which Mr. Reuter had set his heart, namely, the establishment of a political service for the Press. Two successive attempts to induce the *Times* to open its columns to the news telegraphed by his correspondents failed. The *Times* at that period more than at present was *facile princeps* among newspapers, and occupied such a commanding position that nothing could be done without its support. Nothing daunted, Mr. Reuter prosecuted his labours and perfected his arrangements in various ways, until in 1858 a renewed attempt to obtain publicity met with at least partial success, the newspapers accepting such of his telegrams as they cared to publish. At

last came January 1, 1859, the day on which Napoleon the Third delivered his memorable speech to the Austrian Ambassador, Baron Hübner, which was the prelude to the Italian War, and the French victories at Magenta and Solferino. These portentous words, which were spoken at the Tuileries at one o'clock in the afternoon, were transmitted to the London papers by Reuter's office with such rapidity that the *Times* issued a third edition and placed the news in the hands of its readers by 2 p.m. By this feat Mr. Reuter stormed the citadel; his reputation was made, and from that day forward the Press and the public have never ceased to repose confidence in his news. The outbreak of the Italian War afforded a new field of activity, in which fresh laurels were reaped. Special correspondents were sent out at considerable expense, and the rapidity with which the events of the campaign were chronicled, justified the high reputation which Reuter's telegrams had suddenly obtained.

Mr. Reuter was not the man to let the grass grow under his feet, or rest content with a single success. Connections were opened and agents appointed in the most important centres far and wide, a process which was gradually extended until representatives existed in all parts of the world. In the then incomplete state of the network of telegraphs every advantage was taken of the mail services, and the points at which steamers touched on their voyage. Among the instances of the restless activity with which Mr. Reuter laboured to build up the business which bears his name, may be mentioned the news of the Chinese attack upon Admiral Hope, who in his attempt to force a passage up the Peiko was repulsed with a loss of eighty-one killed and about three hundred and ninety wounded. This event, which led to the war with China was communicated by Mr. Reuter to the English Government twenty-four hours before they received it from their own representatives. On the outbreak of the American Civil War, not only were special correspondents sent out from London, but as no Atlantic cable at that time existed, extraordinary efforts were made to accelerate the transmission of despatches. The telegraph line having been extended to the extreme point on the American continent touched by the mail-packets, small steamers were held in readiness on this side to intercept them on their approaching Queenstown, receive Reuter's despatches, and hasten with them to the nearest telegraph station. Not

content with this, Mr. Reuter conceived the idea of laying a line from Cork to Crookhaven, the extreme point on the south-west coast of Ireland. This line, which was laid at his own cost, accelerated the receipt of American news by six hours. The consequence was that Reuter's office was the first to communicate to the British public, to the Continent of Europe, and to the far East the important news of the American battles, the assassination of President Lincoln, and the other events of the great Civil War.

With the laying of the Atlantic cable and the indefinite multiplication of telegraph lines all over the world, the business assumed such dimensions that Mr. Reuter felt it was becoming too great an undertaking for him to carry on alone. In 1864, therefore, he transferred it to a joint stock company, retaining the direction, however, in his own hands for several years.

Such was the origin of Reuter's Telegram Company. In concluding this part of the subject we may mention among Mr. Reuter's many subsequent achievements the laying of a cable from Lowestoft to Emden, the concession for which he obtained from the late King of Hanover, and which was sold to the English Government when the telegraph lines became Government property. The sale yielded a sum nearly equal to three times the capital of the company for distribution among the shareholders. Mr. Reuter also obtained the concession for the French trans-Atlantic cable. But his greatest enterprise of all was what is known as the Persian concession, which placed the untold natural wealth of the Shah's kingdom at his absolute disposal. This scheme, if carried out, would probably have yielded results rivalling those obtained by the East India Company, but it appears to have collapsed through the greed and duplicity of the Shah's entourage, exemplifying the wisdom of the text: "Put not thy trust in (Eastern) princes."

It is only natural that an office which has attained to such eminence and enjoys such daily and world-wide publicity should also receive its share of criticism. Its impersonality, the peculiar conditions of its existence, and the semi-solidarity which the newspapers assume for the telegrams they publish, render it necessary for Reuter's office to remain silent under attack. Of course mistakes occur now and then, and no pretence is made to infallibility, but the general accuracy of the intelligence is something marvellous, and a discriminating public would do well as a rule in refusing to credit the foreign

news of the daily press unless it is contained in, or confirmed by, Reuter's telegrams. If in any Catholic circles a belief still lingers that these telegrams are inspired by an anti-Catholic influence, the idea may be dismissed. No question of religion has ever been allowed to interfere in any way with the management of the business. Catholics always have, and do still, hold prominent positions in Reuter's office, both in London and abroad. At one time or another there were two former Papal Zouaves on the London staff; and we believe that at the time of the Vatican Council abbés and monsignori furnished Reuter with such news as was obtainable. If the Catholic cause meets with oppression, obloquy, and misfortunes in all parts of the world, Reuter's telegrams, which are but a reflex of events and a medium for citing important authoritative opinions, cannot be held responsible. Wilful misrepresentation of Catholic policy is utterly impossible under the system pursued by Reuter.

The principles acted upon from the outset with regard to the collection and distribution of news are accuracy, impartiality, promptitude, and universality, and these principles are adhered to as rigidly as human foresight and precautions permit. In order that the news may be accurate and impartial, great care is bestowed upon the selection of agents, and they are duly impressed with the necessity of never sending news that is doubtful, or *tendencieux*. If news of a sensational character is published anywhere, and its truth cannot be verified without causing delay, the agent, we believe, may telegraph it, but is bound to quote the source of his information. Even then it has to pass through the hands of the editorial staff in London, and experience has largely conferred upon them the art of perceiving quickly what reliance can be placed upon all classes of intelligence. A severe control is exercised at head-quarters, and this control is sometimes facilitated by the fact that in the chief European capitals the peculiarities of the political situation have rendered it necessary for Reuter's Company to maintain two or three agents acting independently, and frequently unknown to each other, so that important news is often received in duplicate, or in slightly varying form, one version acting as a check upon the other. With regard to promptitude, the maxim, we are told, of Reuter's office is that news which is not the first in the field is not news at all. Newspaper correspondents may send glowing descriptions of a battle, and crowd out the dry facts transmitted by Reuter, but the latter manages some-

how to have given the first announcement of the victory or defeat. This is accomplished by the ubiquitous activity of the agents, in free open competition with the newspaper correspondents, though instances have no doubt occurred where, to make doubly sure, a little stratagem may have been used. For instance, Reuter's despatch from the front announcing the disaster at Majuba Hill was the first to reach Durban for re-transmission to England. It was half-past ten, at night, and the office closed at eleven. As soon as the despatch had been sent off, Reuter's agent invited the telegraph clerks to supper, and no more telegrams went through that night.

A striking feature about Reuter's service is its universality. When war breaks out, or the interest of the political drama centres in any particular country, the newspapers vie with each other in sending to the theatre of events the ablest correspondents that can be found, and the public may rely upon receiving copious and well-written narratives of all that occurs. But it stands to reason that it would be impossible for a newspaper singly to maintain permanent correspondents in all parts of the globe. This deficiency is supplied by Reuter's Company. From China to Manitoba, from New Zealand to Chili, at all points upon every continent, Reuter maintains permanent agents, and every day telegrams are received from the most remote parts, keeping up the continuity of the world's history. Wherever possible, an effort is made to render these agencies self supporting, and in some cases they are a source of revenue to the Company, by supplying news to the press of the countries in which they are situated. To judge, however, by the half-yearly reports, the business does not seem to be a very money-making affair. The expenses of such an undertaking are very great, and almost the only sources of revenue are the subscriptions of newspapers for general intelligence and of merchants for commercial items. It is probable, too, that the newspapers keep the amount of their subscriptions as low as possible, as with a larger income, and therefore a larger spending power, Reuter's office, not content with the present necessarily brief announcements, might cut away the ground from under the feet of the "Specials," and leave no field for the enterprise of individual journalism. It is difficult to obtain a correct idea of the amount of news issued daily from Reuter's office, as each newspaper only publishes what it chooses and what it has not at the same time received from its own sources. In any case, however,

Reuter's service seems to err (possibly from the cause above mentioned) as much on the side of brevity as do the Specials on the side of diffuseness, and the public are the sufferers. Column after column is telegraphed by the "Specials" of matter descriptive of a skirmish in which one man is killed and half a dozen are wounded; so that as regards the length of the account (and the sensational nature of the headings), nothing more can be done when a real battle is fought. Thus all due regard for proportion is lost, and the judgment of the public is bewildered and led astray. It should also be remembered that the Special Correspondents are, in some cases professedly, in others unavowedly, partisans. This, when it is a question of reporting facts, becomes a very serious matter. The judgment of Englishmen may thereby be warped at critical junctures, and only see the truth when it is too late. The *St. James's Gazette*, in a recent rather severe article upon newspaper correspondents abroad, said that with regard, for example, to foreign opinion upon British policy, we receive no unbiassed information whatever, "save from the too-little-read telegrams of the really veracious Reuter." Under these circumstances, it seems desirable that greater prominence should be given and more attention paid to a service of news which is, to a large extent, free from the vices of competition and partisanship.

We had omitted to mention that the founder of Reuter's Telegram Company became a naturalized British subject thirty years ago, and that in 1871, in recognition of his public services, the Duke of Saxe Coburg Gotha conferred upon him the title of Baron. In the German watering-place where these lines are penned, the Prince of Wales, eleven years ago, having accosted him with the words "What's the news?" received for reply, "The only news I have, your Royal Highness, is that your uncle has made me a baron." Although he has now retired to a great extent from the business, his position is worthily filled by his son as managing director, and so long as the work continues to be carried on in the same careful and straightforward manner as hitherto, the office will remain what Lord John Russell once told the Baron it had become—an institution of the country.

*Three English Men of Letters.*¹

I.

MR. MORLEY'S series of short lives of literary men does not follow any particular order, either of the time in which each author lived, or of the branch of literature in which he made his mark, and in like manner we can claim no other reason for linking together the biographies of Gray, De Quincey, and Dickens in this review than that they have recently appeared in the series of "English Men of Letters," and represent to us in turn the poet, the essayist, and the writer of fiction.

The most removed from us in date of the three we have named is the poet, Gray; and this may in part explain why we seem to know so little of him. But another cause may be found in the fact that Gray was anything but a voluminous writer, and that no Life has been published of him except as an appendage to some portion of his poems, until Mr. Gosse undertook his independent and exceptionally useful biography.

The poet was born in Cornhill, London, on December 26, 1716. As his father, though successful in business, was an extravagant man, and neglected his son, Thomas Gray was educated at Eton, at his mother's expense. There he formed a lifelong friendship with Horace Walpole, West, a fellow-poet, and George Montagu, a relative of the Earl of Halifax. In 1734 began his connection with Cambridge, and during a considerable portion of his life he resided now at Pembroke Hall, and now at Peterhouse, of which his uncle Antrobus, was a fellow. Gray's alliance with young men of rank and means led to his spending three years in foreign travel. From Amiens he wrote to his mother this description of French scenery :

The country we have passed through hitherto has been flat, open, but agreeably diversified with villages, fields well cultivated, and little rivers. On every hillock is a windmill, a crucifix, or a Virgin Mary,

¹ *English Men of Letters*. Edited by John Morley. I. *Gray*. By Edmund W. Gosse. II. *De Quincey*. By David Masson. III. *Dickens*. By A. W. Ward. London : Macmillan and Co.

dressed in flowers and a sarcenet robe ; one sees not many people or carriages on the road. Now and then indeed you meet a strolling friar, a countryman with his great muff, or a woman riding astride on a little ass, and wearing a great head-dress of blue wool.

We are told that when in Paris the poet became quite a little fop, which reminds us that he was short of stature, and well made, though weak and delicate in frame ; in after life he became too stout to preserve the same elegant proportions. He was a romantic lover of nature, and expressed to his friend West his admiration of the grand Alpine passes of northern Italy. "Not a precipice," he writes, "not a torrent, not a cliff, but is pregnant with religion and poetry. . . . I am well persuaded that St. Bruno was a man of no common genius, to choose the Grande Chartreuse for his retirement ; and perhaps I should have been a disciple of his had I been born in his time." On his return journey across the Alps, he inscribed in the Album of the Fathers his famous *Alcaic Ode*, commencing "Oh Tu, severi Religio loci."

The autumn of 1741 saw our poet again in England, and inspired by all the poetry of scenery which he had drunk in abroad he soon began to write the works which have established his fame, and immortalized the village of Stoke Pogis, in Buckinghamshire. It was there that he wrote his *Ode to Spring*, and his graceful sonnet on the death of West, to be followed by his lines *On a Distant Prospect of Eton College*. Especially successful was the severe elevation and stateliness of movement of his *Hymn to Adversity*, in which however constantly recurs that personification of the virtues which he had afterwards the good taste to eschew. In 1742 was begun the *Elegy wrote in a Country Churchyard*, which requires only to be named to be at once recognized as one of the English classics. It was not finished till June, 1750, after fully six years of entire silence. Gray then chiefly resided at Cambridge, and when we know how exclusively he had devoted himself during four or five years to the study of Greek literature, and how close a student he had been in earlier life, we cannot be surprised at the testimony of several of his intimate friends that he was one of the most learned men in Europe, an excellent classical scholar, well grounded in science, a diligent reader of history, and of books of travel and discovery, besides being well versed in metaphysics and politics. He was an apt critic, fond of music, and not without taste in painting, architecture, and

gardening. While we are told that the poet's conversation was replete with instruction, elegance, and vivacity, his letters yield their own evidence to the sprightliness of his wit and his warmth of heart.

Although Walpole remarked that Gray was "in flower" from 1759 to 1765, the buds produced are but rare and undeveloped. Such was the unfinished *Ode on Vicissitude*, and a short treatise on Gothic architecture. To this date may be referred the Pindaric Odes, marking the third and final stage in Gray's poetical growth, and addressed rather to his fellow-poets than the general reader. These however possess the important features of an organic evolution and unity of design, and thus end neither abruptly nor by chance, but as finished compositions. Valuable also are the romantic lyrics of uncertain date, *The Fatal Sisters*, *The Descent of Odin*, and *The Triumphs of Owen*, with other fragments drawn from Icelandic and Gaelic sources. These show his acquaintance with the Norse tongue, and indicate a return to the old mysterious themes so energetically followed out by later poets. The remaining years of Gray's life were given up to a little light travelling in England and Scotland, necessitated by his failing health. Soon after his return for the last time to Cambridge, he expired tranquilly on July 30, 1771, aged fifty-four years.

II.

If the story of the life of Gray leaves in the mind a strong feeling of regret that a man so highly educated and richly gifted should have left behind him only one or two rare gems of poetry, we cannot but wonder that De Quincey, whose bodily frame was still more weak and spare, whose helplessness and eccentricity of character were far greater, and his want of moral force more marked, has given to us a legacy of sixteen volumes of magazine articles, written on almost every conceivable subject. There are several points of resemblance between Gray and De Quincey, as, for instance, in their appearance, their tastes and habits acquired from similarity of physique and of the circumstances of their early life, even in the hallucinations created by their weak nervous temperament. But these were all intensified in De Quincey, as we may easily gather, from that double revelation which he has made of himself, designedly in his autobiographical writings, and undesignedly in his letters. The various narratives which he gives of his boyhood and youth

read like an exciting and eventful romance, and these Mr. Masson has supplemented with a large quantity of information taken from De Quincey's biography, by H. A. Page.

While there cannot be two opinions as to the eminent literary merits of our great essayist, many a battle will still be fought over his personal character, the amount of mental and moral injury which he inflicted on himself, and the exact credit to be accorded to some of his more detailed descriptions. The offence taken against De Quincey was not only that he should have become an opium-eater, but that having become one, he had the hardihood and effrontery to confess it openly, and dwell lingeringly over each phenomenon arising from the habit, recurring again and again to the subject.

There was something almost staggering [writes Mr. Masson] in the act of self-exposure by which a man consented that he should be known as "the Opium-Eater," not figuratively or fictitiously, as some at first supposed, but with the most positive assurances that his revelations were real excerpts from his own life. The signature of "The Opium-Eater" to any article whatever became thenceforward an attraction.

Many racy and highly-coloured pictures have been drawn by others of the extreme helplessness and almost imbecility of mind suggested by the author's vagaries. Those which occur in the *Life* before us are certainly most amusing, yet not ill-natured. Mr. Masson's own reminiscences present to us a far less grotesque and absurd figure, moving about in Edinburgh society.

The first time I saw De Quincey was most pleasantly one evening in a room high up in one of the tall houses of the Old Town. He came in charge of a strong determined man, who took all the necessary trouble. In addition to the general impression of diminutiveness and fragility, one was struck with the peculiar beauty of his head and forehead, rising disproportionately over his small wrinkly visage and gentle deep-set eyes. . . . Describing some visionary scene or other, he spoke of it as consisting of "discs of light and interspaces of gloom;" and I noticed that with all the fine distinctness of the phrase, both optical and musical, it came from him with no sort of consciousness of its being out of the way in talk, and with no reference whatever to its being appreciated or not by those around him, but simply because, whoever might be listening, he would be thinking as De Quincey.

The preserved notes of self-excuse addressed repeatedly to the Edinburgh editor of his *Collected Works* reveal to us at a glance the whole manner of the man and of his work. On one

occasion the cause of delay has been his "nervous sufferings," on another it is trouble about some unpaid taxes, and consequent "agitation at the prospect of utter ruin past all repair." Once it was a doubt whether certain papers were already in the printer's hands, or still in his own possession, with the hope that he might be saved "a process of stooping" in the search for them, from which he "could hardly recover for a fortnight." Again, he was suffering from lumbago, he had fallen asleep inopportunely, he had an attack of partial delirium from "want of sleep and opium combined." Another time the excuse was his "having been up and writing all night," besides which he had just set his hair on fire, an event of not rare occurrence.

Notwithstanding all these interruptions, delays, and general want of method, De Quincey was a most laborious and painstaking worker, fastidious in his accuracy, and even over-cautious in his instructions for the correction of the letter-press. What is more, he was extremely delicate in his regard for the feelings and interests of other people, and so did not fail in any essential point of his undertakings. Nowhere, however, does his character appear in a more amiable light than in his frequent letters to his daughters, during later life, after the members of his family had become dispersed. He stops his work to think for a while of his daughters and grandchildren, and he delights to answer all their letters by return of post, often as these replies are delayed for want of paper or of envelopes, or lost while still unfinished, or buried beneath a pile of papers before being posted. Yet even this affectionate correspondence did not open out fully that "inner heart" of De Quincey, the real nature of which so puzzled those who knew him best. As his latest biographer owns: "With all his startling outside eccentricities and the glaring candours of his opium confessions, he remained an impenetrable being. What dark little cave of a soul did his eccentricities conceal? . . . We have had signs already, and the writings furnish more in abundance, that the gentle, timid, shrinking, abnormally sensitive and polite little man was no more without his hard little bit of central self than other people, and that this might be found out on occasion."

III.

In the case of the third Life on our list, that of Charles Dickens, by Mr. A. W. Ward, it is doubtless the peculiar identification of the great novelist with his own stories and his own

characters that has led his biographer to describe the man himself and the incidents of his life through them, rather than make his private history the prominent connecting link to his works. In a life of Dickens this order may be almost unavoidable, but the result of following it is that criticisms of the author have well-nigh driven out of the field the personal narrative which places a celebrated man before us in all the relations of his life, and reveals him to us as he thought and felt within the circle of his own family and his intimate friends. The writer of the short life of De Quincey has been, as we have just seen, particularly successful in combining a picture of the essayist in the midst of his home affections and daily habits along with an elaborate criticism and classification of the products of his pen.

In Mr. Ward's contribution to "Men of Letters," we are asked to study Dickens chiefly as author, actor, orator, and public reader, and in his excellence under each of these heads the versatility of his genius plainly manifested itself, according to the verdict of the most exacting. His biographer has freely mingled comments with his reference to the fresh works and the fresh undertakings that so rapidly succeeded one another, nor are these comments without the due seasoning of healthy and impartial criticism. It strikes us that he has often caught the truth as to the gradual growth of many of Dickens' principal characters out of a growing perception of the capabilities of each one. He touches nicely on the subtleties of the author's humour when describing the ruined cobbler's confidences to Sam Weller in the Fleet :

The cobbler paused to ascertain what effect his story had produced on Sam ; but finding that he had dropt asleep, knocked the ashes out of his pipe, *sighed*, put it down, drew the bed-clothes over his head, and went to sleep too.

Mr. Ward does not hesitate to indicate here and there several blemishes which he detects either in the novelist's general mannerism or in the occasional details of his portraiture, or yet again the serious mistakes he sometimes fell into of harping on the same story in caricaturing certain classes, or of reintroducing some of his *dramatis personæ*, whose individuality had been already worked out. Thus, when he remarks that *Bleak House* "may be said to begin a new series in Dickens' works of fiction," from containing evidence of "decided advance in constructive skill," he justly adds that "it drags, and drags very

perceptibly, in some of its earlier parts. Some of the machinery, moreover—such as the Smallweed family's part in the plot—is tiresome; and particular incidents are intolerably horrible or absurd. But in general the parts of the narrative are well knit together; and there is a subtle skill in the way in which the two main parts of the story converge towards their common close." The idea of reinforcing *Master Humphrey* by a revival of the characters in the *Pickwick Papers* was especially unfortunate.

Like all true admirers of Dickens, Mr. Ward dwells lovingly on the many excellencies in the autobiographical sketch of *David Copperfield*. This novel, and *Martin Chuzzlewit*, may be pronounced masterpieces of the writer's full maturity both physically and intellectually, written, as they were, between the years 1842 and 1850. *Dombey and Son* and the Christmas Books were published within the same interval, and it is curious to note that works, of which the humour and sentiment are so thoroughly English, were conceived and executed on a foreign soil.

Mr. Ward enters on the interesting question whence the novelist drew his inspiration, or learnt his style. Though allowing that he was no classical scholar, he hesitates to call him an ill-read man. He was neither a great nor a catholic reader, yet "in his own branch of literature his judgment was sound and sure-footed." Thus he took with him to Petersham for a summer sojourn a couple of Scott's novels, Goldsmith, Swift, Fielding, Smollett, and the British Essayists. He was also an attentive and judicious student of Hogarth, and he was familiar with *The Spectator*. These facts go far towards confirming the above assertion. His present biographer adds that he was likewise influenced by a few writers of his own day, and among these were chiefly Washington Irving, Carlyle, and Wilkie Collins. "His stories gradually lost all traces of the old masters both in general method and in detail; while he came to condense and concentrate his efforts in successions of skilfully-arranged scenes." It was little indeed that he owed to other writers in comparison with what he owed to his natural gifts. "And nature, when she gifted Dickens with sensibility, observation, and imagination, bestowed upon him yet another boon in the quality which seemed more prominent than any other in his whole being. The vigour of Dickens—a mental and moral vigour, supported by a splendid physical organism—was the

parent of some of his foibles ; among the rest, of his tendency to exaggeration."

Another very true thing which Mr. Ward remarks is that, "from first to last Dickens' mannerism was not merely assumed on occasions, but was, so to speak, absorbed into his nature. In his earlier writings, in *Nicholas Nickleby* for instance, and even in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, there is much stageyness ; but in his later works his own mannerism had swallowed up that of the stage, and, more especially in serious passages, his style had become what M. Taine happily characterizes as *le style tourmenté*. We wish we could give *in extenso* the biographer's expressions of regret that Dickens should ever have given himself up to his public readings. He assigns to them their evidently true motive. "Two souls dwelt in his breast," and when their aspirations united in one appeal they were irresistible. "The author who craved for the visible signs of a sympathy responding to that which he felt for the multitude of his readers, and the actor who longed to impersonate creations already beings of flesh and blood to himself, were both astir in him, and in both capacities he felt himself drawn into the very publicity deprecated by his friends. He liked to be face to face with his public." And this liking became fatal to him.

J. G. M.

The Tale of a Puppy.

—
FOR BOYS.
—

HE was a poor little pitiful foundling, and so it came about.

One cold and drenching night last January the path of a policeman on his beat was crossed by what he at first imagined was a dazed half-drowned rat. The object in question, however, behaved in a not altogether rat-like fashion, and appeared to entertain a wish to prosecute the chance acquaintance which had so happily come about. Undoubtedly the little wretch was at its wit's end: an hour or two more of that cruel night and there would have been no more friends for him. The policeman stooped down and picked up the creature, whose component parts seemed to be equally of mud and hair, only that two bright beady eyes shone out from the tangled lump; and, after some inspection, having decided that he had to deal with a puppy and not with a rat, bore him away to the Dog's Home at Battersea, where three days later I found him, and selected him as my future friend and companion out of some two or three hundred others.

The gentleman who was in authority at the "Home" assured me with many solemn protestations that in this pup I had the pick of the place; that in the long course of his professional experience he recollected no other such pup, and that though he pretended no greater insight into the future than other men, he never expected to look upon his like again; that he had been expecting all the morning, and was in fact expecting at that moment, five distinct and separate gentlemen, colonels in the Guards, if I remember right, each and all of whom had declared their ability and willingness to pay down any sum from five to twenty pounds, for the possession of such a pup as I had now before me, if only such could be found. In consequence, however, of the very great interest and understanding which he had perceived in me with regard to dogs, as the result, further, of a desperate, and, as he allowed, somewhat

unaccountable liking which he had conceived for my carriage and general appearance, he was ready to take seven and sixpence down (*and* a pot of beer) for him on the spot as he stood. This offer he urged upon me through no foolish recklessness of my own to cast aside; those were his feelings at that moment, five minutes later who knew? He couldn't answer for himself, but he surmised that ten times the money wouldn't do it. This coming home to me very seriously, I closed with him at once, and the pup became mine. To speak soberly he was a very quaint and curious pup, and there was a finish about him which gave one scant idea of puppyhood. A courtesy title had been conferred upon him, that of "Yorkshire Terrier," but his ancestors had evidently all the haziness that bespeaks greatness, and I incline to think that he was possibly the first of his race, as he was undoubtedly the last. I never remember to have seen any creature, let alone a dog, of his exact hue of colour. His fur, which was thick and curly, was of that shade which is precisely known to artists as "Payne's grey," and shaded to jet black at the tips. He had the brightness and agility of a little fancy monkey, which in some aspects he might almost have been taken for, but his face was a beautiful little tender dog's face, with a peculiarly pleading and thoughtful look in the eyes that was quite super-canine.

The colonels never turned up, and I got away safe with my bargain, though a young gentleman who had gone thither on the same errand as mine, fruitlessly, and with whom I travelled back into civilization, expressed his ideas pretty strongly as to the "infernal luck" which had taken me there five minutes before him. I carried the dog home, and he became my one companion and the light of my life, for at the time I was living alone, thoughtful and somewhat brooding, as is a solitary man. He was so small that I used to toss him with the rest of the rubbish into the waste-paper basket, under the table, or sometimes upon it. This became his place, and thence he was accustomed to watch me out of one eye by the hour together with a generous approval, and of occasion awoke a latent inspiration when it was required. At times, however, so thick and fast rained the torn papers that he got lost in the depth of the basket as in a pit, and there he lay buried for long spaces together, which affected him naught, so large was his philosophy. Too small to extricate himself had he wished, if he were forgotten, as by hap it came sometimes, he would chew up a

prospectus in silent protest that it was time for better things. I had but one fault to find with him—he made a god of his belly, such a little god as it was, too! But this excuse he had—the pitiless streets had taught him to cast about and devour all that came within his reach.

Time went on and presently, when my wife returned, it was resolved that he was old enough to “come out.” His success in society was extraordinary. Ah me! how the ladies petted him, and what pretty things they said, enough to have turned the head of any puppy. But he never changed or grew spoiled or pampered, and his simple little way went straight to everybody’s heart. The single point of worldliness which I recall was his love of driving in the Park. Whereas he snoozed under the rug when shopping was going on, through the dull routine of calls, or as we traversed the wilds of Pimlico, the moment we approached the Park he would, while pretending he had not noticed it, sniggle up and take his place upon the seat, where he would sit sniffing the air, full of severe if silent criticism. This weakness we observed with anxiety, and it was thought well to remind him of his position and origin, a remark to the effect that he had cost but seven and sixpence when he was new, and that now he was half worn out, being frequently used, but without perceivable effect.

It was not thought desirable to “make a fool of him” by teaching him tricks, the less so as he had a thousand of his own, but one artifice he did acquire. His dinner was placed for security upon a shelf, against which leaned the garden step-ladder. Up this, on discerning it, he would rush at fifty miles an hour, and when pulled down—often, as must be confessed, by the tail—he would still strive madly towards it, never looking to the hand which held him back, until released, when he would in an instant regain his position in the plate upon the top. It must be noted that he always stood in the plate to eat his dinner, so as to have it all round him, and be the more sure of it. Personally I greatly approved his device, and think myself the centre of a dinner-table to be a most natural and excellent place to eat from.

For any slight misbehaviour on his part—and, to tell the truth, the fault had usually to be invented—he was accustomed to be “sent to pot.” This was effected by putting him into a big China jar, too large for him to overturn, and shutting thereupon the lid. Here he stayed always, making no sound,

until the lid was removed, when like a Jack in the box he sprang up at once, and so remained fixed until he was lifted out. Imagine the picture: the little bright-eyed blue-black beast looking out of the old delft jar as it stood in the corner against the bronzed wainscot of stamped leather, the carven fire-place, and the crimson wall.

Too soon came the break up of these halcyon days. It was noticed that he did not appear at ease in his basket, and a horrid suspicion arose that he was growing out of rat-hood, and would soon be too big for it, but it was worse than this.

A time came when he could not rest quiet anywhere or in any position. He began to utter little piteous cries, and the Mud Gods brought it about on a Saturday night, of course, as being the only time when no help would be procurable for many hours, that we discovered that he had severe internal inflammation.

All the night long his low moans never ceased, and all the next day it was the same. With every breath the poor little frame was wracked with a convulsion, and I sat many hours holding him tight in my hands, trying by mechanical means to allay the cramps, or applying hot fomentations to the almost lifeless form. Once, seeing him apparently stiffening for death, I was able to revive him with a drop of milk on my finger; he brightened up, and presently drank some eagerly. After that he said he felt decidedly better. He sat up and opened one eye with caution, incautiously gave a quarter of a shake, and promptly tumbled overboard from weakness. However, he was not a dog to be beat, and at length, spreading his four legs wide apart for security's sake, he achieved a standing position, and had a go at another shake, as much as to say: "Look here, I mean to shake this thing off, you know." Then, being of opinion, no doubt, that this is an age of progress, he determined to take a stroll in the garden, an attempt that was followed by immediate collapse, and the very plain expression of the idea, "What a fool I was ever to leave my basket." But the stairs were handy, and he must needs try them. He reached the third, where he sat down and appealed to me. "Look here, you know, you're a bigger chap than me. It's a jolly long way up; don't you think, stranger, that you might lend a hand?" Poor little sick dog!

The attack in no way subsided, but, on the contrary, grew worse towards evening, and his cries were incessant. We tried

laudanum and every remedy in our power, but without effect. Friends who were called in chirpily expressed their opinion that he should be poisoned at once, but that was not ours; though, when I laid him in his basket that night, still feebly crying, still wracked with torture at every breath, I felt assured that he must die in the night. Not so. There were three storeys between us, but all the long hours the faint cries of pain rang in our ears, and with the first light I went down to him. It was incredible to me, and dreadful to see the dog alive; he was alive indeed, but had lost all semblance of himself. His pretty hair was clotted into a tangled mat, his body, with every bone protruding, stiffened into an arch, his head bowed upon his forelegs, his eyes quite sunk and gone so that he was blind. And that horrible breathing, of which every inspiration was a cramp, still went on; he was almost lifeless, and no longer recognized even his master. I tried to set him on his legs; he staggered three or four steps under the kitchen fire and fell into the ashes. I took him up and held some milk before him, but his head fell into the cup—he was unable to lap it. Thank God, however, it was Monday morning, and near eight o'clock. Wrapping him in a blanket, I sent him across the Park to the nearest "Vet.," and as soon as I could followed myself. Many hours the feeble life hung in the balance. It happened to be a busy day for me, but wherever I went—in the earth and in the sky, and in the faces of those I met, I saw nothing but the little writhing tortured form, and I staggered on my way like a man half drunk. It was to be kill or cure, none knew which, and none dared to express a hope, but at twelve o'clock that night, the man in charge of the infirmary going in, found the dog sitting up and winking at a convalescent puppy in the next cage, and with a very evident intention as to still greater improprieties in the future.

To make a long story short, the dog was cured. He came back to us just as he was of old, and his bright companionship made home again what it had been. He had all his old tricks and a few new ones, which he had probably learnt from the not very select company he had been forced to keep, and his long hair had become so irretrievably matted that there was nothing for it but the barber. But alas! the days of riotous and reckless merriment that followed his recovery were short-lived. The gods had set their heart upon him. A few weeks later a malignant distemper declared itself. It was pitilessly drawn out, and at length broke even *his* spirit. It seemed as

if he never would mend ; his life for two months was nothing but suffering, and not a little work to the household was implied by it. So weak had he become that it was necessary to feed him even as much as four times in the night, and the thought would occur, is it wise or even right to spend all this trouble on a dog? However, the turn came at last. With the first summer days he gradually brightened, and we knew he was better, for he began to show manifest gratitude for any small kindness that was done him. He began to cock his ears again at the approach of a friend or the presence of an enemy, and he was able to resume his morning stroll in the Park. We had been so much together that we quite understood each other, and were accustomed to hold long conversations, so one morning I asked him if he would like to go out for a walk with me. "By all means," he said, with evident delight, but when we came to the doorway it was apparent it had been raining. He stood upon the step with one paw raised and looked at me.

"What do you want to take me out on a morning like this for?"

"Why, my dog, because there is nothing like fresh air, and you have been shut up for a long time."

"I feel very funny and staggy, and I don't think Monday's a good day for going out."

"Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day, dear dog ; remember that through life. Come along." And he came.

But he lagged and trotted unsteadily, and at the first crossing was so dazed by the noise that with difficulty I got him over. There was but one more, and noting a space free from carriages I went over, but my dog was again lagging, and stopped upon the kerb. Then he stepped slowly into the street. A Hansom was dashing down from the neighbouring square. There was a cry, and a momentary stoppage. I saw him escape the hoofs, and look up with a wonderfully human expression of surprise, but the instant after he was caught by the wheel and dashed to the earth. It crossed his neck ; in the tenth of a second all was over. The blood gushed from his mouth, and he lay motionless in the mud of the highway, without moan or sound.

A crowd of the rough street-farers not unkindly gathered round. "The dog is dead," they said, and in truth he seemed so, lying there without twitch or movement, and they lifted him gently to the pavement, where he lay quite stiff and still, his eye fixed and already glazing over. Then I kneeled down to him,

and I called him, laying my hand upon his heart. I could detect no movement whatever. Suddenly I felt something against my sleeve, and I looked down. *His tail was flicking against my arm.* Five, six times, perhaps, it rose and fell quietly, as if he were on his mat half asleep, and then it moved no more. He was quite dead.

What Divine spark, what Heaven-born instinct of gratitude and recognition was this, that shone from the mangled form of my poor dog, as he lay crushed in the mud of the gutter? On the awful threshold, in the grip of death, dumb but eloquent, once again he surely spoke.

"Master, we two were thrown together a little while in this rough world. You took me and were good to me. You fed me and gave me to drink, and you nursed me when I was sick. Following in your footsteps I was struck down. *I die happy.*"

THAT MASTER
RAISES THIS FRAIL MEMORIAL
TO THE FRAIL MEMORY
OF THE LITTLE FRIEND
HE LOST
JUNE 26th, 1882.

EDMUND RANDOLPH, JUN.

Reviews.

I.—A NEW LIFE OF SPINOZA.¹

WE cannot help thinking that both Dr. Martineau and Mr. Frederick Pollock would have done better, if they had either omitted altogether the life of Spinoza or contented themselves with the quaint biography by Coler, which Mr. Pollock has reprinted in his first Appendix. A student can be safely left to judge for himself from the intrinsic evidence of an author's works, how far and in what direction each author's mind may have been influenced by the teaching of contemporary thinkers whom he has known by personal intercourse or through the medium of their writings; provided that he knows the biographical facts. Least of all does he desire comments and expressions of private opinion touching public events which, however intimately connected with the particular life portrayed, involve debateable questions connected with the sphere of political or religious action. To illustrate: It is sufficient for the reader to know that the young Spinoza was excommunicated by the Jewish synagogue of Amsterdam; he might surely be allowed to determine for himself whether such an ecclesiastical censure is, or is not, the logical sequel of belief in a system of revealed truth. Can he be otherwise than displeased at having such grave matters settled for him by some chance epithet interwoven with the story, as "*this amiable document*,"—a document, be it observed, as purely formal as a writ amongst ourselves issued by authority of law? But the biography by Dr. Martineau labours under another defect. It is wholly statuesque. The represented figure has no life in it,—not even artificial eyes that might give a semblance. This may in part be owing to the unpassioned character of Spinoza; nevertheless, it is hard to avoid the suspicion that Dr. Martineau is more at home with speculative

¹ *A Study of Spinoza*. By James Martineau, D.D. London: Macmillan and Co., 1882.

ideas than with concrete facts. Like Overbeck, he excels in outline, not in flesh-tints or in those colours and delicate touches of the pencil that interpret for us the living man. Even in these preliminary chapters, however, he discovers that clearness, dispassion, and nervous vigour of pen, which secure for his writings the unflagging attention of the reader. But it is only when Dr. Martineau proceeds to a study of the philosophical opinions of Spinoza, that he does full justice to his own literary and mental qualifications. It is much, but not too much, to say that he has done to Spinozism what Mr. Balfour has so efficaciously done in his *Defence of Philosophic Doubt* to the other modern or resuscitated systems of philosophy. It is impossible to read Dr. Martineau's *Study on Spinoza* with sufficient attention, and not to be convinced that the philosophical opinions which he has reviewed with such passionless impartiality are neither cohesive nor self-consistent,—that Spinoza's mind was in a perpetual state of fluctuation, now influenced by cartesianism, now by the older and saner philosophy with which he had probably formed an acquaintance in his Jewish studies, now following in the footsteps of Hobbes, now biassed by the predominating tendency of his own mind towards physical inductions,—that his professed geometrical deductions do not even take the shape of proof,—and that his terminology is almost as shifting, undefined, and confusing as is that of his successors in the critical school of philosophy. Nevertheless, whencesoever he may have obtained them, it is quite certain that Spinoza has embodied in his works many ideas, and those two of primary moment, which are characteristic of Aristotle and of the School, and are directly opposed to the philosophical teachings of our time. These ideas are quite out of place in his system, and appear as maimed and isolated as the statues that once figured in the pediment of the Parthenon; yet even in their isolation they bear witness to some medicinal truths. Among these may be selected, for example, his views about intuition. Dr. Martineau goes to the root of the real verity in an animadversion on Spinoza's terms, *idea* and *object of idea*. The passage shall be here quoted, not only for the sound teaching it contains, but also as a fair specimen of his style: "We are helped to the right apprehension of it,"—that is of Spinoza's use of the above terms,—"by Sir William Hamilton's doctrine, that the only *object* of perception is the external body in immediate contact with the *object of sense*,—

effluvia in the case of smell, rays of light in the case of sight, air vibrations in the case of hearing; and that we do not smell the flower, see the sun, hear the violin. If this be true, the only thing 'we perceive' and 'of which we are cognizant' is what we do not even know to exist," (to this statement in its universality we feel bound to demur;) "while the one thing on which our attention fastens is wholly unperceived. This paradox arises from confounding the *cause of a sensation* with the *object of a perception*. It is certainly possible for the same body to deserve both names; the snow which I touch both causes a feeling of cold," through its quality, "and is known to me as lying at my finger-tips. But it is the source of my sensation, it is the end of my perception; and to this latter relation only does the word 'object' apply. When the last links of physical change prior to our feeling (*e.g.* the undulations of light) are unsuspected by us, and are only the occasion" (instrumental cause) "of our knowing the presence of something else, they have no pretension to displace it as the *object of our cognizance*."² We have only to add to this lucid exposition the teaching of Spinoza, that the formal object of intuition is the essence of the thing objected; and we are at once in presence of the scholastic and Aristotelian truth of ideology,—that the object of human intuition is a potential universal, or an essence, singularized in the accompanying phantasmata of sense.

It would obviously be impossible within the limits of a notice to attempt anything like a scientific inquiry into the peculiar tenets of Spinoza; and fortunately such an examination is not required, since Dr. Martineau has to all practical purposes satisfied the need. But there are two points which cannot altogether be omitted, not only because of their intrinsic importance in the conduct of life, but likewise because, owing to the repeated changes in Spinoza's convictions with the progress of the years, it has greatly puzzled those who have been curious to know the precise teaching of the Jewish recluse, to determine what were his real and final sentiments concerning them. Under the safe guidance, however, of Dr. Martineau, the puzzle is resolved as far as may be. The one—which we take first because of the intimate dependence of the second upon it—is this: What is this God, the love of whom constitutes the happiness of man? Was Spinoza a pantheist or an atheist?

² P. 132.

Gratry puts the difference clearly before us: "Le panthéisme," he writes, "comme on l'a fort bien exprimé par une comparaison, consiste à considérer Dieu comme un cristal dont nous sommes les facettes. Dans l'athéisme Dieu, comme s'exprime un athée Hégélien, n'est que l'ombre projetée par l'homme sur le ciel." Is it not just possible that the two are really one, and that atheism under such a form is the imaginative projection of the pantheistic whole outside itself so as to construct a fictitious objectivity? However this may be, Dr. Martineau has shown by cogent proof that the latest teaching of Spinoza is atheistic. In fact Mr. Pollock, who with the ardour of a young novice seems ready to show himself as another Jack the Giant-killer when the supremacy of Spinoza is in question, takes care *usque ad nauseam* to remind us that there exist in Spinozism a perfect equation between this God and nature. Beyond, therefore, the boundaries of what a theist would call the finite universe, there is nothing and emptiness. The one substance or being is essentially extension and thought,—its two attributes, which according to Spinoza are its essence; while the countless number of individual things are but evanescent modes of the one substance. So the love of God is the love of the whole motley group of things, in which man occupies not the least conspicuous part. The Spinozistic love of God is thus what ordinary people would call the love of self and of the other creatures that surround us,—that have existed, exist, or will exist. Take the universe for your kaleidoscope,—give to the individual *mode* an eye,—give *motion* to the assemblage of variegated bits of glass, behold the pantheistic god in his geometrical perfection. Increase the motion till all colour melts into a doubtful white,—project this misty image upon the screen of heaven,—you have (if it be not a contradiction in terms) an atheistic god. Such being in the judgment of Spinoza the genesis or rather constitution of the whole, it is easy to see what in logical sequence must be his answer to the question touching the immortality of the human soul. As a transient phase in its individual personality the soul perishes with the portion of extension of which it is the correlative in the eternal attribute of thought; but as belonging to the eternal or Divine attribute—absorbed in the eternal current of ideas, it is eternal, yet only by losing its personality. In brief, if Spinoza is to be trusted, there is no personal God, no personal human soul that survives its body.

Such is the carefully formed conclusion of Dr. Martineau. Neither can it be said that, in drawing his conclusion, Dr. Martineau exhibits any sort of prejudice against the philosophical system which he analyzes, or is deficient in that impartial consideration which is so necessary to the professed student and critic. This is indeed one great merit of his *study*. In his review of Spinozism he betrays no feeling one way or the other, but pursues the thoughts presented before him with a pitiless logic and a strict definiteness of expression—sometimes with a power of antithesis and of illustration—that leaves nothing to be desired. Here he is in striking contrast with Mr. F. Pollock. The latter in his treatment of the same subject reminds one of a confiding child with a doll in its lap, perpetually glancing over its shoulder in fearful expectation of some inexorable dogmatist that will reduce the pretty toy to a medley of bran and rags. Dr. Martineau is far too confident in his own integrity of thought to cry out before he is hurt, or to turn aside from his conclusions in order to satisfy any grudge against another school of opinion.

But it is time to conclude this notice; and how can we do so more justly at once and more agreeably than by quoting Dr. Martineau's estimate of the influence which the image of our Divine Redeemer had upon the mind of Spinoza so far as he had eyes to see it? "But after every allowance,"—that is to say, for Spinoza's desire to express himself in accommodation to "Christian feeling and prepossession,"—"it is hardly possible to doubt that the teaching and personality of the Founder of Christianity impressed him with a profound veneration. Nor is it wonderful that on that gracious figure, standing so clear of all that had alienated him from the synagogue, yet intent on a Divine perfecting of life, his eyes should rest with a strange repose."³ Let us hope that it was so even to the end; and that he came at last to recognize the Incarnate Word, not as the antithesis of the true synagogue, but as the infinite fulfilment of its hopes and aspirations.

³ P. 371.

2.—A VERY STRANGE EIRENICON.

The present age has often been described as a critical and destructive age. Culture and æstheticism have taken the place of worship and enthusiasm, and the representative of modern society is half sceptic, half artist, unless indeed he has enlisted in the opposite camp of science and dogmatic materialism. In modern literature, more plainly perhaps than in any other way, this tendency displays itself. High art, and the pulling down of existing "prejudices"—the cultivation of material beauty and a half patronizing, half sneering criticism of existing systems of religion—has taken the place of earnest, unquestioning devotion to some dogmatic creed; or if an attempt is made to reconstruct it is so essentially a subjective and one-sided effort that its chief function is to afford a new mark for the sceptic, a new peg on which to hang his favourite motto: *πάντα κινεῖ καὶ οὐδὲν μένει*. Religion and philosophy are ever in a state of transition, and one system passes away like one generation, to make way for another, destined in its turn to the same destiny of decay and death. The worst of the matter is that these modern lovers of demolition have to encounter a public unable to resist them, without a religion which will bear looking into, without any sort of philosophical training, half educated, and ill-informed. Any charlatan of attractive literary style and a feigned impartiality, can impose on the great majority of Englishmen. He is thought to be enunciating eternal verities when he is really talking nonsense. He says many things that are true (no one can help this), he puts what he says in beautiful form and language, he states unblushingly his own theories as if they were God's own truth, and the result is that he is credited with a deep insight into the nature of things, and his quackery is taken for philosophy. We do not say that he is a conscious deceiver—few men are—but yet no one has a right to come forward as a teacher of men if his doctrine is evolved chiefly out of his own consciousness.

We are sorry to say that the author of *Ecce Homo* (a book now almost forgotten, but which had a brilliant success some fifteen years since), in his new volume on *Natural Religion*, does not altogether escape the charge of this sort of charlatanism. He poses, not as a humble searcher after Truth, but as one who rises superior to the theological systems of the day and has good

¹ *Natural Religion*. By the Author of *Ecce Homo*. London: Macmillan and Co.

advice to give to the Catholic Church as well as to all the sects. It is not easy to discern his own position. At all events, it will seem to every one except himself a very unsatisfactory one. A man whose delight is to pull one brick from another, and to find fault with every existing building as rickety or ill-proportioned, or quite worn out with age, is not likely to have a first-rate mansion of his own. When we have finished the book, we get up with a most unsatisfactory feeling that the author has been trying to push us into the slough of mental despond and moral hopelessness, and now that he has done his work, turns round on us with a number of questions which he has not answered, and which leave us in a state of hopeless perplexity. At least, this would be the effect of his book were it not that he has shown himself a charlatan prophet from first to last, and so the only impression he leaves is one of sorrow at the thought of the harm such a book will do to non-Catholics, who still cling to their sincere though illogical beliefs.

We will take an instance or two of his philosophical ignorance. All theology, he says, represents God as a Personal Being. But this unmixed line of exact thought will not allow the truth of the assertion.

Even this statement is loose enough. Personality entire has never been attributed in any theology to deities. Personality, as we know it, involves mortality. Deities are usually supposed immortal. Personality involves a body. The highest theologies have declared God to be incorporeal (p. 16).

Fancy one who professes to instruct his fellows muddling up the essence of personality with two accidents which happen to accompany it in men as they exist at present! It would be about as reasonable for a negro to say that personality, as I know it, implies a black skin, and therefore God must be black.

It is one of the sad facts of human nature that ignorance is generally accompanied by reckless statement and a laying down of wild assertions as if they were lofty truths inspired or revealed to him who makes them. They impose unfortunately on the untrained minds of the masses, and the modern charlatan passes for a prophet. We are sorry to say hard things of a man so distinguished as the author of *Ecce Homo*, *Philochristus*, and other works which in our days are called "thoughtful," and consist chiefly of problems without a solution, or, if solution is given, it is one which simply leaves the reader in a fog. But

we cannot help applying the name charlatan to one who philosophizes as follows :

We conclude, then, that it is a mistake to regard Christianity as standing or falling with the miracle of the Resurrection, and that it rests in fact, not on the narrow basis of a disputable occurrence, but on the broad foundation of Hebrew religion, Hebrew prophecy, and the historic union of the nations in the Christian Empire. When this is once granted, it will appear that the *unmiraculous* part of the Christian tradition has a value which was long hidden from view by a blaze of supernaturalism. So much will this unmiraculous part gain by being brought for the first time into full light, such new and grand conceptions will arise out of it, illuminating the whole history of mankind, that faith may be disposed to think even that she is well rid of miracle, and that she would be indifferent to it even if she could still believe it. For the religion that thus emerges is in many respects more powerful and animating, mainly because it is more public than supernatural religion can be.

After this we cannot be surprised to hear that "Christianity has reached an advanced stage of decline" (p. 244); that "fixed, exclusive dogmas are no more necessary in the Church than in a State or a University, or philanthropic society" (p. 236); that "a sane man cannot wish back the Church of the middle ages" (p. 201); that "Catholicism has elements that are not found in primitive Christianity" (p. 169); that "the failure of supernaturalism is due in great part to the unnatural stress it lays upon a future life" (p. 254). Remarks like these bestrew the book. It is not a very wise production. The thesis it discusses, for it makes no attempt to establish it, is that religion must banish the supernatural, that we "must not allow the world beyond our science to influence us in thought, feeling, or action." In other words, it is an insidious attack on God's revelation of Himself to man.

3.—SKETCHES OF MODERN CELEBRITIES.¹

Sketches of contemporary celebrities from the pen of one who has been personally acquainted with them, or who has at least had the privilege of an interview with them, are pleasant reading; and they may often afford a more vivid idea of the individual portrayed than a lengthy biography, just as the hasty

¹ *Les Vivants et les Morts.* Par Prince H. de Valori. 2nd Series. Paris : Delhomme et Brignet.

outline thrown off by an artist's pencil may perhaps be a more life-like and characteristic likeness than the highly-finished portrait. Among the many volumes of reminiscences which now issue from the press, not a few are disfigured by offensive personalities, unpleasant sneers, or ill-natured gossip; but nothing of this sort defaces the Prince de Valori's pages, in each and all of his sketches one may recognize the good taste and refinement of the well-bred Frenchman, the staunch adherent of the Legitimist dynasty, and the loyal son of the Catholic Church.

The opening notice of the Comte de Chambord is perhaps almost too exclusively national in its interest to command much sympathy from English readers; the following ones, of the Holy Father and the Very Rev. Father Beckx are of universal interest. From the latter the following extract is taken:

It was on New Year's Day that I turned my steps in the direction of the villa Ricasoli at Fiesole, which is now, as my readers probably already know, a house of the Jesuit Fathers. Having rung the bell, I was admitted by a lay-brother, and upon sending in my name, I had the honour to be received at once by Father Rubillon, the Assistant to the Father General, as my visit was not an unexpected one. After the usual salutations had been exchanged, he took me up to his room, saying that the Father General would be with us almost immediately, and a few minutes later I found myself in the presence of the twenty-second successor of St. Ignatius of Loyola. Father Beckx is over eighty, and of middle stature; his features are regular and well-cut, and it is easy to perceive that, in spite of his having reached an age when the voice of nature cannot fail to protest against further practice of the austerities of the religious life, this saintly old man, whose position is so exalted that an Italian saying terms him *the black pope*, is by no means sparing of himself in the way of asceticism. His forehead is both high and broad; his eyes, if somewhat small, have an acute and penetrating expression; his nose is aquiline, his mouth small, and his whole countenance expresses at the same time great gentleness and extreme energy.

An interesting dialogue follows, in which the Prince de Valori plays the part, for the nonce, of *advocatus diaboli*, and urges some of the principal objections brought by the adversaries of Jesus Christ against the Society which bears His Name and follows in His footsteps, in order to elicit their refutation from the lips of the General. The interview concluded by the Prince asking:

"What would you do, Very Rev. Father, if Article 7 were passed, and in consequence all your Colleges in France were closed?"

"We have already trodden the path of exile, and we are ready to tread it again, should the necessity to do so arise. Tell our friends that gloomy as is the outlook, our courage is equal to any emergency. We have been persecuted by Kings, and if we are persecuted by Republics, we shall continue to place all our hope in Him under whose banner we are enrolled for His greater glory, in Him by whose awful and most holy Name our Society is called."

I asked the blessing of the venerable old man, and taking my leave, returned to Florence. Alighting from my carriage in the Place de la Seigneurie, as I passed the ancient palace, I noticed over the principal door-way this inscription: Jesus Christus, Rex Regum, Dominator Dominantium. Does not this prove the Florentine Senate and people to have been thorough Jesuits in bye-gone days? (pp. 45 and 61).

The name of Louis Veuillot is too familiar to need comment. When so many fell away, at the time of the Vatican Council, he is said to have addressed to the Successor of St. Peter the words that Apostle once spoke to his Master: Although all shall be scandalized in thee, I will never be scandalized. Prince de Valori concludes his notice of this noble champion of Catholicism with an anecdote which shows him to be equally generous in private as in public life.

After the suppression of the *Univers*, Pius the Ninth sent one of his Prelates to offer Louis Veuillot a present of twelve thousand francs. The author of the *Vie de Jésus* answered simply: "I am poor, and a son cannot refuse a gift from his Father." A year later, Veuillot went to the Nuncio Apostolic and said: "I have made twelve thousand francs by the *Parfums de Rome*, and I wish to return to the Pope, who has himself been grievously plundered, the twelve thousand francs he lent me."

It has been seen that Veuillot's day of life has indeed hitherto been a busy one, and it will probably prove a long one also; for it is to those who honour God and religion, their country and the right, that length of days and an immortal remembrance are promised (p. 139).

Let us take one more flower from the nosegay before us. The testimony of one who knew and admired Père Félix previously to his appearance in the pulpit of Notre Dame cannot but be welcome.

I used to know Père Félix when I was at the College of Bruglette, and the remembrance of this excellent priest has ever since had a place in my heart. He was remarkable for gentleness and simplicity, seeming made for the quiet routine of an every-day religious life, for study, teaching, and the ceremonies of the Church. He filled the chair of rhetoric with signal success, and on festivals we used to hear his

melodious voice in a motett by Father Lambillotte, the friend of our childhood and an accomplished musician, who is now singing with the angels before the Throne of God. The names of Félix, Cahours, Lambillotte, are connected with the most pleasing reminiscences of my school-days, the days I spent in those houses of the Society where, as Lamartine said: "The art of making religion attractive is understood to perfection. . . . But though Father Félix was apparently destined to live in seclusion, God had set His seal upon him and marked him out for apostolic labours. In vain did he conceal the treasures of learning and eloquence confided to him, for his secret escaped him on Easter Sunday, 1846, in the pulpit of the school-chapel of Brugelette. . . . I can never forget that sermon, though I was only twelve years old when I heard it, and I still seem to hear the gifted young religious expounding the mystery of Redemption and speaking of the ineffable glory of the risen Lord.

A few days ago I again saw Father Félix, I found that my saintly and illustrious friend had not grown old in any sense of the word, and that his gentle and expressive face still beamed with intelligence as brightly as ever. In concluding my sketch of this eloquent preacher, I can only say to the reader: Would that you had heard him! And all who have the privilege of personal acquaintance with him will unite with me in adding: Would that you knew him too! (pp. 159 and 169).

4.—MR. LESLIE STEPHEN ON ETHICS.¹

Mr. Leslie Stephen is communicative enough, in his Preface, to tell us that J. S. Mill was his earliest teacher on ethical as on other matters; but that he has since found it necessary to modify his master's system of ethics in accordance with the great doctrine of evolution. For moral problems, in common with scientific theories in general, "require to be discussed in every generation with a change of dialect," and the dialect of our age is that of evolution. Already Mr. Herbert Spencer has made the attempt at rendering moral doctrines in the dialect of the day, telling us of "greater coherence," "greater definiteness," "greater heterogeneity," and other qualities of conduct which mark it out to be an evolved product. Still, though the dialect has Mr. Leslie Stephen's approval, he ventures "to differ in various ways" from his colleague; for example, in the latter's bold assumption of a future millennium to be brought about by

¹ *The Science of Ethics.* By Leslie Stephen. London: Smith, Elder, and Co., 1882.

evolution, when mankind, without effort, and even without consciousness of obligation, will do spontaneously what is right.

But our author's differences with the old utilitarianism of his master are more important than those with Mr. Spencer. The elder system, it is contended, looked too much to individual instead of social man; it regarded human character too much in the light of a constant quantity; and it made its calculation of pains and pleasures too much from the objective side, or from the side of motives extrinsic to human nature. Such a line of investigation, it is further maintained, does not go sufficiently into the reason of things, and is necessarily vague, fluctuating, and inadequate. But there is better hope in attacking the ethical problem by the method of evolution.

When we consider human beings to be the product of a long series of processes of adaptation or adjustment, acting either upon the individual or the social organism, we may hope to discern that any given set of instincts corresponds to certain permanent conditions, and how one part of the organism implies another, or how, the whole being given, the relation between its facts follows, and how the general system acts together. We can attack the problem, what part do the moral instincts play in the general system of human society, which is itself part of the wider system of the world in which we live?

Thus the evolution of morality is regarded as a problem worked out for us historically, like the evolution of the planetary system; and our one business in the science of ethics is to trace the course of the past, and thence to understand, as far as we can, what now is, and what will be hereafter. How our author has set about this task we are unable to discuss at any length; but we may just mention summarily, that he regards the animal instincts as probably the germ of our more complex conscience; that he refuses any moral character to the egoistic motives as such—for example, to the rule of temperance when observed only in view of one's own well-being without reference to society; that he places the beginning of morality at the first dawn of altruism, when one becomes capable of acting for the good of society; and that the end of all morality he makes to be the greater vitality of the social organism. Of course the type of perfection which he reaches is, in many points, the very contrary of that set forth in the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Mr. Leslie Stephen writes—

Nature, if I may use that convenient personification for things considered as part of a continuous system, wants big, strong, hearty,

eupeptic, shrewd, sensible human beings, and would be grossly inconsistent if she bestowed her highest reward of happiness upon a bilious, scrofulous, knock-kneed saint, merely because he had a strong objection to adultery, drunkenness, murder, robbery, and an utter absence of malice, or even highly-cultivated sympathies.

It would be calumnious to say that our author here simply prefers the "muscular Christian" to the ascetic; he is only pointing out what in fairness he is bound to acknowledge, that, on his system, the greatest happiness will not always go along with the highest excellence strictly moral. This is a fact which less candid men would blink or disavow. But he says openly—

You can only raise a presumption that moral excellence coincides closely with a happy nature, if you can extend "moral" to include all admirable qualities, whether they are or are not the specifically moral products of altruistic feeling.

And now just to criticize a few details. We know that mathematics can be applied to concrete quantities of matter, quite irrespective of the various views that are prevalent on the ultimate constitution of matter. So, in many other things, the more palpable properties will be agreed upon by all, while further analysis would lead to hopeless dispute. Well, Mr. Leslie Stephen professes to deal with ethics only in the more accessible region, in the region of plain facts which all ought to recognize, independently of what he calls "metaphysical theory." But to start with, does it not appear evident on the surface, that no ethical science, worth the name, can prescind from those ultimate truths by virtue of which man has hitherto commonly been declared a moral agent? The thing is a sheer impossibility. Accordingly Mr. Leslie Stephen hardly makes even a show of keeping to the terms of his bargain. He supposes that we can make no reference to a future life, nor to a Lord of the human race, but only to the great social organism of which we are a part. But is this a point so agreed on by all that it can be assumed as common ground? Then, again, he assumes that man has no free will in the genuine sense of the term; and, as if to make his position more grotesque, he heads the paragraph in which he begs the question of determinism with the words, "The Free-Will Difficulty Irrelevant." But if this can, by any possibility, be made an irrelevant point in a "Science of Ethics," what is there left that must be relevant? In no way does he show the irrelevancy; he merely shows that if free will

is a factor in human conduct, then the action of man is not reducible to absolute calculation ; but that so far as we try from character and circumstances, to argue the agent's deeds, we must suppose, for the nonce, a practically determinist view. Now ethical science has never made it the chief aim of its endeavours to predict what will be the action of men, but what it ought to be if they use their liberty aright, and why it ought so to be. We would add, too, as regards the theory of free will, that the intimate consciousness of mankind generally, that, being intelligent creatures, they can see conflicting motives, weigh them, turn them this way and that, and finally make a free choice between them, is far less likely to be a delusion than is the determinist hypothesis, which is a mere importation of blind physical causality into the region of moral action. Free will implies the spirituality of our nature, and not the absurdity of action without motive, by chance, apart from sufficient reason, all which is the adversary's caricature of the facts. And if Mr. Leslie Stephen wants to know the source of his errors, it lies in the thoroughly irrational and self-contradictory philosophy of Mr. J. S. Mill, which he embraced, "following," as he boasts, "the example of the majority of the more thoughtful lads of the generation." What he swallowed as a lad he may learn to disgorge as a man, if only he will peruse carefully the reasons often given for thoroughly discrediting his old master.

A second example of breach of contract is against the interests of Professor Huxley. The latter inclines to the view that man's action is simply automatic, and that consciousness is a bye-product, not a cause directing or checking the man's actions. A neutral system of ethics therefore will respect this theory of the more ultimate reason of things. But nothing could be lamer than the way Mr. Leslie Stephen shuffles out of the restrictions of neutrality. He pretends to waive the point, and then boldly asserts the contrary view, which is essential to his theory.

According to principles already stated [and he might have added, already considerably disregarded, and about once more to be set at nought], we must distinguish between the scientific and the underlying metaphysical problems. The metaphysical are, for my purpose, irrelevant. I do not, for example, enter into the discussion between the materialist and the idealist. The materialist regards man as an automaton worked by mechanical forces, which, according to him, are the sole realities, and considers consciousness to be a sort of superfluous spectator.

These last words are all important ; but immediately after Mr. Leslie Stephen proceeds :

Without discussing the tenability of such a theory, I take it for granted that pains and pleasures have an influence upon human conduct ; that men eat because they are hungry, and act upon reasoned plans *because* they have certain convictions as to the nature of the world and the consequences of their actions.

Could there be a grosser case of saying, "I'll waive the point by ruling it in my own favour?" Nor do subsequent explanations invalidate the charge.

But suppose for a moment that Mr. L. Stephen has taken up the ground on which he proposes to stand, "the region where all metaphysical tenets are indifferent," and suppose, moreover, that this is a logically tenable position. It is, he tells, "the region of science," and he further informs us, "that scientific knowledge means that part of knowledge that is definite and capable of accurate expression." Now our complaint is that in the bulk of his volume he does not even claim to be "definite" and "accurate." His perpetual apology is that there are more forces at play than he can keep his eye upon. How is he to follow out the interactions of "character and circumstance" throughout the huge social organism ? So he gives now one aspect of a case, and then another, and adds that, aspects may suddenly change. Take the following aspects of "shame" as an element in conscience, the passage being typical of a large portion of the book.

There is a sensibility which seems to me to have as good a claim as any other to be regarded as elementary, and which is clearly concerned in most of our moral judgments. The sense of shame appears to me, so far as one can judge by the direct introspective method, to be one of the most distinctive of our own feelings, and the presumption seems to be confirmed by its having a distinct physical manifestation of blushing. If we assume that this emotion is really something distinct in itself, we may ask, as we ask in the case of music, what are the conditions under which it arises ? It is clearly exhibited by breaches of the moral law, and especially by detected breaches.

He goes on to point out that the shame appears not to be proportioned to the gravity of the fault, but—

There is a difficulty in speaking positively upon such a matter, because the relative importance of different kinds of offences is very differently estimated by different moralists, and it is hard to suggest any assignable measure in gravity. Some moralists, for example, attach a preponderating importance to veracity, and others to chastity ; some

think more of the virtue of justice and others of the virtue of benevolence; but it is not possible to define in any way the weight of different considerations, especially as there is no argument as to the irrelevancy of particular considerations. Speaking roughly, however, one would say that a sense of shame is more excited by offences of sensuality than by offences of cruelty.

But to make complication worse complicated—

We find that the conduct enforced by the sense of shame seems to extend beyond the sphere of morality proper. . . . It seems also to be true that the emotion of shame extends beyond the action, which would be regarded as in any sense wicked.

And sometimes it appears to be greater for an innocent breach of propriety than for downright impropriety. Nevertheless, he concludes that, amid all uncertainties,

It is clear that the variation is limited, and forced to take place along certain lines [according to] physiological laws, which cannot be altered so long as the most fundamental properties of human nature remain.

This to us is not satisfactory as a contribution to moral science; it is vague in general, and it gives us no way of distinguishing the moral from the non-moral, or the immoral, whilst it supposes certain necessities and certain harmonious coincidences in evolution, which can never be proved.

There are many other matters that call for remark; for example, the very inadequate reason, given on deterministic principles, why we hang a murderer, who murders "because he has a bad character," and let off the madman who slays because he is mad. Even Mr. Leslie Stephen admits—and the admission is a grave one—that, on his theory of necessity, before a Creator-God not the blackest villain can be reprehensible; that the potter cannot rightfully complain that the work of his hands is what he has made to be; and that only to the social organism can an unfit member be held responsible. Man's conduct is and must be the function of his "character and circumstances." If his character happens to be below the normal condition, it will react to outer impressions in a manner below the average standard. Hence that man is, as a physical fact over which he has no control, a worse organism than is the typical organism of his age. And that is his guilt in the sight of his contemporaries. This is morality according to the Gospel of Mr. Leslie Stephen, and, in the name of common sense, not to go higher, we protest against the travesty.

We end by recalling to the author's mind a few words of his own—

At times I have been startled at my own impudence when virtually sitting in judgment upon all the deepest and acutest thinkers since the days of Plato.

This self-distrust is only too well founded, and the pity is that its promptings were so easily set aside.

5.—A COMPREHENSIVE HISTORY.¹

A History of the World from the earliest period included in Egyptian records to the assassination of President Garfield and the troubles stirred up by the Land League is a wide undertaking. Some may be inclined to doubt its usefulness, but if such epitomes must be used, it is a very great gain that they should be written by Catholic authors, and a Catholic light be thrown upon their brief outlines. We may therefore well welcome the handy volume sent us from across the Atlantic. We presume that its object is merely to bring within reach of the young a short compendium that shall enable them to find an explanation to allusions they come across in their reading, and to get some notion of a period of history they before knew nothing about. For this purpose this handbook is a very useful one, though perhaps it would have been more useful if less completeness had been aimed at. For instance, a much more thorough idea of the Wars of the Roses and their real importance in our history might have been given if the desire to mention all the great battles of that murderous period had been simply cast aside; the young reader would have had a more satisfactory notion of the great struggle between patricians and plebeians at Rome if the principles at stake had been dwelt upon rather than mere facts. The desire to crowd in as much matter as possible is liable to lead to a distortion of very important incidents; fable and fact become mixed up in early annals without any clue to the boy who is using the book. Thus the "clientes" of the earliest Roman annals are corrupted into "plebs;" patricians are stated to have formed the first class in the Constitution of Servius

¹ *History of the World from the earliest period to the present time.* For Schools and Colleges. By John MacCarthy. New York: Catholic Publication Society.

Tullius; agrarian laws are represented as attempts at confiscation; Roman soldiers are said to have been habitually employed on the great public works, roads, aqueducts, &c. Statements like these give not merely wrong facts, but a wrong principle in history. The author's difficulty seems to have been that his mind was not made up between writing a synoptical table and a connected history. The result is that the work has many of the disadvantages, though no doubt many of the advantages also, of each system. The short paragraphs, the very curt sentences, and heaping up of disconnected facts, prevent any continuous interest.

Cæsar compelled Cleopatra to reign conjointly with her younger brother, Ptolemy, a mere child. She had the brother poisoned and reigned alone, until Mark Antony, the Roman general, came. Him she married. To marry her Antony repudiated his wife, the sister of Octavius Cæsar. The Romans returned. Antony, deserted by Cleopatra, &c. (p. 82).

All this reads like the examination paper of a school boy who has been promised a mark for each fact. Graphic description and interest are not really incompatible with a brief history, provided only the author is satisfied with picturing great epochs, without enumerating endless facts. The author has been more successful in his narrative of the inroads of barbarians in the early part of the middle ages. Perhaps his work was simplified for him by having such a leader as Gibbon. For periods such as this, of which it is so difficult for our Catholic boys to get any idea, this handbook will be especially welcome; nor can we doubt that many a youth will be saved from serious troubles if his first ideas of Christian history are derived from so Christian a source as Mr. MacCarthy's pages. The book is well printed, strongly bound, and has a good table of contents, though unfortunately no index.

6.—ADVENTURES ALL OVER THE WORLD.¹

The writer of *Legends of my Bungalow* might fairly have dispensed with the usual list of subjects, at the head of his book, since the photograph which forms his frontispiece has already presented us with a Table of Contents. It was a happy

¹ *Legends of my Bungalow*. By Frederick Boyle. London: Chapman and Hall.

and original idea thus to invite his readers, as it were, into the inner sanctum of his home, and while pointing out to them the different objects hanging on its walls, narrate for them, in his pleasant, chatty manner, the scenes and adventures which each object in its turn brought back to his mind. Those who are acquainted with Mr. Boyle's former writings will be prepared to find in the present volume the experiences of a varied and stirring life in many lands, told in a dashing and manly style, marked, at the same time, with much thought, observation, and good feeling.

That he is one of those persons who have been well-nigh all over the world, is seen at once from the testimony of his *gun-rack*. He finds there, in place of the nobler instruments, the guns and rifles, that it could formerly boast of,

Imprimis, an almond-stick cut in the garden of the Arx at Candahar. A thorn-stick from the Khoord Khyber; how that brawny old Pathan gashed his legs in winning it, and how coolly he staunched the rushing blood with earth! A hunting cup with metal head, strangely dented and mis-shapen, I do not remember how. Two fly rods. The skull and beak of a rhinoceros hornbill. An Egyptian pipe-stem of cherry-wood. A riding-whip, mended with a silver plate and a bit of wire by the blacksmith of San José de Costa Rica. A walking stick of iron-wood, heavy as a metal bar, which once formed half of a Bornean spear-shaft; I lost the other half, an older favourite, at Sístof on the Danube, in the late war. But even this has travelled with me, by land and river and ocean, many many thousand miles.

As regards the relative interest and enjoyment which the author drew from his recollection of the scenes and events indicated by these mementoes, we have the testimony of his own pen.

I have no great capacity of weighing past joys and hardships, former loves, feelings extinct. The present time has always its enjoyments, and, if they appear less keen than formerly, I attribute the change to years, not to outside circumstances. The life of courts and camps is not unfamiliar, and I can take as much delight in them as most. Yet, when I give memory the rein, it strays to the purposeless wanderings of early youth, rather than to the scenes, vastly more interesting, which have passed before me in maturer years. The Franco-German War, the discovery of diamonds at the Cape, the downfall of Ashanti, the Servian struggle, the crossing of the Danube, the return of the Czar to St. Petersburg, the Berlin Congress, the invasion of Afghanistan, all were great events, whereof I was spectator, more or less close; but if one caught me musing, the chances are that my thoughts would be turning towards Borneo or Central America.

We have some general remarks from the lips of our author with respect to the leading characteristics of the different races whom he had an opportunity of studying. He regrets that fortune did not lead him to Bulgaria during Turkish rule, for he desired to witness with his own eyes the manner of government accused of transforming men like ourselves into the wretched creatures to be found in Bulgaria, so utterly are they debased "In his thick jacket bound with fur, his baggy breeches, slippered bare feet, and tarboosh, the Bulgar plods away, with a sullen glance in his eyes puckered with cunning. His women toil behind, carrying the market produce, or the house gear just bought; they wear a single cotton garment, whereof the colour is dirt, and the shape lost in rags and patches."

Mr. Boyle's description of the typical Montenegrin is grim also, but dashed with a certain tone of admiration. While classing them as a savage race, not handsome when of lower rank, as dirty beyond belief, rough in manner, and certainly not obliging to the stranger in small things, he relieves the picture by remarking on their intelligence, their pride of independence, their bravery and resolution. They have neither taste nor skill, and are naturally destitute of a sense for the beautiful.

As it has been so recently proposed to employ Albanians in the reconstruction of the Egyptian army, it may not be uninteresting to read the glowing terms in which our author portrays their national qualities—

The Albanian stands solitary in Egypt, a survival of the days when the beautiful was the good. In his stately perfection of manhood, his lordly gait, his martial dress, severe and chaste for all his wealth of colour; in the quaint elegance of his handiwork, in his headlong valour, stern resolution, and mastery of the diplomatic art; in his manners so easy, frank, courteous, self-respecting and considerate; briefly, in all he does and looks the Albanian gentleman is a study. It is the Ghegghe's boast, which his bitterest enemies grudgingly concede, that he does not know what lying is, nor theft, nor treachery. The Tosk tribes, indeed, the Southerners, have not quite the same high character as have their uncorrupted brethren of the North.

Very different from this in every point is the verdict passed upon the people of Afghanistan, though a particular influence is predicted for them in the future, tending to the benefit of the Indian system, when they have once learnt to be active and useful subjects. At present, however—

For more brutality and roughness the Afghans have no rivals in the world of the writer's experience. To exterminate the infidel is a duty welcomed with enthusiasm, but the command of the Prophet to bathe is quietly ignored. Accordingly he does not wash his face in a month, his body never. His great head has never felt the comb. His clothing of felt and sheepskin is generations old. No savage, half-human, is so dirty, none so shameless in vice. . . I have seen the worst savages of every continent, and I swear that there are none so hideous as the Pathan. In his eye, large but furtive, his marked features and set mouth, the gentle feelings of humanity have no trace of expression. The child scowls and strikes. His laugh is ready enough, a hoarse, rude guffaw, which shows the black fangs through his unkempt beard; but no one ever saw the Afghan peasant smile.

It has often struck us that no piece of ancient armour is more suggestive of martial grace and dignity than the Sikh helmet, reminding us somewhat of pictures of the old crusaders. Mr. Boyle playfully describes the admiration expressed by all who examined the specimen which adorned the walls of his cottage.

I put it on; he and she put it on; they all put it on; and everybody agreed that everybody else had never looked so pretty or so imposing, as the case might be. Man and woman, young and old, this superb head-piece fitted them all, and made them appear—the men grand, the women enchanting. Since coming home I have tried it on subjects very unpromising, but it has never failed to beautify. Spectacles cannot destroy the martial effect, a false front, and all that delusion entails, do not impair the magic charm.

During the writer's travels in South Africa, when a youth, he had an awkward encounter with a "funny little long-nosed rattel," which he discovered creeping round an ant-heap, and at which he fired within an easy range.

The brute [he says] turned heels over head, just as they do for hours at a time when they are playing. But it was no fun this time. He came back. I had no second barrel and no knife. The creature passed me, as if in pain, but never took his eyes off me. I did not think of running but clubbed my gun, and stood prepared to meet a spring. Hesitating not a second, the beast glided swiftly in and seized my feet. I hacked him with the butt-end, kicked at him, shouted my loudest, but he gnawed with the pertinacity of a bull-dog. At every blow his teeth closed like a vice. I seized his long tail, wrenched and twisted it, but the rattel will not quit hold if he be cut in pieces. Not a moment I suppose the struggle lasted. The muscles of my instep were cut through, and I tumbled backwards against the ant-hill. The brute

let go, as it does when its victim drops, to spring upon his throat, and rip his stomach with his hind claws. But I lifted myself upon my elbows and lay across the summit of the mound. That might only have prolonged the struggle, but my father ran up at this moment. I was many months in bed, and many more on crutches.

We must close our review with the following sketch, which reads as though taken before the lines of Tel-el-Kebir, instead of on the western coast of Africa, during the Ashanti war.

It was not unusual, in the army as outside, to dispute Sir Garnet Wolseley's claim to high ability. Experience and wide observation have shown me that our General had to face conditions wholly new, which he met with new tactics, and succeeded at every point. Greater merit than this cannot be claimed for a soldier. A fine confidence he showed when his strategy came to the test. One of memory's pictures freshest in my eyes is the small clearing of Egginkassi, Sir Garnet walking quietly up and down, cigar in mouth, and hands behind him, in a ring of fire. He had made the best dispositions possible, and it only remained to watch. The general had thought, had worked; he now called on his soldiers for their part. Aides-de-camp and messengers hurried out from the wood, gave their instructions, and vanished. Wounded men came limping up, or were borne on stretchers, and the General had a word for each. I have seen commanders white with excitement, others that seemed stupid with anxiety. I have seen only Sir Garnet, who was quiet, dignified, and wholly himself.

7.—STATE v. CHURCH IN FRANCE.¹

The "pushing patriots," who as the representatives of the people in the French Chambers rule for the moment the destinies of their country to her no little confusion at home and dishonour abroad, have apparently been long agreed to differ on all subjects save one. There is in the ranks of these fanatical men unanimity in one direction, and one only, that, namely, of hatred, closely allied to fear, of the Catholic Church. In spite of every divergence of opinion as to the policy to be pursued, let us say, at Tunis or in Egypt, or even as to the when, the where, and the how of that most desirable of all consummations, the *revanche*, the subject of the Church and her interests has but to be started in the Chamber to produce the rare spectacle of

¹ *Note sur quelques propositions de loi relatives aux intérêts de l'Eglise, revue et augmentée des projets déposés sur le bureau de la Chambre depuis le 20 Février dernier.* Paris: Goupy et Jourdan, Rue de Rennes, 71. 1882.

immediate and perfect agreement. At the first note of alarm up starts each zealous and patriotic Deputy to his feet, with his pet *projet de loi*, clamouring to be heard. Irreconcilable in all else, these men shake hands over the spoils of the Church, even as Pilate and Herod were made friends from foes by the death of Christ.

The Revolution has now been at work some twelve years or more and has as yet succeeded in constructing or re-constructing just nothing at all. It has not even reorganized the army against the day of vengeance. No, it is thoroughly true to itself and its principles. Revolution and demolition are convertible terms in politics no less than in religion; revolution cannot construct or build up, it can only pull down and destroy. At present it finds matter for the exercise of its destructiveness in the Catholic Church, which it has been pleased to stigmatize with the sobriquet of Clericalism. *Le Cléricalisme, c'est l'ennemi*, is the watch-word and war-cry, and the word, even though it convey no very definite idea to the mind of a Frenchman, or indeed of any one else, has great power, because, as Balzac has observed, "a word is as good as an idea in a country where a man is more easily led away by the name on, than by the contents of, a bag."

So to war it has gone with the Church, with what thorough, bitter, and relentless hostility is made manifest by the valuable pamphlet now under notice. From it the reader will learn that no fewer than twenty-seven distinct *projets de loi*, each with innumerable "articles" or clauses, have been within the last six months presented to the French Chambers. Of these some have already passed into law, whilst others are actually under discussion or before the Committees appointed to report upon the subject. They may be all classed under four heads: (1) laws affecting the Concordat; (2) laws relating to education, lower, middle, and higher; (3) laws to suppress freedom of association; and (4) miscellaneous, or laws which seem intended to glean, as it were, and sweep away any little remnants of freedom not taken from the Church by the enactments enumerated under the first three heads. Certainly no laws better calculated to tie up the Church of France hand and foot, to gag her and starve her into subjection, could be devised than those now contemplated by the Revolution for the abolition of the Concordat, the suppression of nine archiepiscopal and some thirty or more episcopal sees, for withholding the salaries of the

clergy, or than those again framed to regulate the appointment of bishops to sees and parish priests to cures, and to bring preaching and other ecclesiastical functions under State control. The Church of England itself is not more thoroughly the humble servant of the State than would be the Church of France, if these enactments could all be carried into effect. The scenes lately enacted in the French Chambers *à propos* of the *budget des cultes* would seem to show that not even here is there perfect unanimity. But the disagreement is a disagreement in appearance rather than in reality. If there is any difference of opinion, it has reference not to the necessity of putting on the screw, but only to the mode or method of its application.

Education has been for years, particularly in France, the favourite battle-ground of the enemies of the Church. The various *projets de loi* on this head are, therefore, as numerous as they are searching; any of our readers who has time or inclination to turn them over will find, that all freedom in the matter of education, lower, middle, and higher, is by them swept clean away. What strikes one particularly is the pains the framers of these laws have taken thoroughly to secularize all public and even private education. Needless to say that special means are adopted to close the doors of all schools against the entrance into them of religious or ecclesiastical teachers, male and female.

The laws concerning freedom of association are of course directed mainly against the religious orders, and are apparently framed to supplement the deficiencies of the March Decrees of 1880. It will be sufficient to observe on this head that there is now no longer to be any distinction between *authorized* and *unauthorized* religious congregations, and that henceforth any Frenchman belonging to a foreign congregation, or to one which has its head-quarters out of France, forfeits *ipso facto* his rights as a French citizen, and may therefore be sent out of the country by the simple *arrêt* of a magistrate. Barring these and many more such amiable and harmless restrictions indicated in this *projet de loi*, "*les Français peuvent*," so says its framer, "*s'associer librement dans un but religieux*."

Lastly, the laws we have classed under the heading miscellaneous are aimed more directly against the Sacred Person of God Himself. They clamour, always of course on the ground of liberty of conscience, for the repeal of the law authorizing

the erection of the Church of the Sacred Heart at Montmartre, and especially for the removal of all crucifixes from the law courts, and the emendation of the form of oath to be therein taken. Why this? Because the form at present in use "implies an act of faith in the existence of a God and even in the Divinity of the God of the Christians, since the oath is taken on the crucifix placed in every audience chamber." From these and other "theological superfluities" and "theoretical arrangements" the laws must be purged. Therefore, officers and soldiers are not for the future to be called upon, either individually or collectively, to assist at religious services, divorce is established in full force, and the marriages of priests, and marriage with a deceased wife's sister, are legalized. And here we may observe that the celibacy of the clergy is viewed throughout with a particularly jealous eye by the lovers of their country and their country's welfare. And yet none know better than the framers of these laws themselves that if the population of France is stationary, the portentous fact is due, not to the voluntary chastity practised by thousands of heroic men and women, the glory of the Church of France, as the case of prolific Ireland clearly shows, but rather to that incontinence in the married state which naturally detests Clericalism for opposing and denouncing its iniquities.

Impiety of so appalling a character cannot go for ever unpunished; indeed, it seems to be already bringing its own punishment along with it in that frenzied spirit of anarchy and disorder which none can lay and chain up so effectually as that very Church whose powers men in their blindness are striving to cripple or paralyze altogether. But in the meantime innumerable souls are languishing, suffering, and perishing under a despotism which is not less galling and oppressive, but only more stupid and brutal than any other form of despotism,—the tyranny, to wit, of an infidel democracy.

We hope that the little pamphlet before us, which exposes all these iniquities and gives warning of the dangers which threaten France with moral degradation and the ruin of religion, will circulate widely both in France and in England. England too has its educational peril, and may learn an useful lesson from the irreparable mischief which is being wrought by the enemies of religious education across the Channel.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

Messrs. Burns and Oates have published in excellent type two volumes of meditations for every day of the year. The meditations are adapted from the French original of the Abbé de Brandt. The title, "Growth in the Knowledge of our Lord," conveys to the reader some idea of the contents. We are happy to be able to recommend these meditations to our readers. They are full of pious thoughts, none the less attractive because they are old, from which all in the various relations of life can derive much profit. The meditations have the advantage of being short. They relate chiefly to the Life of our Lord, and naturally include various incidents in the sorrows and joys of His Blessed Mother. We like especially in vol. i. the meditations on Silence, in p. 32; on Confidence in God, in p. 30; on Christ Adoring His Eternal Father, in p. 56; and on the Excellence of the Religious Vocation, in p. 131. The second volume offers a very suggestive meditation on the value of good thoughts, and many on the Passion. The book is drawn up on the system of St. Ignatius, and a colloquy is attached to the close of each meditation. It may be well to remark that while St. Ignatius supposed that the meditations should always finish with colloquy, he never meant to forbid the heart's free intercourse with God in the course of the meditation. According to the Saint, meditation is more an affair of the heart than of the head. Memory and understanding are applied only to move the will. Once the heart is touched, we are bidden then and there to make our resolutions, and to pour forth to God all our hopes and fears and wants. Even the most illiterate can make an excellent meditation by following the plan laid down by St. Ignatius. We are glad to see that this important point is not lost sight of in these volumes, and we wish them every success.

¹ *Growth in the Knowledge and Love of our Lord.* Meditations for every day in the year. London: Burns and Oates.

Most persons are aware of the alarming growth and development of secret societies in recent times, but until some facts and statistics are placed before them, all are not aware of the formidable proportions Freemasonry has assumed among Continental nations. Subtly and stealthily its fatal influence has spread, and so apparently harmless has been the disguise it adopted, that until the mask was thrown off, and the time for overt action came, the real principles of the Craft were unknown, and even a large proportion of its deluded members scarcely knew to what they were pledged. Nothing could be better calculated than M. d'Avesne's pamphlet²—which we are glad to see has reached its twenty-second edition—to show up Freemasonry in its true character, and expose its deceits: out of its own mouth it is convicted. First the author shows that on false pretences it has obtained authorization in France, on the plea of being an essentially benevolent institution, whereas its members openly repudiate all true philanthropy. Furthermore he gives the lie to the statement found in the rules of the Craft, that "the lodges must under no circumstances interfere in politics," proving this prohibition to be intended only as a blind, since active interference in politics is not only permitted to, but enjoined on Freemasons as a condition of membership. France is now governed by Freemasons, and the programme of its future is sketched out by them; and M. d'Avesne adduces facts, as well as the utterances of the "Brethren," to show that the Lodges were the arsenals wherein the weapons were forged which worked such deadly havoc in 1789, that all subsequent revolutions have been the work of and owing to Freemasons, and that in this they were but acting in accordance with the spirit of the Craft. By their influence at the elections the candidates they approve are returned, and statistics show that Freemasons are a majority in the Senate, the Representative Assembly, the Municipal Councils, amongst the members of the Government and officials of all grades. And what is the avowed object of these men? Not only to remove Catholicism as "a dead body barring the way of progress," but to eliminate the very idea of God and revealed religion as a notion only fit to amuse idiots.

One of the characteristics of the work done by great saints is that it has a sort of eternal truth, and is ever reappearing

² *La Franc-Maçonnerie et les projets Ferry.* Par E. d'Avesne. Twenty-second Edition. Paris.

under new forms. The recorded words of St. Francis, and other great Franciscan saints, are arranged in the new volume of the Franciscan Library³ as thoughts for every day in the year. The words of saints need no commendation of ours, but of the little book which contains them we are glad to say that it is cheap, well arranged, and pleasantly varied, and that every Tertiary of St. Francis ought to possess it, and many a good Christian who finds it hard to find a subject of pious thought or morning meditation, would find it among these sweetly-scented Flowers from St. Francis' Garden.

It is time for Catholics to wake up to the perversion of poor Catholic children in workhouses and industrial homes. On the whole, the Protestant guardians of the poor treat Catholics fairly and often generously, but among the less educated and more vulgar "Boards" there are sad cases of bigotry still happening. A little pamphlet issued by Messrs. Burns and Oates, and written by a Catholic guardian,⁴ explains clearly what can be done legally to save poor children from apostacy in the work-house, and quotes the Government regulations on the subject.

Cheap little prayer-books and hymn-books are always a boon, and the one just issued at Birmingham by a happy idea combines a very useful little manual of prayers with a well-chosen collection of the most popular Catholic hymns. It is nicely got up, and as it costs only threepence, it is within the reach of all.⁵

The steady stream of converts which, through God's grace, flows and ever will flow into the Catholic Church in England renders very necessary to priests, as well as to those seeking reconciliation, a copy of the authorized form to be used on their reception. Such a form, in handy shape, is now published by Father Moore of the Pro-Cathedral,⁶ and he adds some useful information respecting the long mooted question whether their confession ought to be heard before or after their conditional Baptism.

³ *Flowers from the Garden of St. Francis for every day in the year.* Burns and Oates.

⁴ *The Catholic Parishioner.* By a Catholic Guardian. With a digest of the most important Acts of Parliament concerning the Catholic Poor and other children. Burns and Oates.

⁵ *St. Bernard's Hymn-book.* The Misses Canning, Snow Hill, Birmingham.

⁶ *The Form of Reconciling a Convert.* London: Burns and Oates.

II.—MAGAZINES.

In the *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach* for October we find a notice of one of the latest works published by Renan. It is the last-born of seven brethren, and forms part of the History of the Origin of Christianity, a series of which the *Vie de Jésus* was the opening volume. Father Hummelauer does full justice to the talent and honesty of his opponent, pronouncing his arguments to be clearly and fairly stated, and his reasoning, as far as it goes, consistent. The point at issue is the question of the supernatural, Renan asserting, not that miracles are impossible, but merely that none has yet been proved authentic, and proposing that some modern Thaumaturge should raise a dead body to life in the presence of an assembly of competent judges, scientists, that is, and savants; a proposal of which Father Hummelauer in humorous style, shows the absurdity. The first article gives an account of the state of matters ecclesiastical and religious in New Granada. After many vicissitudes of liberty and oppression for the Church, a *culturkampf*, instigated by Freemasons, has brought about the banishment of the religious orders, the overthrow of the hierarchy, the confiscation of Church property, and the misery and degradation of the working classes. Father Lehmkuhl takes for his subject the laws of the Church with regard to marriage, against which the animosity of Protestants has lately been awakened. He shows that far from casting scorn on their rite, the Church, in upholding the indissolubility of marriage, even though contracted between baptized persons of differing creeds, holds it far more sacred than they do themselves.

The *Divina Commedia* affords an inexhaustible fund of matter for comment and research. The *Katholik* devotes a portion of its space in the last two numbers to showing how the three theological virtues as depicted by Dante, and impersonated by the three Apostles, St. Peter, St. James, and St. John, are in perfect harmony with the teaching of St. Thomas and St. Bonaventure, and combine the scholastic and mystic elements which respectively characterize the writings of these great Doctors. An interesting biographical sketch is also given of the B. Alonzo d'Orozco, whose life and writings deserve to be better known, as shedding special lustre upon the Spanish Province of the Augustinian Order at the period when the unhappy apostacy of his fellow-monk, Martin Luther, brought on the German Province sorrow and disgrace.

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4 do. do. do. do.	50 0 0	39 0 0	17 0 0	
Black Horn Rivet. Handles do.	7 6 0	7 0 0	3 0 0	
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